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LIFE

OF

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

MISSIONARY BISHOP *of the* MELANESIAN ISLANDS

BY

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

26094

Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged
Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee
(ISAIAH, lx. 5)

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

yyk 23

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1874

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LONDON PRINTED BY
EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE PRINTERS TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
AND TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS
NEW TRIPLE SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00026094

PREFACE.

THERE are of course peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages in endeavouring to write the life of one recently departed. On the one hand, the remembrances connected with him are far fresher; his contemporaries can be consulted, and much can be made matter of certainty, for which a few years would have made it necessary to trust to hearsay or probable conjecture. On the other, there is necessarily much more reserve; nor are the results of the actions, nor even their comparative importance, so clearly discernible as when there has been time to ripen the fruit.

These latter drawbacks are doubled when the subject of the biography has passed away in comparatively early life: when the persons with whom his life is chiefly interwoven are still in full activity; and when he has only lived to sow his seed in many waters, and has barely gathered any portion of his harvest.

Thus what I have written of Bishop PATTESON, far more what I have copied of his letters, is necessarily only partial, although his nearest relations and closest friends have most kindly permitted the full use of all that could build up a complete idea of the man as he was. Many letters relate to home and family matters,

such as it would be useless and impertinent to divulge; and yet it is necessary to mention that these exist, because without them we might not know how deep was the lonely man's interest and sympathy in all that concerned his kindred and friends. Other letters only repeat the narrative or the reflections given elsewhere; and of these, it has seemed best only to print that which appeared to have the fullest or the clearest expression. In general, the story is best told in letters to the home party; while thoughts are generally best expressed in the correspondence with Sir John Taylor Coleridge, to whom the Nephew seems to have written with a kind of unconscious carefulness of diction. There is as voluminous a correspondence with the Brother, and letters to many Cousins; but as these either repeat the same adventures or else are purely domestic, they have been little brought forward, except where any gap occurred in the correspondence which has formed the staple material.

Letters upon the unhappy Maori war have been purposely omitted; and, as far as possible, such criticisms on living personages as it seemed fair towards the writer to omit. Criticisms upon their publications are of course a different thing. My desire has been to give enough expression of Bishop Patteson's opinions upon Church and State affairs, to represent his manner of thinking, without transcribing every detail of remarks, which were often made upon an imperfect report, and were, in fact, only written down, instead of spoken and forgotten, because correspondence served him instead of conversation.

I think I have represented fairly, for I have done my best faithfully to select passages giving his mind even where it does not coincide completely with my own opinions; being quite convinced that not only should a biographer never attempt either to twist or conceal the sentiments of the subject, but that either to apologise for, or as it were to argue with them, is vain in both senses of the word.

The real disadvantage of the work is my own very slight personal acquaintance with the externals of the man, and my ignorance of the scenes in which the chief part of his life was passed. There are those who would have been far more qualified in these respects than myself, and, above all, in that full and sympathetic masculine grasp of a man's powerful mind, which is necessarily denied to me. But these fittest of all being withheld by causes which are too well known to need mention, I could only endeavour to fulfil the work as best I might; trusting that these unavoidable deficiencies may be supplied, partly by Coleridge Patteson's own habit of writing unreservedly, so that he speaks for himself, and partly by the very full notes and records with which his friends have kindly supplied me, portraying him from their point of view; so that I could really trust that little more was needed than ordinary judgment in connecting and selecting. Nor until the work is less fresh from my hand will it be possible to judge whether I have in any way been allowed to succeed in my earnest hope and endeavour to bring the statue out of the block, and as it were to carve the figure of the Saint for his niche among those

who have given themselves soul and body to God's Work.

It has been an almost solemn work of anxiety, as well as one of love. May I only have succeeded in causing these letters and descriptions to leave a true and definite impression of the man and of his example!

Let me here record my obligations for materials—I need hardly say to the immediate family and relations—for, in truth, I act chiefly as their amanuensis; but likewise to the Bishop of Lichfield, Bishop Abraham, Lady Martin, the Rev. B. T. Dudley, the Rev. R. Codrington, and Captain Tilly, for their valuable aid—the two first mentioned by correction and revision, the others by contributions such as could only be supplied by eye-witnesses and fellow-workers. Many others I must thank for kindly supplying me with letters.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE:
September 19, 1873.

LIST OF ISLANDS VISITED IN THE COURSE OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION.

Group	Native Name	Spanish or French Name	English Name
Loyalty . .	Nengonè or Maro	—	Britannia
	Toka		
	Lifu		
	Uea		
New Hebrides	Anaiteum		
	Tanna		
	Futuna		
	Nina		
	Erromango		
	Fatè	—	Sandwich Isle
Northern New Hebrides .	Mau	—	Hinchinbrooke
	Sakelaba		
	Nguna	—	Montague
	Mataso	—	Two Hills
	Makura		
	Mai	—	Three Hills
	Tasiko or Apee		
	Lupevi		
	Paama		
	Malicolo or Sesok		
	Ambrym		
	—	Pentecôte. .	Whitsuntide
	Opa	—	Leper's Isle
	Maiwo	—	Aurora
	—	Espiritu Santo	
Shepherd Isles	Buninga		
	Tongariki		
	Ivalea		
	Iwose		
	Tongoa		
Oanuta . .	—	—	Cherry Island
Tikopia			
Banks . .	Merealava . . .	—	Star Island
	Merigi	—	Betts Island
	Gana	Santa Maria	
	Vanua Lava . .	—	Great Banks
	Mota	—	Sugar Loaf
	Valua	—	Saddle
	Ravenga		
	Ureparapara . .	—	

LIST OF ISLANDS VISITED—*continued.*

Group	Native Name	Spanish or French Name	English Name
Banks	Roua	—	Bligh
	Araa		
	—	—	Six Torres Islands
	Vanikoro	Pérouse	—
	Tubua		
	Tamnako	—	Duff's Island
Santa Cruz Archipelago	Nunanga, Bakarimo, Ieli, Lomlom	—	Swallow's Island
	Nukapu	—	Timolin's Island
	Indeni	Santa Cruz	
	Tenakula	—	Volcano
	Analogo		
	Nupani		
Solomon	Anudha	Florida	
	Mahaga	Ysabel	
	Oarii	Santa Catalina	
	Oaraha	Santa Anna	
	Bauro	San Cristoval	
	Ulaua	Contrariété	
	Gera, Maran	Guadalcanar	
	Mara	Malanta	
Sikania	—	—	Stewart's or Hogan's
Fore			
Matuwawe			
Mongaua	—	—	Rennell Island
Mongiki	—	—	Bellona

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LIFE

OF

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL

1827–1838

So MUCH of a man's cast of character depends upon his home and parentage that no biography can be complete which does not look back at least as far as the lives of the father and mother, from whom the disposition is sure to be in part inherited, and by whom it must often be formed. Indeed, the happiest natures are generally those which have enjoyed the full benefit of parental training without dictation, and have been led, but not forced, into the way in which they should go.

Therefore it will not be irrelevant to dwell on the career of the father whose name, though still of great weight in his own profession, may not be equally known to the younger generation who have grown up since the words 'Mr. Justice Patteson' were of frequent occurrence in law reports.

John Patteson, father of the subject of the present memoir, was son to a clergyman of a Norfolk family, and was born at Coney Weston on February 11,

1790. He was educated at Eton, and there formed more than one friendship, which not only lasted throughout his life, but extended beyond his own generation. Among the friends of his boyhood may be mentioned John Taylor Coleridge, destined through life to be his companion and colleague, and likewise Hawtrey, afterwards head-master of Eton; Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, Lonsdale, and Charles Sumner, the future Bishops of Lichfield and Winchester. Sport and study flourished alike among such lads as these, and while they were taught by Dr. Goodall to delight in the peculiarly elegant and accurate scholarship which was the characteristic of the highest education of their day, their boyhood and youth were full of the unstained mirth that gives such radiance to recollections of the past, and often causes the loyalty of affectionate association to be handed on to succeeding generations. The thorough Etonian impress, with all that it involved, was of no small account in his life, as well as in that of his son.

The elder John Patteson was a colleger, and passed on to King's College, Cambridge, whence, in 1813, he came to London to study law. In 1816 he opened his chambers as a special pleader, and on February 23, 1818, was married to his cousin Elizabeth Lee, after a long engagement. The next year, 1819, he was called to the Bar, and began to go the Northern circuit. On April 3, 1820, Mrs. Patteson died, leaving one daughter, Joanna Elizabeth. Four years later, on April 22, 1824, Mr. Patteson married Frances Duke Coleridge, sister of his friend and fellow-barrister. This lady, whose name to all who remember her calls up a fair and sweet memory of all that was good, bright, and beloved, was the daughter of James Coleridge, of Heaths Court, Ottery St.

Mary, Devon, Colonel of the South Devon Militia.[1] He was the eldest of the numerous family of the Rev. John Coleridge, Master of Ottery St. Mary School, and the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was the youngest.

The strong family affection that existed between all Colonel Coleridge's children, and concentrated itself upon the only sister among them, made marriage with her an adoption into a group that could not fail to exercise a strong influence on all connected with it, and the ties of kindred will be found throughout this memoir to have had peculiar force.

John Coleridge Patteson, his mother's second child and eldest son, was born at No. 9, Gower Street, Bedford Square, on the 1st of April 1827, and baptised on the 8th. Besides the elder half-sister already mentioned, another sister, Frances Sophia Duke, a year older than, and one brother, James Henry, nearly two years younger than Coleridge, made up the family.

Three years later, in 1830, Mr. Patteson was raised to the bench, at the unusually early age of forty. Here we will quote from a memoir printed soon after his death by Patrick Cumin, Esq.

> 'During the twenty-two years that elapsed between 1830 and 1852, there was of course ample means of testing the merit of the Judge. No man can administer for so long a period civil and criminal justice in this great country, in London, in Liverpool, in the Guildhall, or at the Old Bailey, without

[1] Colonel Coleridge's wife was Frances Taylor, daughter of Frances Duke, one of the co-heiresses of the old Devonshire family of Dukes, of Otterton. Elizabeth Duke, her sister, married the Rev. John Yonge, of Puslinch, my great grandfather; and the connection, though now very distant, has never been forgotten, having been happily strengthened by ties of friendship in each generation.

gaining or losing reputation. The parties interested are too numerous, and their condition of life is too various, while the duties of an English Judge are almost all discharged in public, and his conduct is constantly watched and jealously criticised by that professional audience of rare discernment which throngs the bar. Nor should it be forgotten that the body of solicitors and solicitors' clerks who are constantly brought into practical contact with a judge are critics whose judgment cannot be neglected. His style was admirably clear and succinct; it reflected the character of his mind; in truth, he had every quality of a great judge. His readiness and his acuteness were prominent, while his singular impartiality was scarcely less conspicuous. He had no difficulty in understanding the most complicated statement of fact, or in following the most subtle train of argument. His memory was such that no fact, however slight, escaped him. Even in describing the flight of a covey of partridges and accounting for them, or in discussing the details of a game of whist, his characteristic minuteness and perspicuity received constant illustrations; his powerful judgment refused to be cajoled by any sophistry however ingenious, and the mere statement of his view seemed to explode the most elaborate fallacy. It is said that the statement of Lord Mansfield was worth another man's argument, and the same might have been said of Mr. Justice Patteson. He had moreover a perfect acquaintance with the principles of the law which he had to administer, and with the whole series of cases in which those principles had been established and illustrated.' . . . .

Indeed it is probable that there never was a period when the Judicial Bench could reckon a larger number of men distinguished not only for legal ability but for the highest culture and for the substantial qualities that command confidence and respect. Those who can recollect the regard in which were held the names of Parke, Denman, Alderson, as well as Patteson and Coleridge, and somewhat later, though still contemporary, Erskine, Wightman, Erle, and Talfourd, will feel that the middle of the nineteenth century was a time when England might well be proud of her Judges.

There was much in the habits of the Bench and Bar to lead to close and friendly intimacy, especially on the circuits. When legal etiquette forbade the use of any public conveyance, and junior barristers shared post-chaises, while the leaders travelled in their own carriages, all spent a good deal of time together, and it was not unusual for ladies to go a great part of the circuit with their husbands, especially when it lay in the direction of their own neighbourhood. The Judges' families often accompanied them, especially at the summer assize, and thus there grew up close associations between their children, which made their intimacy almost like that of relationship. Almost all, too, lived in near neighbourhood in those parts of London that now are comparatively deserted, but which were then the especial abodes of lawyers, namely those adjacent to Bedford Square, where the gardens were the daily resort of their children, all playing together and knowing one another with that familiarity that childhood only gives.

The children of Judges Patteson and Coleridge were thus constantly meeting during their London life; and besides the tie of relationship between these two brothers-in-law, Judge Patteson held closely the bond

of county affinity with Baron Alderson, likewise a Norfolk man, and in whom there was something especially congenial both in depth of religious principle and in more external qualities, for while Mr. Justice Patteson was full of comic humour and drollery, infinitely enjoying merriment and constantly creating it, Mr. Baron Alderson possessed a brilliant wit and power of repartee which broke out in so many *bon mots* that every witty saying of the day used to be attributed to him. In fact, to be the child of a Judge, meant to belong to the choicest intellectual and professional society in town, and to have the opportunity of seeing much of country life and making acquaintance in all parts of England, when Judges were more elaborately welcomed and entertained by the magnates of the county than is always the case now railways have made the transit so much more swift and easy.

'Sir John Patteson's contemporaries have nearly all, one by one, passed away,' writes one of them, Sir John Taylor Coleridge. 'He has left few, if any, literary monuments to record what his intellectual powers were; and even in our common profession the ordinary course and practice are so changed, that I doubt whether many lawyers are now familiar with his masterly judgments; but I feel that I speak the truth when I describe him as a man of singularly strong common sense, of great acuteness, truthfulness, and integrity of judgment. These were great judicial qualities, and to these he added much simplicity and geniality of temper and manners; and all these were crowned by a firm, unhesitating, devout belief in the doctrines of our faith, which issued in strictness to himself and the warmest, gentlest charity to his fellow-creatures. The result was what

you might expect. Altogether it would be hard to say whether you would characterise him as a man unusually popular or unusually respected.'

Such was the character of Mr. Justice Patteson, a character built upon the deep, solid groundwork of religion, such as would now be called that of a sound churchman of the old school, thoroughly devout and scrupulous in observance, ruling his family and household on a principle felt throughout, making a conscience of all his and their ways, though promoting to the utmost all innocent enjoyment of pleasure, mirth, or gaiety. Indeed, all who can look back on him or on his home remember an unusual amount of kindly, genial cheerfulness, fun, merriment, and freedom, *i.e.* that obedient freedom which is the most perfect kind of liberty.

Though this was in great part the effect of having such a head of the family, the details of management could not but chiefly depend upon the mother, and Lady Patteson was equally loved for her tenderness and respected for her firmness. 'She was, indeed,' writes her brother, 'a sweet and pious person, of the most affectionate, loving disposition, without a grain of selfishness, and of the stoutest adherence to principle and duty. Her tendency was to deal with her children fondly, but this never interfered with good training and discipline. What she felt right, she insisted on, at whatever pain to herself.'

She had to deal with strong characters. Coleridge, or Coley, to give him the abbreviation by which he was known not only through childhood but through life, was a fair little fellow with bright deep-blue eyes, inheriting much of his nature from her and her family, but not by any means a model boy. He was, indeed, deeply and warmly affectionate, but troublesome

through outbreaks of will and temper, showing all the ordinary instinct of trying how far the authorities for the time being will endure resistance; sufficiently indolent of mind to use his excellent abilities to save exertion of intellect; passionate to kicking and screaming pitch, and at times showing the doggedness which is such a trial of patience to the parent. To this, Lady Patteson 'never yielded; the thing was to be done, the point given up, the temper subdued, the mother to be obeyed, and all this upon a principle sooner understood than parents suppose.'

There were countless instances of the little boy's sharp, stormy gusts of passion, and his mother's steady refusal to listen to his 'I will be good' until she saw that he was really sorry for the scratch or pinch which he had given, or the angry word he had spoken; and she never waited in vain, for the sorrow was very real, and generally ended in 'Do you think God can forgive me?' When Fanny's love of teasing had exasperated Coley into stabbing her arm with a pencil, their mother had resolution enough to decree that no provocation could excuse 'such unmanliness' in a boy, and inflicted a whipping which cost the girl more tears than her brother, who was full of the utmost grief a child could feel for the offence. No fault was lightly passed over; not that punishment was inflicted for every misdemeanour, but it was always noticed, and the children were shown with grave gentleness where they were wrong; or when there was a squabble among them, the mother's question, 'Who will give up?' generally produced a chorus of 'I! I! I!' Withal 'mamma' was the very life of all the fun, and play, and jokes, enjoying all with spirits and merriment like the little ones' own, and delighting in the exchange of caresses and tender epithets. Thus affection and generosity grew up

almost spontaneously towards one another and all the world. Once, when on a visit to Oxford, little Fanny put her foot through a pane of glass, and cried out in dismay, 'Oh, mamma, I did not mean to be an expense to you!' Coley put his whole property, three shillings, into her hand to repair the damage.

On this disposition was grafted that which was the one leading characteristic of Coley's life, namely, a reverent and religious spirit, which seems from the first to have been at work, slowly and surely subduing inherent defects, and raising him, step by step, from grace to grace.

Five years old is in many cases an age of a good deal of thought. The intelligence is free from the misapprehensions and misty perceptions of infancy; the first course of physical experiments is over, freedom of speech and motion have been attained, and yet there has not set in that burst of animal growth and spirits that often seems to swamp the deeper nature throughout boyhood. By this age, Coley was able to read, and on his birthday he received from his father the Bible which was used at his consecration as Bishop twenty-seven years later. He read it eagerly, puzzled his brains as to what became of the fish during the Flood, and, when suddenly called to the nursery, begged to be allowed to 'finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years.' When, in his last letter, he calls it idle and selfish in himself to be engrossed with reading Isaiah in Hebrew with Delitzsch's comments, it is impossible not to recollect the lines of one who had known and loved his mother:—

> They talk of wells in caverns deep
> Whose waters run a wondrous race
> Far underground, and issuing keep
> Our floating tokens, bright or base:

So in the child's light play we read
The portion to the man decreed;
His future self he seeks to prove
In camp or field, in warfare or in love.—*Keble.*

For in those days he used to say that his first sermon should be on Is. liii. He had an earnest wish to be a clergyman, because he thought saying the Absolution to people must make them so happy, 'a belief he must have gleaned from his Prayer-book for himself, since the doctrine was not in those days made prominent.' The purpose was fostered by his mother. 'She delighted in it, and encouraged it in him. No thought of a family being to be made, and of Coley being the eldest son, ever interfered for a moment. That he should be a good servant at God's altar was to her above all price.'[1]

Of course, however, this was without pressing the thought on him. He grew on, with the purpose accepted but not discussed, except from time to time a half-playful, half-grave reference to himself as a future clergyman.

Another of these foreshadowings, if we may venture so to call them, is remembered in connection with the great West Indian hurricane of August 11, 1833, when Coley was much excited by the story of the exertions of his mother's cousin, Dr. William Coleridge, first Bishop of Barbadoes, and exclaimed, 'I will be a Bishop! I will have a hurricane!' and in truth his ideal of life may then have received an impress which later interests deepened.

Reverence was strongly implanted in him. His old nurse (still his sister's valued servant) remembers the little seven years old boy, after saying his own prayers at her knee, standing opposite to his little brother, admonishing him to attention with 'Think, Jemmy;

[1] *See* J. T. Coleridge.

think.' In fact, devoutness seems to have been natural to him. It appears to have been the first strongly traceable feature in him, and to have gradually subdued his faults one by one.

Who can tell how far this was fostered by those old-fashioned habits of strictness which it is the present habit to view as repellent? Every morning, immediately after breakfast, Lady Patteson read the Psalms and Lessons for the day with the four children, and after these a portion of some book of religious instruction, such as 'Horne on the Psalms' or 'Daubeny on the Catechism.' The evening studies were in charge of Miss Neill, the governess, and the life-long friend of her pupils; but the mother made the religious instruction her individual care, and thus upheld its pre-eminence. Sunday was likewise kept distinct in reading, teaching, employment, and whole tone of conversation, and the effect was assuredly not that weariness which such observance is often supposed to produce, but rather lasting benefit and happy associations. Coley really enjoyed Bible reading, and entered into explanations, and even then often picked up a passage in the sermons he heard at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields from the Rev. J. Endell Tyler, and would give his home oracles no peace till they had made it as clear to his comprehension as was possible.

The love of his home may be gathered from the fact that his letters have been preserved in an unbroken series, beginning from a country visit in 1834, after a slight attack of scarlet fever, written in the round-hand of a boy of seven years old, and finished off with the big Roman capitals FINIS, AMEN, and ending with the uncompleted sheets, bearing as their last date September 19, 1871.

The boy's first school was at Ottery St. Mary, in

Devonshire, of which his great grandfather and great uncle had both been head-masters. It is in many respects a remarkable place, being one of the King's schools endowed at the Reformation out of the ruins of older institutions. 'Awtrey St. Mary' had originally owned a college of clergy and canons, endowed by Bishop Grandison, of Exeter, and chartered by Edward III., and with a school attached to it. When Henry VIII. broke up the college, giving the great tithes to the chapter of Windsor, and the estates to his brother-in-law Seymour, the school was, however, allowed to survive under the title of the King's New Grammar School.

It had its vicissitudes depending on the qualities of the master. At the end of the 17th century it numbered two hundred scholars, and shortly after not one. Under the Rev. John Coleridge (father of the Colonel) it recovered its prosperity, but after his time so declined, that when his son George obtained the mastership, he found only two scholars at the utmost, and the schoolroom tenanted by poultry and rabbits. Under him, with the assistance of his brother Edward, Ottery rose again to well-merited distinction, for he was a most thorough-going teacher, requiring an amount and accuracy of work that stimulated the strong and willing though it sometimes crushed the weak. Most of the Devonshire men of that day began, and some finished, their education there; and many of those who were transferred to public schools were wont in after life to say that they had not only learned more at Ottery than anywhere else, but that they had there been taught the most important means of study, namely, how to learn. Under George Coleridge, Ottery became, and continued for many years after his death, the principal preparatory school of the county, and the Rev. Sidney

W. Cornish was the master in 1835, when Coleridge Patteson entered it.

On one whose love of the beautiful was innate, the Church of St. Mary could not fail to have a strong attraction. At that time neglect, mischief, whitewash, and the carpentry of comfort had done their utmost to deface its beauty, but nothing could entirely disguise the grandeur of the mass of building with the two towers, one surmounted by a curious lead-covered spire; nor destroy the majestic effect of the interior, so spacious and lofty as to seem more like a cathedral than a parish church.

The whole place is one that greatly attaches those connected with it, for though the market town itself possesses little of interest, and the adjoining country has not the striking features of the more westerly parts of the county, the Otter is a lovely river, and the valley is enclosed by steep banks abounding in pleasant nooks, made beautiful by trees and brushwood. One of these, the Pixie's parlour, has been celebrated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the whole place well deserves the tribute paid to it by another of its scholars, the Rev. George Cornish :—

Then honour to St. Mary's tower,
The college and the school,
And honour to the Pixie's bower,
And to the maiden pool;
May they to boys hereafter be
The teachers they have been to me.

Still may these haunts, these groves, this sky
Kind ministrations yield,
The common things that round them lie
Their better nature build,
And teach them gently to improve
All harsher feelings into love.

There was much to make Ottery homelike to Coley, for his grandparents lived at Heaths Court, close to

the church, and in the manor house near at hand their third son, Francis George Coleridge, a solicitor, whose three boys were near contemporaries of Coley, and two of them already in the school.

But to so loving a nature the separation from home was a terrible disaster, and the first letter was doleful enough :—

> 'I never can be happy till I have left college, except in the holidays. School is a place of torment almost to me, but I must go to school some time or other, or else I shall never be a judge, as I hope to be some day. To think of you all makes me *chry*. I believe you will not mind that blot, for it was a tear just before that fell.'

Be it observed that the superfluous *h* in 'chry' is the only misspelling in the little eight years old boy's unassisted composition.

From first to last these letters to his parents show no symptom of carelessness, they are full of ease and confidence, outpourings of whatever interested him whether small or great, but always respectful as well as affectionate, and written with care and pains, being evidently his very best; nor does the good old formula, 'Your affectionate and dutiful son,' ever fail or ever produce stiffness.

The shrinking from rough companions, and the desire to be with the homelike relatives around, proved a temptation, and the little boy was guilty of making false excuses to obtain leave of absence. We cannot refrain from giving his letter of penitence, chiefly for the sake of the good sense and kindness of his uncle's treatment.

April 26, 1836.

My dear Papa,—I am very sorry for having told so many falsehoods, which Uncle Frank has told mama of. I am very sorry for having done so many bad things, I mean falsehoods, and I heartily beg your pardon; and Uncle Frank says that he thinks, if I stay, in a month's time Mr. Cornish will begin to trust me again. Uncle Frank to-day had me into his house and told me to reflect upon what I had done. He also lectured me in the Bible, and asked me different questions about it. He told me that if I ever told another falsehood he should that instant march into the school and ask Mr. Cornish to strip and birch me; and if I followed the same course I did now and did not amend it, if the birching did not do, he should not let me go home for the holidays, but I will not catch the birching . . .

So believe me your dear Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

On the flap of the letter 'Uncle Frank' writes to the mother,—

My dear Fanny,—I had Coley in my room to-day, and talked to him seriously about his misdeeds, and I hope good has been done. But I could scarcely keep my countenance grave when he began to reduce by calculation the exact number of fibs he had told. He did not think it was more than two or three at the utmost, and when I brought him to book, I had much to do to prevent the feeling that the sin consisted in telling many lies. However, the dear boy's confession was as free as could be expected, and I have impressed on his mind the

meanness, cowardice, and wickedness of the habit, and what it will end in here and hereafter. He has promised that he will never offend in future in like manner, and I really believe that his desire to be away from the school and at ease among his friends induced him to trump up the invitations, &c., to Mr. Cornish, in which consisted his first fibs. I shall watch him closely, as I would my own child; and Cornish has done wisely, I think, by giving the proper punishment of confining him to the school court, &c., and not letting him go to his friends for some time. The dear boy is so affectionate, and has so much to work on, that there is no fear of him; only these things must be looked after promptly, and he must learn practically (before his reason and religion operate) that he gains nothing by a lie. . . He is very well, and wins one's heart in a moment. . .

Ever your affectionate Brother,

F. G. C.

The management was effectual, and the penitence real, for this fault never recurred, nor is the boy's conduct ever again censured, though the half-yearly reports often lament his want of zeal and exertion. Coley was sufficiently forward to begin Greek on his first arrival at Ottery, and always held a fair place for his years, but throughout his school career his character was not that of an idle but of an uninterested boy, who preferred play to work, needed all his conscience to make him industrious, and then was easily satisfied with his performances, naturally comparing them with those of other boys, instead of doing his own utmost, and giving himself full credit for the diligence he thought he had used. For it must be

remembered that it was a real, not an ideal nature; not a perfect character, but one full of the elements of growth.

A childish, childlike boy he was now, and for many years longer, intensely fond of all kinds of games and sports, in which his light active form, great agility, and high spirit made him excel. Cricket, riding, running races, all the school amusements were his delight; fireworks for the 5th of November sparkle with ecstasy through his letters, and he was a capital dancer in the Christmas parties at his London home. He had likewise the courage and patience sure to be needed by an active lad. While at Ottery, he silently bore the pain of a broken collar-bone for three weeks, and when the accident was brought to light by his mother's embrace, he only said that 'he did not like to make a fuss.'

Consideration for others, kindness, and sweetness of nature were always his leading characteristics, making him much beloved by all his companions, and an excellent guardian and example to his little brother, who soon joined him at Ottery. Indeed the love between these two brothers was so deep, quiet, and fervid that it is hard to dwell on it while 'one is taken and the other left.' It was at this time a rough, buffeting, boyish affection, but it was also a love that made separation pain and grief, and on the part of the elder it showed itself in careful protection from all harm or bullying, and there was a strong underlying current of tenderness, most endearing to all concerned with the boys, whether masters, relations, friends, or servants.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD AT ETON

1838—1845

AFTER the Christmas holidays of 1837-8, when Coley Patteson was nearly eleven years old, he was sent to Eton, that most beautifully situated of public schools, whose delightful playing fields, noble trees, broad river, and exquisite view of Windsor Castle give it a peculiar charm, joining the venerable grandeur of age to the freshness and life of youth, so as to rivet the affections in no common degree.

It was during the head-mastership of Dr. Hawtrey that Patteson became, in schoolboy phrase, an Eton fellow, being boarded in the house of his uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, one of the most popular and successful Eton masters. Several of his cousins were also in this house, with other boys who became friends of his whole life, and he was thoroughly happy there, although in these early days he still felt each departure from home severely, and seldom failed to write a mournful letter after the holidays. There is one, quite pathetic in its simplicity, telling his mother how he could not say his prayers nor fall asleep on his first night till he had resolutely put away the handkerchief that seemed for some reason a special link with home. It illustrates what all who remember him say, how thoroughly a childlike being he still was, though a

well-grown, manly, high-spirited boy, quite able to take care of himself, keep his place, and hold his own.

He was placed in the lower remove of the fourth form, which was then 'up to' the Rev. Charles Old Goodford, *i.e.* that was he who taught the division so called in school. The boy was evidently well prepared, for he was often captain of his division, and his letters frequently tell of successes of this kind, while they anticipate 'Montem.'

This festival has been so long abolished that a few words of explanation may be needed. It seems to have been a remnant of old times when students lived upon alms that once in three years the captain of the school, always a King's scholar, was allowed to make a collection to pay his expenses at King's College, Cambridge. In memory of good King Henry VI. the Court always held itself bound to contribute, meeting the boys for the purpose *ad Montem* (at the mountain) called Salt Hill, because the needs of the scholar passed under the general term of salt, and the name had passed on to the gifts made to provide for them. Originally this collection seems to have been made on December 6, Feast of St. Nicholas, the patron of scholars, and to have been the finale to a religious service performed in Latin on Salt Hill by the boys, no doubt one of those children's ceremonials, beginning on that day and ending on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, which prevailed in different forms throughout the Western Church in commemoration of the Childhood of our Lord, and almost always degenerating into irreverence and buffoonery.

When roads ceased to be impassable, so that schools could break up for Christmas holidays, Montem was transferred to the sunshine of Tuesday in Whitsun week. Two boys, dressed as parson and clerk, con-

tinued to go through the Latin service until far on into the eighteenth century, when the irreverence of the proceeding caused its discontinuance, and the pageant was limited to a procession of the boys three times round the school-yard, and then to Salt Hill, where a flag was waved, and a dispersion took place, the salt-bearers gathering their dole, and the others disporting themselves among the friends and kin who mustered strongly on those days, dear to the Etonian heart both old and young.

The captain of the school wore the scarlet and gold of the corresponding rank in the army, and the rest of the sixth form, always twenty in number, figured in uniform as his officers, excepting the two salt-bearers, who wore fancy dresses of gorgeous silk and velvet, carried large embroidered bags as purses, and were attended each by two little pages, selected from among the fags, and attired with equal splendour. The fifth form, which comprehended about half the school in its many subdivisions, wore red coats, white trousers, silk stockings, and cocked hats, as the rank and file, and each was attended by a 'lower boy' in an Eton blue coat with a wand in his hand; so that the procession was a brilliant mixture of red, blue, and white, delightful to the admiring gaze of mothers, sisters, and cousins as it marched beneath the grey buildings, or below the elms in their early summer freshness.

Railroads have been the destruction of Montem. The cheap and easy transit rendered Salt Hill no longer the resort merely of kindly friends connected with Eton, but of an unmanageable number of sight-seers; the expenses were felt to be a heavy tax upon parents, and the year 1844 saw the last Montem.

But that of 1838 was a brilliant one, for Queen Victoria, then only nineteen, and her first year of

sovereignty not yet accomplished, came from the Castle to be driven in an open carriage to Salt Hill and bestow her Royal contribution.

In the throng, little Patteson was pressed up so close to the Royal carriage that he became entangled in the wheel and was on the point of being dragged under it, when the Queen, with ready presence of mind, held out her hand: he grasped it, and was able to regain his feet in safety, but did not recover his perceptions enough to make any sign of gratitude before the carriage passed on. He had all a boy's shyness about the adventure; but perhaps it served to quicken the personal loyalty which is an unfailing characteristic of 'Eton fellows.'

The Royal custom of the Sunday afternoon parade on the terrace of Windsor Castle for the benefit of the gazing public afforded a fine opportunity for cultivating this sentiment, and Coley sends an amusingly minute description of her Majesty's dress, evidently studied for his mother's benefit, even to the pink tips of her four long ostrich feathers, and calling to mind Chalon's water-colours of the Queen in her early youth. He finishes the description with a quaint little bit of moralising. 'It certainly is very beautiful with two bands playing on a calm, blessed Sunday evening, with the Queen of England and all her retinue walking about. It gives you an idea of the Majesty of God, who could in one short second turn it all into confusion. There is nothing to me more beautiful than the raising one's eyes to Heaven, and thinking with adoration who made this scene, and who could unmake it again.'

A few days later the record is of a very different scene, namely, Windsor Fair, when the Eton boys

used to imagine they had a prescriptive right to make a riot and revel in the charms of misrule.

'On the second day the Eton fellows always make an immense row. So at the signal when a thing was acting, the boys rushed in and pulled down the curtain, and commenced the row. I am happy to say I was not there. There were a great many soldiers there, and they all took our part. The alarm was given, and the police came. Then there was such a rush at the police. Some of them tumbled over, and the rest half knocked down. At last they took in custody three of our boys, upon which every boy that was there (amounting to about 450) was summoned. They burst open the door, knocked down the police, and rescued our boys. Meantime the boys kept on shying rotten eggs and crackers, and there was nothing but fighting and rushing.'

A startling description! But this was nothing to the wild pranks that lived in the traditions of the elder generation; and in a few years more the boys were debarred from the mischievous licence of the fair.

Coley had now been nearly a year at Eton, and had proceeded through the lower and middle removes of the fourth form, when, on November 23, he achieved the success of which he thus writes:—

'Rejoice! I was sent up for good yesterday at eleven o'clock school. I do not know what copy of verses for yet, but directly I do, I will send you a copy. . . . Goodford, when I took my ticket to be signed (for I was obliged to get Goodford, Abraham, and my tutor to sign it), said, "I will sign it most willingly," and then kept on stroking my hand, and said, "I congratulate you most heartily, and am very glad of it." I am the only one who is sent up; which is a good

thing for me, as it will give me forty or fifty good marks in trials. I am so splitting with joy you cannot think, because now I have given you some proof that I have been lately sapping and doing pretty well. Do not think that I am praising myself, for I am pretty nearly beside myself, you may suppose.'

One of his cousins adds on the same sheet, 'I must tell you it is very difficult to be sent up in the *upper fourth form*, and still more so in the *middle remove*.'

The subject of the Latin verses which obtained this distinction was a wreath or garland, and there must have been something remarkable in them, for Mr. Abraham preserved a copy of them for many years. There was something in the sweetness and docility of the boy, and in the expression of his calm, gentle face, that always greatly interested the masters and made them rejoice in his success; and among his comrades he was a universal favourite. His brother joined him at Eton during the ensuing year, when the Queen's wedding afforded the boys another glimpse of Royal festivity. Their tumultuous loyalty and audacity appear in Coley's letter.

'In college; stretching from Hexter's to Mother Spier's was a magnificent representation of the Parthenon: there were three pillars, and a great thing like this (a not over successful sketch of a pediment), with the Eton and Royal arms in the middle, and "*Gratulatur Etona Victoriæ et Alberto.*" It cost 150*l.*, and there were 5,000 lamps hung on it. Throughout the whole day we all of us wore large white bridal favours and white gloves. Towards evening the clods got on Long Walk Wall, and as gentle means would not do, we were under the

necessity of knocking some over, when the rest soon jumped off. However, F—— and myself declared we would go right into the quadrangle of the Castle, so we went into the middle of the road and formed a line. Soon a rocket (the signal that the Queen was at Slough) was let off, and then some Life-Guards came galloping along, and one of them ran almost over me, and actually trod on F——'s toe, which put him into dreadful pain for some time. Then came the Queen's carriage, and I thought college would have tumbled down with the row. The cheering was really tremendous. The whole 550 fellows all at once roared away. The Queen and Consort nodding and bowing, smiling, &c. Then F—— and I made a rush to get up behind the Queen's carriage, but a dragoon with his horse almost knocked us over. So we ran by the side as well as we could, but the crowd was so immensely thick, we could not get on as quick as the Queen. We *rushed* along, knocking *clean over* all the clods we could, and rushing against the rest, and finally F—— and myself were the only Eton fellows that got into the quadrangle. As we got there, the Queen's carriage was going away. You may fancy that we were rather hot, running the whole way up to the Castle, besides the exertion of knocking over the clods and knocking at doors as we passed; but I was so happy.'

Such is bliss at twelve years old!

The first half-year of 1839 had brought Patteson into the Remove, that large division of the school intermediate between the fourth and fifth forms. The work was harder, and his diligence somewhat relaxed. In fact, the Coley of this period and of a good while later had more heart for play than work. Cricket, bathing,

and boating were his delight; and though his school work was conscientiously accomplished, it did not interest him; and when he imagined himself to have been working hard and well, it was a thunderbolt to him to find, at the end of the half year, that a great deal more had been expected of him by his tutor. It shows how candid and sweet his nature was, that just as when he was a little fellow at Ottery, his penitent letter should contain the rebuke he had received, without resentment against anyone but himself.

'Aunt has just called me down into the drawing-room and shown me my character. I am stupified at it; it is so shocking just when I most wanted a good one on account of mamma's health. I am ashamed to say that I can offer not the slightest excuse; my conduct on this occasion has been very bad. I expect a severe reproof from you, and pray do not send me any money, nor grant me the slightest [favour?]. Whilst . . ., who has very little ability (uncle says), is, by plodding on, getting credit, I, who (my tutor says) have abilities, am wickedly neglecting and offending both my heavenly and earthly Father by my bad use of them. Aunt called me into the drawing-room, and very kindly showed me the excessive foolishness of my conduct; but from this very moment I am determined that I will not lose a moment, and we will see what the next three weeks will produce.'

Poor little fellow, his language is so strong that it is almost a surprise to find that he was reproaching himself for no more heinous fault than not having worked up to the full extent of his powers! He kept his promise of diligence, and never again incurred reproof, but was sent up for good again in November. His

career through the school was above the average, though not attaining to what was expected from his capabilities; but the development of his nature was slow, and therefore perhaps ultimately the more complete, and as yet study for its own sake did not interest him: indeed his mind was singularly devoid of pleasure in classical subjects, though so alert in other directions.

He was growing into the regular tastes of the refined, fastidious Eton boy; wrote of the cut of his first tail coat that 'this is really an important thing;' and had grown choice in the adorning of his room and the binding of his books, though he never let these tastes bring him into debt or extravagance. His turn for art and music began to show themselves, and the anthems at St. George's Chapel on the Sunday afternoons gave him great delight, and in Eton Chapel, a contemporary says, 'I well remember how he used to sing the Psalms with the little turns at the end of the verses, which I *envied* his being able to do.' Nor was this mere love of music, but devotion. Coley had daily regular readings of the Bible in his room with his brother, cousins, and a friend or two; but the boys were so shy about it that they kept an open Shakespeare on the table with an open drawer below, in which the Bible was placed, and which was shut at the sound of a hand on the door.

Hitherto the house 33 Bedford Square had been the only house of the Patteson family. The long vacations were spent sometimes with the Judge's relations in the Eastern counties, sometimes with Lady Patteson's in the West. Sandwith Rectory, in Cornwall, was the home of her eldest brother, Dr. James Coleridge, whose daughter Sophia was always like an elder sister to her children; and the Vicarage of St. Mary Church, then a wild, beautiful sea-side village, though now almost a suburb of Torquay, was held by her cousin, George May

Coleridge, and here the brothers and sisters climbed the rocks, boated, fished, and ran exquisitely wild in the summer holidays.

Colonel Coleridge had died in 1836, his widow in her daughter's house in 1838, and Heath's Court had become the property of Mr. Justice Coleridge, who always came thither with his family as soon as the circuit was over. In 1841, Feniton Court, about two miles and a half from thence, was purchased by Judge Patteson, much to the delight of his children. It was a roomy, cheerful, pleasantly situated house, with a piece of water in the grounds, the right of shooting over a couple of farms, and all that could render boy life happy, besides being in the midst of near relations, since (besides those already mentioned) a house had been built at Salveston, near at hand, by Dr. William Coleridge, first Bishop of Barbadoes and first Warden of St. Augustine's,[1] and Edwin Coleridge, another cousin, held the neighbouring living of Buckerell.

Feniton was a thorough home, and already Coley's vision was 'When I am vicar of Feniton, which I look forward to, but with a very distant hope, I should of all things like Fanny to keep house for me till I am married;' and again when relating some joke with his cousins about the law papers of the Squire of Feniton he adds: 'But the Squire of Feniton will be a clergyman.'

Whether this were jest or earnest, this year, 1841, brought the dawn of his future life. It was in that year that the Rev. George Augustus Selwyn was appointed to the diocese of New Zealand. Mrs. Selwyn's parents had always been intimate with the Patteson family, and the curacy which Mr. Selwyn had

[1] Son of Dr. Luke Coleridge, one of the thirteen children of John, the schoolmaster.

held up to this time was at Windsor, so that the old Etonian tie of brotherhood was drawn closer by daily intercourse. Indeed it was from the first understood that Eton, with the wealth that her children enjoyed in such large measure, should furnish 'nerves and sinews' to the war which her son was about to wage with the darkness of heathenism, thus turning the minds of the boys to something beyond either their studies or their sports.

On October 31, the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, then Archdeacon of Surrey, and since Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester, preached in the morning at New Windsor parish church, and the newly made Bishop of New Zealand in the afternoon. Coley was far more affected than he then had power to express. He says, 'I heard Archdeacon Wilberforce in the morning, and the Bishop in the evening, though I was forced to stand all the time. It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church and then to die neglected and forgotten.. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils, and putting his trust in God; and then, when he had finished, I think I never heard anything like the sensation, a kind of feeling that if it had not been on so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed "God bless him!"'

The text of this memorable sermon was 'Thine heart shall be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces also of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.' (Is. lx. 5.). Many years later we shall find a reference to this, the watch-word of the young hearer's life.

The Archdeacon's sermon was from John xvii. 20, 21 :—'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be One, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I

in Thee, that they also may be One in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' And here again we find one of the watchwords of Coley's life, for nothing so dwelt with him and so sustained him as the sense of unity, whether with these at home in England, or with those in the inner home of the Saints. When the sermon concluded with the words 'As we are giving of our best, as our Church is giving of her best, in sending forth from her own bosom these her cherished and chosen sons, so let there go forth from every one of us a consenting offering; let us give this day largely, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, as Christian men, to Christ our Lord, and He will graciously accept and bless the offerings that we make.' The preacher could little guess that among the lads who stood in the aisle was one in whom was forming the purpose of offering his very self also.

For at that time Coleridge Patteson was receiving impressions that became the seed of his future purpose, and the eyes of his spirit were seeing greater things than the Vicarage of Feniton. Indeed the subject was not entirely new to him, for Edward Coleridge was always deeply interested in missions, and had done his best to spread the like feeling, often employing the willing services of his pupils in copying letters from Australia, Newfoundland, &c.

Coley was at home when the Bishop of New Zealand came to take leave, and half in earnest, half in playfulness, said, 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' She started, but did not say no; and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop, she replied that if he kept that wish when he grew up he should have her blessing and consent.

But there was no further mention of the subject,

The sisters knew what had passed, but it was not spoken of to his father till long after, when the wish had become purpose. Meantime the boy's natural development put these visions into the background. He was going on with ordinary work and play, enjoying the pageantry of the christening of the Prince of Wales, and cheering himself hoarse and half frantic when the King of Prussia came to see the school; then on his father's birthday writing with a 'hand quite trembling with delight' to announce what he knew would be the most welcome of birthday presents, namely, the news that he had been 'sent up' for a very good copy of seventy-nine verses, 'all longs, on *Napoleon e Scythia profugus*, passage of Beresina, and so forth.' His Latin verses were his strong point, and from this time forward he was frequently sent up, in all twenty-five times, an almost unprecedented number.

In fact he was entering on a fresh stage of life, from the little boy to the lad, and the period was marked by his Confirmation on May 26th, 1842. Here is his account both of it and of his first Communion. The soberness and old-fashioned simplicity of expression are worth remarking as tokens of the quietly dutiful tone of mind, full of reverence and sincere desire to do right, and resting in the consciousness of that desire, while steadily advancing towards higher things than he then understood. It was a life and character where advancement with each fresh imparting of spiritual grace can be traced more easily than usual.

It is observable too that the boy's own earnestness and seriousness of mind seem to have to him supplied the apparent lack of external aids to devotional feeling, though the Confirmation was conducted in the brief, formal, wholesale manner which some in after life have

confessed to have been a disappointment and a drawback after their preparation and anticipation.

'You will know that I have been confirmed to-day, and I dare say you all thought of me. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Lincoln, and I hope that I have truly considered the great duty and responsibility I have taken upon myself, and have prayed for strength to support me in the execution of all those duties. I shall of course receive the Sacrament the first time I have an opportunity, and I trust worthily. I think there must have been 200 confirmed. The Bishop gave us a very good charge afterwards, recommending us all to take pattern by the self-denial and true devotion of the Bishop of New Zealand, on whom he spoke for a long while. The whole ceremony was performed with the greatest decorum, and in the retiring and coming up of the different sets there was very little noise, and not the slightest confusion. I went up with the first set, and the Bishop came round and put his hands on the heads of the whole set (about forty), and then going into the middle pronounced the prayer. The responses were all made very audibly, and every one seemed to be impressed with a proper feeling of the holiness and seriousness of the ceremony. After all the boys had been confirmed about seven other people were confirmed, of whom two were quite as much as thirty, I should think.'

June 5.

'I have just returned from receiving the Holy Sacrament in Chapel. I received it from Hawtrey and Okes, but there were three other ministers besides. There was a large attendance, seventy or eighty or

more Eton boys alone. I used the little book[1] that mamma sent me, and found the little directions and observations very useful. • I do truly hope and believe that I received it worthily . . . It struck me more than ever (although I had often read it before) as being such a particularly impressive and beautiful service. I never saw anything conducted with greater decorum. Not a single fellow spoke except at the responses, which were well and audibly made, and really every fellow seemed to be •really impressed with the awfulness of the ceremony, and the great wickedness of not piously receiving it. I do not know whether there will be another Sacrament here before the holidays, or whether I shall receive it with you at Feniton next time.'

No doubt the whole family (except the yet unconfirmed younger brother) did so receive it in the summer holidays, the last that were to be spent in the full joy of an unbroken household circle, and as has been already said, one of unusual warmth and kindliness, binding closely into it all who were connected therewith. Each governess became a dear friend; the servants were deeply attached, and for the most part fixtures; and one, the nurse already mentioned, says she never recollects a time when Master Coley had to leave Feniton for London without his offering the servants to take charge of their messages or parcels. All dependants and poor people, in fact whatever came under Judge Patteson's genial, broad-hearted influence, were treated with the like kindness, and everything alive about the place seemed full of happiness and affection.

The centre of this bright home had always been

[1] Bp. Wilson.

the mother, fervently loved by all who came in contact with her, fragile in health, and only going through her duties and exertions so cheerily by the quiet fortitude of a brave woman. In the course of this year, 1842, some severe spasmodic attacks made her family anxious, and as the railway communication was still incomplete, so that the journey to London was a great fatigue to an invalid, her desire to spend Christmas in Devonshire led to her remaining there with her daughters, when her husband returned to London on the commencement of term.

He had been gone little more than a fortnight when, on November 17th, a more severe attack came on, and though she was soon relieved from it, she never entirely rallied, and was firmly convinced that this was 'the beginning of the end.' Her husband was summoned home, Judge Coleridge taking a double portion of his work to set him at liberty, and the truth began to dawn on the poor boys at Eton. 'Do you really mean that there is anything so very, very dreadful to fear?' is Coley's cry in his note one day, and the next, 'Oh Papa, you cannot mean that we may never, unless we come down to Feniton, see mamma again. I cannot bear the thought of it. I trust most earnestly that it is not the case. Do not hide anything from me, it would make me more wretched afterwards. If it shall (which I trust in His infinite mercy it will not) please Almighty God to take our dearest mamma unto Himself, may He give us grace to bear with fortitude and resolution the dreadful loss, and may we learn to live with such holiness here that we may hereafter be united for ever in Heaven.' This letter is marked twice over 'Only for Papa,' but the precaution was needless, for Lady Patteson was accustoming all those about her to speak freely and

naturally of what she felt to be approaching. Her eldest brother, Dr. Coleridge, was greatly comforting her by his ministrations, and her sons were sent for; but as she did not ask for them, it was thought best that they should remain at their uncle Frank's, at Ottery, until, on the evening of Sunday the 27th, a great change took place, making it evident that the end was drawing near.

The sufferer was told that the boys were come, and was asked if she would see them. She was delighted, and they came in, restraining their grief while she kissed and blessed them, and then, throwing her arms round their father, thanked him for having brought her darling boys for her to see once more. It was not long before she became unconscious, and though all the family were watching and praying round her, she showed no further sign of recognition, as she gradually and tranquilly fell asleep in the course of the night.

Here is a letter from Dr. Coleridge, written immediately after her death :—

'I have been in the ministry thirty years, and have interested myself peculiarly in scenes of sickness and death, and have had of course in large parishes no slight experience in the same; but I *never witnessed*, taking all circumstances into consideration, such a scene as I have since I came here on Wednesday the 23rd. Truly I came to see a Christian die : to learn, not to teach, to gather such sources for enduring meditation, and improvement of heart and life, as, if they minister not to the building up of my faith and the spiritual house of God within my soul, must dreadfully aggravate my condemnation. We have had a precious privilege. While I write, I feel it to be so, (may I always practically feel it!) but we have all had a most awful responsibility imposed on us too, (may we never forget it!) For my dear sweet sister, blessed

saint of God! there must be a desire for thee and thy pious example as long as we live! But neither can he whom she chiefly loved with her dear children, nor we of her sorrowing family, when we go, and see where they have laid her, sorrow as without hope, for of her may it be said indeed, with all the point of personal application: Sorrow not, brethren, for them that are asleep, even as others which have no hope, for if we believe that JESUS died and rose again, even so them that sleep in JESUS will God bring with Him.'

It was to this uncle's eldest daughter, now Mrs. Martyn, that Coley wrote the following letter just after the funeral:—

'We only came down from our rooms to go to church, and directly the beautiful service was over, we went upstairs again. I need not tell you what we then felt, and do now feel. It is a very dreadful loss to us all; but we have been taught by that dear mother, who has been now taken from us, that it is not fit to grieve for those who die in the Lord, "for they rest from their labours." She is now, we may safely trust, a blessed saint in Heaven, far removed from all cares and anxieties; and, instead of spending our time in useless tears and wicked repinings, we should rather learn to imitate her example and virtues, that, when we die, we may sleep in Him as our hope is this our sister doth, and may be finally united with her in heaven. Yesterday was a day of great trial to us all; I felt when I was standing by the grave as if I must have burst.

'Dear Papa bears up beautifully, and is a pattern of submission to us all. We are much more happy than you could suppose, for, thank God, we are

certain she is happy, far happier than she could be on earth. She said once "I wonder I wish to leave my dearest John and the children, and this sweet place, *but yet I do wish it*," so lively was her faith and trust in the merits of her Saviour.'

A deep and permanent impression was left upon the boy's mind, as will be seen by his frequent references to what he had then witnessed; but for the present he was thought to be less depressed than the others, and recovered his natural tone of spirits sooner than his brother and sisters. The whole family spent their mournful Christmas at Thorverton Rectory, with Dr. and Mrs. Coleridge and their daughter Fanny, their chief comforters and fellow sufferers; and then returned to London. The Judge's eldest daughter, Joanna, who had always been entirely one with the rest, had to take her place at the head of the household. In her own words, 'It was trying for a lad of fifteen and a half, but he was very good, and allowed me to take the command in a way that few boys would have done.'

It has struck me as remarkable that friends and relations have again and again spoken of different incidents as 'turning points' in Coley's life. If he had literally turned at them all, his would have been a most revolving career; but I believe the fact to have been that he never *turned* at all, for his face was always set the right way, but that each of these was a point of impulse setting him more vigorously on his way, and stirring up his faithful will. Such moments were those of admission to religious ordinances, to him no dead letters but true receptions of grace; and he likewise found incitements in sorrows, in failures, in reproofs. Everything sank deeply, and his mind was already assuming the introspective character that it had throughout the period of growth and formation. One of his Eton companions,

four years younger, has since spoken of the remarkable impression of *inwardness* Patteson made on him even at this time, saying that whenever he was taken by surprise he seemed to be inly ruminating till he spoke or was spoken to, and then there was an instant return to the outer world and ready attention to whatever was in hand.

The spring found him of course in the full tide of Eton interests. The sixth and upper fifth forms, to the latter of which he had by this time attained, may contend in the public examination for the Newcastle scholarship, just before the Easter holidays, and it is a great testimony to a boy's ability and industry if his name appears among the nine select for their excellence. This time, 1843, Coley, who was scarcely sixteen, had of course but little chance, but he had the pleasure of announcing that his great friend, Edmund Bastard, a young Devonshire squire, was among the 'select,' and he says of himself: 'You will, as I said before, feel satisfied that I did my best, but it was an unlucky examination for me. It has done me a great deal of good in one way. It has enabled me to see where I am particularly deficient, viz. general knowledge of history, and a thorough acquaintance with Greek and Roman customs, law courts and expressions, and Greek and Roman writers. I do not find myself wanting in making out a stiff bit of Greek or Latin if I have time, but I must read History chiefly this year, and then I hope to be selected next time. My tutor is not at all disappointed in me.'

This spring, 1843, Patteson became one of the Eleven, a perilously engrossing position for one who, though never slurring nor neglecting his studies, did not enjoy anything so much as the cricket-field. However, there the weight of his character, backed by his popularity and proficiency in all games and exercises, began to be a telling influence.

On November 2, 1843, when the anniversary of his mother's death was coming round, he writes to his eldest sister:—

'I had not indeed forgotten this time twelvemonth, and especially that awful Sunday night when we stood round dear mamma's bed in such misery. I never supposed at that time that we could ever be happy and merry again, but yet it has been so with me, and though very often the recollection of that night has come upon me, and the whole scene in its misery has passed before me, I hope I have never forgotten, that though a loss to us, it was a gain to her, and we ought rather to be thankful than sorrowful.

. . . By the bye, I do not really want a book-case much, and you gave me the "Irish Stories," and I have not yet been sent up. I would rather not have a present, unless the Doctor means to give me an exercise. Do not lay this down to pride; but you know I was not sent up last half, and if this passes, a blank again, I do not deserve any fresh presents.'

This piece of self-discipline was crowned by joyous notices of being 'sent up for good' and 'for play' in the next half; when also occurs a letter showing a spirit of submission to a restriction not fully understood:—

Tuesday evening.

'My dearest Father,—Hearing that "Israel in Egypt" was to be performed at Exeter Hall on Friday night, I went and asked my tutor whether he had any objection to my running up that night to hear it, and coming back the next morning, quite early at six. My tutor said that, without any absurd feelings on the matter, he should not think himself of going to such a thing in Lent. "It was not," he said, "certainly like going to the play, or any of those sort of

places," but he did not like the idea of going at all. Do you think that there was any harm in the wish? I do not ask because I wish you to write and say I may go, but because I wish to learn whether my asking at all was wrong. Even if you have no objection, I certainly shall not go, because for such a trifling thing to act in opposition to my tutor, even with your consent, would be very foolish.

. . . Good-bye, my dearest Father. God bless you,' says your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. C. P.'

This year, 1844, the name of Patteson appeared among the 'select.' 'I shall expect a jolly holidays for my reward,' he merrily says, when announcing it to his sisters. He had begun to join the Debating Society at Eton, and for a while was the president. One of the other members says, 'his speeches were singularly free from the bombast and incongruous matter with which Eton orators from fifteen to eighteen are apt to interlard their declamations. He spoke concisely, always to the point, and with great fluency and readiness. A reputation for good sense and judgment made his authority of great weight in the school, and his independent spirit led him to choose amongst his most intimate friends and associates, two collegers, who ultimately became Newcastle scholars and medallists.

'That the most popular oppidan of his day should have utterly ignored the supposed inferiority of the less wealthy section of the school, and looked on worth and high character as none the worse for being clothed in a coarse serge gown, is a fact seemingly trivial to ordinary readers, but very noticeable to Eton men. As a rank and file collegian myself, and well remem-

bering the Jew and Samaritan state that prevailed between oppidans and collegers, I remember with pride that Patteson did so much to level the distinctions that worked so mischievously to the school. His cheerfulness and goodness were the surest guarantee for good order amongst his school-fellows. There was no Puritanism in him, he was up to any fun, sung his song at a cricket or foot-ball dinner as joyfully as the youngest of the party, but if mirth sank into coarseness and ribaldry, that instant Patteson's conduct was fearless and uncompromising.' . . .

Here follows an account of an incident which occurred at the dinner annually given by the eleven of cricket and the eight of the boats at the hotel at Slough.

A custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs on these occasions, and Coley, who as second of the eleven, stood in the position of one of the entertainers, gave notice beforehand that he was not going to tolerate anything of the sort. One of the boys, however, began to sing something objectionable. Coley called out, 'If that does not stop, I shall leave the room,' and as no notice was taken, he actually went away with a few other brave lads. He afterwards found that, as he said, 'fellows who could not understand such feelings thought him affected,' and he felt himself obliged to send word to the captain, that unless an apology was made, he should leave the eleven—no small sacrifice, considering what cricket was to him; but the gentlemanlike and proper feeling of the better style of boys prevailed, and the eleven knew their own interests too well to part with him, so the apology was made, and he retained his position. The affair came to the knowledge of two of the masters, Mr. Dupuis and Mr. Abraham; and they

gratified their warm sense of approbation by giving Patteson a bat, though he never knew the reason why, as we shall see in one of his last letters to one of the donors.

His prowess at cricket must be described in the words of his cousin, Arthur Duke Coleridge, who was at this time in college. 'He was by common consent one of the best, if not the best, of the cricketers of the school. The second year of his appearance at Lord's Cricket Ground was the most memorable as far as his actual services were concerned, of all the matches he played against Harrow and Winchester. He was sent in first in the Harrow match; the bowling was steady and straight, but Patteson's defence was admirable. He scored fifty runs, in which there was but one four, and by steady play completely broke the neck of the bowling. Eton won the match easily, Patteson making a brilliant catch at point, when the last Harrow man retired. Full of confidence, Eton began the Winchester match. Victory for a long time seemed a certainty for Eton, but Ridding, the Winchester captain, played an uphill game so fiercely that the bowling had to be repeatedly changed. Our eleven were disorganised, and the Captain had so plainly lost heart, that Patteson resolved on urging him to discontinue his change of bowling, and begin afresh with the regular bowlers. The Captain allowed Patteson to have his way, and the game, though closely contested, was saved.' His powers of defence were indeed remarkable. I saw the famous professional cricketer Lillywhite play once at Eton in his time, and becoming almost irritated at the stubbornness and tenacity with which Coley held his wicket. After scoring twenty and odd times in the first, and forty in the

second innings, (not out), Lillywhite said, 'Mr. Patteson, I should like to bowl to you on Lord's ground, and it would be different.' 'Oh, of course,' modestly answered Coley; 'I know you would have me out directly there.'

The next cricket season this champion was disabled by a severe sprain of the wrist, needing leeches, splints, and London advice. It was when fixing a day for coming up to town on this account, that he mentioned the occurrence of the previous year in a letter to his father.

'I have a great object in shirking the oppidan dinner. I not only hate the idea of paying a sovereign for a dinner, but last year, at the cricket dinner, I had a great row, which I might possibly incur another time, and I wish very much to avoid.'

Then, after briefly stating what had passed, he adds:

'At this dinner, where the captain of the boats manages it, I should be his guest, and therefore, any similar act of mine would make matters worse. You can therefore see why I wish Tuesday to be the day for my coming up.'

The sprain prevented his playing in the matches at Lord's that summer, though he was well enough to be reckoned on as a substitute in case any of the actual players had been disabled. Possibly his accident was good for his studies, for this was a year of much progress and success; and though only seventeen, he had two offers of tutorship for the holidays, from Mr. Dugdale and the Marchioness of Bath. The question where his university life was to be spent began to come forward. Studentships at Christchurch were then in the gift of the Canons, and a nomination would have been given him by Dr. Pusey if he had not been

too young to begin to reside, so that it was thought better that he should wait and go up for the Balliol scholarship in the autumn. Here is a note to his father before the summer holidays, with a view to the question whether he should carry a gun :—

'As to what you say about my having a licence this year, I think that it would be *much better* for you to settle about it, as you did a year or two ago. Then you seemed to think that it was a bad thing for me to acquire a passion for a pursuit which I should give up when ordained. To that I certainly keep, viz., that I would by no means keep it up after I had taken my degree. But I think I could decide better when I talk it over with you, besides, (which I had almost forgot) the Balliol scholarship comes on in November, and taking out the licence would rather put a stop to my sapping. My thoughts were, you see, running on cricket.'

No one remembers how the question was then decided. Coley did shoot, and enjoyed it much ; but before very long he ceased to carry a gun, though he often accompanied his father and brother, and took keen delight in their success. In the October of 1844, he describes to his eldest sister the reception of King Louis Philippe at Eton, accompanied by the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Wellington.

'The King wore a white great coat, and looked a regular jolly old fellow. He has white frizzle hair and large white whiskers. The former, I suspect, is a wig. The cheering was tremendous, but behind the royal carriage, the cheers were always redoubled where the old Duke, the especial favourite hero, rode. When they got off their horses in the school-yard, the Duke being by some mistake behindhand,

was regularly hustled in the crowd, with no attendant near him.

'I was the first to perceive him, and springing forward, pushed back the fellows on each side, who did not know whom they were tumbling against, and, taking off my hat, cheered with might and main. The crowd hearing the cheer, turned round, and then there was the most glorious sight I ever saw. The whole school encircled the Duke, who stood entirely alone in the middle for a minute or two, and I *rather* think we *did* cheer him. At last, giving about one touch to his hat, he began to move on, saying 'Get on, boys, get on.' I never saw such enthusiasm here; the masters rushed into the crowd round him, waving their caps, and shouting like any of us. As for myself, I was half mad and roared myself hoarse in about five minutes. The King and Prince kept their hats off the whole time, incessantly bowing, and the King speaking. He walked arm-in-arm with the Queen, who looked well and very much pleased. The Duke walked with that Grand Duchess whose name you may see in the papers, for I can't spell it.'

Very characteristic this both of Eton's enthusiasm for the hero, and of the hero's undemonstrative way of receiving it, which must have somewhat surprised his foreign companions.

A week or two later, in November 1844, came the competition for the Balliol scholarship, but Coley was not successful. On the Saturday he writes:—

'The scholarship was decided last night; Smith, a Rugby man, got the first, and Grant, a Harrow man, the second. . . . I saw the Master afterwards, he said, "I cannot congratulate you on success, Mr. Patteson, but you have done yourself great credit, and passed a very respectable examination. I shall

be happy to allow you to enter without a future examination, as we are all quite satisfied of your competency." He said that I had better come up to matriculate next term, but should not have another examination. We were in about nine hours a day, three hours in the evening; I thought the papers very hard, we had no Latin elegiacs or lyrics, which was rather a bore for the Eton lot. I am very glad I have been up *now*, but I confess it was the *longest* week I ever recollect. I feel quite seedy after a whole week without exercise. . . The very first paper, the Latin Essay (for which we were in six hours) was the worst of all my papers, and must have given the examiners an unfavourable impression to start with. The rest of my papers, with the exception of the Greek prose and the critical paper, I did very fairly, I think.'

A greater disappointment than this was, however, in store for Coley. He failed in attaining a place among the 'select,' at his last examination for the Newcastle, in the spring of 1845. Before the list was given out, he had written to his father that the Divinity papers were far too easy, with no opportunity for a pretty good scholar to show his knowledge, 'the ridicule of every one of the masters,' but the other papers very difficult.

'Altogether,' he adds, 'the scholarship has been to me unsatisfactory. I had worked hard at Greek prose, had translated and retranslated a good deal of Xenophon, Plato, and some Demosthenes, yet to my disappointment we had no paper of Greek prose, a thing that I believe never occurred before, and which is generally believed to test a boy's knowledge well. My Iambics were good, I expect, though not without two bad faults. In fact, I cannot look back upon a

single paper, except my Latin prose, without a multitude of oversights and faults presenting themselves to me. . . I almost dread the giving out of the select. Think if my name was not there. It is some consolation that Hawtrey, yesterday, in giving me an exercise for good, asked how I liked the examination. Upon my saying 'It was not such a one as I expected, and that I had done badly,' he said 'That is not at all what I hear,' but this cannot go for much. . . . I want exercise very badly, and my head is very thick and stupid, as I fear this last paper must show the examiners.'

The omission of Patteson's name from among the select was a great mortification, not only to himself, but his father, though the Judge kindly wrote:—

'Do not distress yourself about this unfortunate failure as to the Newcastle. We cannot always command our best exertions when we want to do so, and you were not able on this occasion to bring forward all you knew. It was not from idleness or want of attention to school business. Work on regularly, and you will do well at Oxford. I have a line from your tutor, who seems to think that it was in Juvenal, Cicero and Livy, and in Iambics, that the faults principally were. I cannot say that I am not disappointed, but I know so well the uncertainty of examinations and how much depends on the sort of papers put, and on the spirits and feeling one is in, that I am never surprised at such results, and I do not blame you at all.'

Those who knew Coley best agree in thinking that this reverse took great effect in rousing his energies. This failure evidently made him take himself to task, for in the summer he writes to his father:—

'There are things which have occurred during my stay at Eton which cannot but make me blame myself.

I mean principally a want of continuous industry. I have perhaps for one half or two (for instance, last Easter half) worked hard, but I have not been continuously improving, and adding knowledge to knowledge, half by half. I feel it now, because I am sure that I know very little more than I did at Easter. One thing I am improved in, which is writing themes; and you will be pleased to know that Hawtrey has again given me the School Theme prize, worth 5*l.* which counts for another sent up exercise.'

Referring to some discontents with his tutor's management of his pupils, which had been expressed by some of the parents, he gives this generous and grateful testimony :—

'My tutor's system of private business—viz., giving you sometimes papers to answer in writing, and at other times recommending books and papers of his own to be read, is so calculated to act according to the pupils' individual application and industry, that while it more advances the diligent, it presses more lightly on the idle, that no blame can be attached to him for an individual failure in any one instance.

'I speak more warmly now, because, thinking over my past life here, I see that if I had worked out all the plans my tutor has given me, worked up all his papers, and cared more about my school business and attention to little things, I should have had less cause to leave Eton with feelings partly (though I thank God not wholly) of self-condemnation. I owe so much to my tutor, and feel so grateful to him, that I cannot help saying this.'

In reply, the Judge, on July 22, wrote in the midst of the circuit, from Stafford, a letter that might well do a son's heart good :—

'I rejoice in your finale, and shall be glad to see the exercise. You have gone through Eton with great credit and reputation as a scholar, and what is of more consequence, with perfect character as to truth and conduct in every way. This can only be accounted for by the assistance of the good Spirit of God first stirred up in you by the instructions of your dear mother, than whom a more excellent human being never existed. I pray God that this assistance may continue through life, and keep you always in the same good course.'

A few days more and the boy's departure from the enthusiastically loved school had taken place, together with his final exploits as captain in the cricket-field, where too he formed an acquaintance with Mr. C. S. Roundell, the captain of the Harrow eleven, which ripened into a lifelong friendship.

'You may suppose,' writes Coley, 'that I was really very miserable at leaving Eton. I did not, I assure you, without thanking God for the many advantages I have there enjoyed and praying for His forgiveness for my sin in neglecting so many. We began our match with Harrow yesterday, by going in first; we got 261 runs by tremendous hitting, Harrow 32, and followed up and got 55: Eton thus winning in one innings by 176 runs, the most decided beating ever known at cricket.

So ended Coleridge Patteson's school life, not reaching to all he saw that it might have been; but unstained, noble, happy, honourable, and full of excellent training for the future man. No sting was left to poison the fair memory of youth; but many a friendship had been formed on foundations of esteem, sympathy and kindness which endured through life, standing all tests of separation and difference.

CHAPTER III.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT BALLIOL AND JOURNEYS ON THE CONTINENT

1845-1852

UNIVERSITY life is apt to exert a strong influence upon a man's career. It comes at the age at which there is probably the most susceptibility to new impressions. The physical growth is over, and the almost exclusive craving for exercise and sport is lessening; there is more voluntary inclination to intellectual application, and the mind begins to get fair play. There is also a certain liberty of choice as to the course to be taken and the persons who shall become guides, and this renders the pupillage a more willing and congenial connection than that of the schoolboy; nor is there so wide a distance in age and habits between tutor and pupil as between master and scholar.

Thus it is that there are few more influential persons in the country than leading University men, for the impress they leave is on the flower of English youth, at the very time of life when thought has come, but action is not yet required. At the same time the whole *genius loci*, the venerable buildings with their traditions, the eminence secured by intellect and industry, the pride that is taken in the past and its great men, first as belonging to the University and next to the individual college, all give the members thereof a sense

of a dignity to keep up and of honour to maintain, and a certainty of appreciation and fellow feeling from the society with which they are connected.

The Oxford of Patteson's day was as yet untouched by the hand of reformation. The Colleges were following or eluding the statutes of their founders, according to the use that had sprung up, but there had been a great quickening into activity of intellect, and the religious influences were almost at their strongest. It was true that the master mind had been lost to the Church of England, but the men whom he and his companions had helped to form were the leaders among the tutors, and the youths who were growing up under them were forming plans of life, which many have nobly carried out, of unselfish duty and devotion in their several stations.

Balliol had, under the mastership of Dr. Jenkyns, attained pre-eminence for success in the schools, and for the high standard required of its members, who formed 'the most delightful society, the very focus of the most stimulating life of the University,' within those unpretending walls, not yet revivified and enlarged.

Here Coleridge Patteson came to reside in the Michaelmas term of 1845; beginning with another attempt for the scholarship, in which he was again unsuccessful, being bracketed immediately after the fourth with another Etonian, namely, Mr. Hornby, the future head-master. His friend, Edmund Bastard, several of his relations, and numerous friends had preceded him; and he wrote to his sister Fanny:—

'You cannot think what a nice set of acquaintance I am gradually slipping into. Palmer and myself take regular familiar walks; and Riddell, another fellow who is the pet of the College, came up the other

evening and sat with me, and I breakfast with them, and dine, &c. The only inconvenience attaching itself to such a number of men is, that I have to give several parties, and as I meant to get them over before Lent, I have been coming out rather strong in that line lately, as the pastrycook's bill for desserts will show in good time.

'I have been asked to play cricket in the University eleven, and have declined, though not without a *little* struggle, but cricket here, especially to play in such matches as against Cambridge, &c., entails almost necessarily idleness and expense.'

The struggle was hardly a little one to a youth whose fame in the cricket field stood so high, and who was never happy or healthy without strong bodily exercise. Nor had he outgrown his taste for this particular sport. Professor Edwin Palmer (alluded to above) describes him as at this time 'a thorough public schoolboy, with a full capacity for enjoying undergraduate society and undergraduate amusements, though with so fond a recollection of Eton that to some of us he hardly seemed to appreciate Oxford sufficiently.'

Again, Mr. Roundell (his late adversary at Lord's), says, 'He was a reluctant and half interested sojourner, was ever looking back to the playing fields of Eton, or forward to the more congenial sphere of a country parish.' So that it was his prime pleasure and glory that he thus denied himself, though not with total abstinence, for he played occasionally. I remember hearing of a match at Ottery, where he was one of an eleven of Coleridge kith and kin against the rest of Devon. His reputation in the field was such that, many years later, when he chanced to be at Melbourne

at the same time with the champion English eleven, one of the most noted professional cricketers, meeting him in the street, addressed him confidentially, 'I know, sir, the Bishop of Melbourne does not approve of cricket for clergymen in public, but if you would meet me in private at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and let me give you a few balls, it would be a great satisfaction!'

Some resolution thus was required to prevent cricket from becoming a tyrant as so often befalls those whose skill renders them valuable. Tennis became Coley's chief recreation, enabling him to work off his superfluous energy at the expense of far less time than cricket matches require, and in this, as in everything active, he soon excelled.

As to the desserts upon which the young men in turn were spending a good deal out of mere custom, harmlessly enough, but unnecessarily; as soon as the distress of the potato famine in Ireland became known, Patteson said, 'I am not at all for giving up these pleasant meetings, but why not give up the dessert?' So the agreement was made that the cost should for the present be made over to the 'Irish fund.'

Another friend of this period, now well known as Principal Shairp of St. Andrews', was then in the last year of a five years' residence. He has been kind enough to favour me with the following effective sketch of Coley as an undergraduate:—

'Patteson, as he was at Oxford, comes back to me, as the representative of the very best kind of Etonian, with much good that he had got from Eton, with something better, not to be got at Eton or any other school. He had those pleasant manners and that perfect ease in dealing with men and with the world which are the inheritance of Eton, without the least

tincture of worldliness. I remember well the look he then had, his countenance massive for one so young, with good sense and good feeling, in fact, full of character. For it was character more than special ability which marked him out from others, and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impression he left on me was of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle and make him what he afterwards became.'

In truth he was taking deep interest in the religious movement, though in the quiet unexcited way of those to whom such doctrines were only the filling out of the teachings of their childhood. He was present at that sermon on 'The Entire Absolution of the Penitent,' with which, on the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, 1846, Dr. Pusey broke his enforced silence of three years. And surely to one who had in his infancy perceived that to hear the Absolution should be happiness, there was everything congenial in such words as these:—

'If any here feel the burden of past sin, some single heavier sin as a load upon his conscience, or some enduring evil habit, or a subtle ensnaring offence, again and again rising up against him and mastering him, or some hateful spell of past evil doing, which seems to leave his soul in darkness, and paralyse him as to all still more holy devoted purposes, it may be a blessed knowledge that others, like him,

were once bound, and now have by God been loosed; they, like him, were once burdened, and now their lightened hearts mount up in love and thankfulness; they were once slaves of sin, now are the freedmen of God; they once strove ineffectually, struggling for a while, yet ever in the end dragged captive, now they strive victoriously in the Peace, and Light, and Love of God.'

The same evening Coley wrote to his sister Fanny:

'I have just returned from University sermon, where I have been listening with great delight to Pusey's sermon on the Keys for nearly two hours. His immense benevolence beams through the extreme power of his arguments, and the great research of his enquiry into all the primitive writings is a most extraordinary matter, and as for the humility and prayerful spirit in which it was composed, you fancied he must have been on his knees the whole time he was writing it. I went early to Christ Church, where it was preached, and, after pushing through such a crowd as usually blocks up the entrance into Exeter Hall, I found on getting into the Cathedral that every seat was occupied. However, standing to hear such a man was no great exertion, and I never was so interested before. It will probably be printed, so that you will have no occasion for any remarks of mine. It is sufficient that he preached the doctrine to my mind in an invincible manner.' The letter has a postscript—'Easter vacation will be from three weeks to a month. Hurrah! say I; now a precious deal more glad am I to leave Oxford for the holidays than Eton, though Feniton is better than either.'

Before that vacation came, a great sorrow, in the death of the Reverend Thomas Waddon Martyn, the

husband of his cousin, Sophia Coleridge. Hers had been the first wedding in that generation of cousins, and had excited proportionate interest and pleasure, and her little daughter Paulina had already become his darling and delight, though still a mere baby.

Here is his reply to Dr. Coleridge's announcement of the death, which had taken place in his house :—

My dear Uncle,—I was not prepared for the sad news which your letter announced to me this morning. I have been lately many times on the point of writing to dear Sophy, but I was afraid lest anything I should say should inadvertently cause her pain. Now, however, especially as Joanna has mentioned it to me, I could not restrain myself from letting dear Sophy know how my heart is with her and with you all. It was a very difficult thing for me to write such a letter as might express my sorrow for her without aggravating that which I wished, as far as I was able, to alleviate; but if dear Sophy can derive the slightest consolation or least feeling of pleasure from my writing, I will most willingly try to show her that I only desire an opportunity of testifying my love for her. Her sorrows have indeed begun early, and to most people such a weight of affliction would be all but insupportable; but God's grace will be sufficient for her, and He will give her strength to bear her great affliction. I send dear little Pena a book, which you must please give her with my best love. What an invaluable treasure the dear child must be now to dear Sophy; and I pray earnestly, and do not doubt, that she will prove a blessing worthy of all her mother's undivided care and affection.

I am so hard worked here, that in the midst of all the grief and trouble that I feel, I cannot abstract

myself entirely from my college business, which is now very tedious to me, and which I would willingly avoid for a few days; yet pray be assured that what work I must carry on, I perform with far different feelings, and that I am thinking of poor dearest Sophy and you all every minute. I am glad to hear that dearest aunt and Fanny are, for them, pretty well! And you, my dear uncle, must not forget yourself, whose illness just now would so much increase the sorrow of all about you, but for their sakes be careful of yourself; and believe me,

Your very affectionate Nephew,

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

P.S. I fear that I have not been successful in my choice of a book for Pena, yet after all, my chief object is to please dear Sophy through her child.

I do not think they will meddle with Dr. Pusey. I heard the sermon, and cannot conceive what they can lay hold of.

So deep was Coley's feeling that he refused all invitations for the rest of the term. Mrs. Martyn took up her residence permanently in her father's house, now Thorverton Rectory, near Exeter, and the constant intercourse and strong mutual influence of the cousins remained unbroken, and increased with years.

In the autumn of this year, his father lost a sister, and the effect of reading his letter was to elicit from Coley the following sentence in writing to his sister:

How glad I shall be to be able by and by to do anything which would make him see that it was for his sake that I was working, and to make him happy in that. And I do think I have a little overcome my dislike to my books, but it is up-hill work with me still. . . .

My thoughts are turned constantly to Ipswich, but I don't know whether you feel it so; to a good person the notion of death has never seemed to me terrible after what we witnessed five years ago. It strikes one's heart with such intense reality immediately that the soul of our beloved is in peace, that unless the loss of the bodily presence is felt every day and hour, to those absent, the thinking of her death passes directly into thinking of her new life in the Lord. I don't say that in the actual house of mourning such feelings would be even natural, but I feel that when next I am at Ipswich and miss that dear face, the sense of our loss will be swallowed up in the belief of her happiness; and so it is quite possible, and if possible, right to feel a degree of joy, not such as to make us mix as usual in society, but a quiet thoughtful joy in the very moment of sorrow. But for dear Granny, and Aunt Lue, and the poor children, they cannot think so yet. Their heavy feeling of grief is dead to every other feeling: I pity them from my heart. I hope the accounts of you, my dear Fan, will mend.

Your very affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

The letters of the close of the year 1846 are full of delight at the honours of his friend Edmund Bastard, who took a double first class, as is notified in large capitals on the top of the exulting note. 'I feel quite proud of being so very intimate with a "Double," and the old fellow is just as modest and quiet as ever.' At the same time James Patteson passed his matriculation examination, and the two brothers were thus again together.

Even in the last undergraduate year, the preference

for Eton remained as strong as ever. Coley intended to remain at Oxford to read for honours through great part of the Long vacation; and after refreshing himself with a run to Eton, he wrote:—

'Now for a very disagreeable contrast, but still I shall find great interest in my work as I go on, and reading books for the second or third time is light work compared to the first stodge at them. I am, however, behindhand with my work, in spite of not having wasted much time here. . . . I really don't see my way through the mass of work before me, and half repent having to go up for class.

. . . I went to the opera on Tuesday, but was too much taken up by Eton to rave about it, though Grisi's singing and acting were out and out; but, in sober earnest, I think if one was to look out simply for one's own selfish pleasure in this world, staying at Eton in the summer is paradise. I certainly have not been more happy, if so happy, for years, and they need no convincing there of my doting attachment to the place. I go down to Eton on Election Saturday and Sunday for my last enjoyment of it this year; but if I am well and flourishing in the summer of 1849, and all goes right with me, it is one of the jolliest prospects of my emancipation from the schools to think of a month at Eton. Oh! its hard work reading for it, I can tell you.'

Thus Coley Patteson's work throughout his undergraduate three years was, so to speak, against the grain, though it was more diligent and determined than it had been at Eton. He viewed this as the least satisfactory period of his life, and probably it was that in which he was doing the most violence to his likings. It struck those who had known him at Eton that he

had 'shaken off the easy going, comfortable, half sluggish habit of mind' attributed to him there, and to be earnestly preparing for the future work of life. His continued interest in Missions was shown by his assisting to collect subscriptions for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In fact, his charm of manner, and his way of taking for granted that people meant to do what they ought, made him a good collector, and he had had a good deal of practice at Eton in keeping up the boys to the subscription for the stained glass of the east window of the Chapel which they had undertaken to give.

That Long vacation of study was a great effort, and he felt it tedious and irksome, all the more from a weakness that affected his eyelids, and, though it did not injure his sight, often rendered reading and writing painful. Slight ailments concurred with other troubles and vexations to depress his spirits; and besides these outward matters, he seems to have had a sense of not coming up to his ideal. His standard was pitched higher than that of most men: his nature was prone to introspection, and his constitutional inertness rendered it so difficult for him to live up to his own views, that he was continually dissatisfied with himself; and this, in spite of his sweet unselfish temper, gave his manner at home an irritability, and among strangers a reserve—the very reverse of the joyous merry nature which used to delight in balls, parties and gaieties.

Though an ardent friend, he became disinclined to enter into general society; nor was the distaste ever entirely overcome, though he never failed to please by the charm alike of natural manner and of Christian courtesy; the same spirit of gentleness and kindness very soon prevailed in subduing, even in family life, any

manifestation of the tender points of a growing character.

In the autumn of 1849, he obtained a second class in the school of *Literæ humaniores*, a place that fairly represented his abilities as compared with those of others. When the compulsory period of study was at an end, his affection for Oxford and enjoyment of all that it afforded increased considerably, though he never seems to have loved the University quite as well as Eton.

As he intended to take Holy Orders, he did not give up his residence there; but his first use of his leisure was to take a journey on the Continent with his brother and Mr. Hornby. It was then, that as he afterwards wrote, his real education began, partly from the opening of his mind by the wonders of nature and art, and partly from the development of his genius for philology. Aptitude for language had already shown itself when his sister Fanny had given him some German lessons; and even on his first halt at Cologne, he received the compliment, '*Sie sprechen Deutsch wohl*,' and he found himself talking to a German on one side and a Frenchman on the other.

His letters throughout his foreign travels are more copious than ever, but are chiefly minute descriptions of what he saw, such as would weary the reader who does not want a guide book even full of individuality. Yet they cannot be passed by without noticing how he fulfilled the duty of study and endeavour at appreciation which everyone owes to great works of art, instead of turning aside with shallow conceit if he do not enter into them at first sight.

At Cologne, after going over the Cathedral on the evening of his arrival, he let his two companions go on to Bonn that same night, while he waited till the morn-

ing, rose at half-past five, saw it again more thoroughly, and was exceedingly delighted, though Regensburg impressed him even more from its completeness.

After the wonders of Vienna and the mines of Salzburg, the mountain scenery of the Tyrol was an unspeakable pleasure, which tries to express itself in many closely written pages. Crossing into Italy by the Stelvio Pass, a sharp but passing fit of illness detained Coley at Como for a day, and caused him to call in an Italian doctor, who treated him on the starvation system, administered no medicines, and would take no fee. The next day Coley was in condition to go on to Milan, where his first impression of the Cathedral was, as so often happens, almost of bewilderment. He did not at first like the Lombardo-Gothic style, but he studied it carefully, and filled his letter with measurements and numbers, though confessing that no part pleased him so much as the pinnacles terminating in statues, 'each one a very beautiful martyr's memorial.' Two more visits of several hours, however, brought the untutored eye to a sense of the harmony of proportion, and the surpassing beauty of the carvings and sculpture.

It did not need so much study to enjoy Lionardo da Vinci's great fresco, of which he wrote long and elaborately, and, altogether, Milan afforded him very great delight and was a new world to him. It was the farthest limit of his travels on this occasion. The party returned by way of Geneva; and Coley, alone with four guides, attempted the Col du Géant. The following is his account of the danger in which he found himself:—

'On Monday at 4.15 A.M. we started from the Montanvert, with our alpenstocks, plenty of ropes, and a hatchet to cut steps in the ice. We walked quickly over the Mer de Glace, and in about three hours

came to the difficult part. I had no conception of what it would be. We had to ascend perpendicular walls of ice, 30, 40, 50 feet high, by little holes which we cut with the hatchet, and to climb over places not a foot broad, with enormous crevasses on each side. I was determined not to give in, and said not a word, but I thought that no one had a right to expose himself to such danger if known beforehand. After about three hours spent in this way, (during which I made but one slip, when I slid about twelve feet down a crevasse, but providentially did not lose my head, and saved myself by catching at a broken ridge of ice, rising up in the crevasse, round which I threw my leg and worked my way up it astride), got to the region of snow, and here the danger was of falling into hidden crevasses. We all five fastened ourselves to one another with ropes. I went in the middle, Couttet in front, then Payot. Most unluckily the weather began to cloud over, and soon a sharp hailstorm began, with every indication of a fog. We went very cautiously over the snow for about three hours, sinking every now and then up to our middles, but only once in a crevasse, when Couttet suddenly fell, singing out '*Tirez*! *tirez*!' but he was pulled out instantly. We had now reached the top, but the fog was so dense that I could scarcely see 30 feet before me, and the crevasses and mountains of snow looming close round us looked awful. At this moment the guides asked me if I *must* make the passage. I said instantly that I wanted to do so, but that I would sooner return at once than endanger the lives of any of them. They told me there was certainly great danger, they had lost their way, but were unwilling to give up. For an hour and a half we beat about in the fog, among the crevasses trying every way to

find the pass, which is very narrow, wet to the skin, and in constant peril; but we knew that the descent on the Chamouni side is far more difficult than that on the Courmayeur side. At last all the guides agreed that it was impossible to find the way, said the storm was increasing, and that our only chance was to return at once. So we did, but the fearful difficulties of the descent I shall never forget. Even in the finest weather they reckon it very difficult, but yesterday we could not see the way, we were numbed with intense cold, and dispirited from being forced to return.

'In many places the hail and sleet had washed out the traces we trusted as guides. After about four hours, we had passed the most dangerous part, and in another hour we were safely upon the Mer de Glace, which we hailed with delight: Couttet, who reached the point of safety first, jumping on the firm ice and shouting to me '*Il n'y a plus de danger, Monsieur*.' Here we took off the ropes, and drank some more brandy, and then went as hard as we could, jumping across crevasses, which two days before I should have thought awkward, as if they were cart ruts. We reached Chamouni at 8.30 P.M., having been sixteen and a quarter hours without resting. I was not at all tired; the guides thanked me for having given so little trouble, and declared I had gone as well as themselves. Indeed I was providentially unusually clear-headed and cool, and it was not till the danger was over that I felt my nerves give way. There was a good deal of anxiety about us at Chamouni, as it was one of the worst days ever seen here. Hornby had taken all my clothes to Geneva, so I put on a suit of the landlord's, and had some tea, and at 11 P.M. went to bed, not forgetting, you

may be sure, to thank God most fervently, for this merciful protection, as on the ice I did many times with all my heart.

'On reviewing coolly, to-day, the places over which we passed, and which I shall never forget, I remember seven such, I trust never again to see a man attempt to climb. The state of the ice and crevasses is always shifting, so that the next person who makes the ascent *may* find a comparatively easy path. We had other dangers too, such as this: twice the guides said to me '*Ne parlez pas ici, Monsieur, et allez vite*,' the fear being of an ice avalanche falling on us, and we heard the rocks and ice which are detached by the wet falling all about. The view from the top, if the day is fine, is about the most magnificent in the Alps; and as in that case I should have descended easily on the other side, the excursion would not have been so difficult. I hope you will not think I have been very foolish, I did not at all think it would be so dangerous, or was it possible to foresee the bad weather. My curiosity to see some of the difficulties of an excursion in the Alps is fully satisfied.'

After this adventure, the party broke up, James Patteson returning home with Mr. Hornby, while Coley, who hoped to obtain a Fellowship at Merton, and wished in the mean time to learn German thoroughly in order to study Hebrew by the light of German scholarship, repaired to Dresden for the purpose; revelling, by the way, on the pictures and glass at Munich, descriptions of which fill three or four letters. He remained a month at Dresden, reading for an hour a day with a German master, and spending many hours besides in study, recreating himself with German newspapers at the café where he dined, and going to the

play in the evening to hear colloquialisms. He lodged with a burgher family, where his good natured hostess took up and read a German letter to his sister, without the least notion that she was taking a liberty, and used to invite him to join the family party to the Paradise, a favourite Sunday resort at a little distance from Dresden. The picture galleries were his daily enjoyment, and he declared the Madonna di San Sisto fully equal to his anticipations. 'There is that about the head of the Virgin which I believe one sees in no other picture, a dignity and beauty with a mixture of timidity quite indescribable.'

Returning home for Christmas, Coley started again in January 1851, in charge of a pupil, the son of Lord John Thynne, with whom he was to go through Italy. The journey was made by sea from Marseilles to Naples, where the old *régime* was still in force. Shakespeare and Humboldt were seized; and after several hours' detention on the score of the suspicious nature of his literature, Mr. Patteson was asked for a bribe.

The climate was in itself a great charm to one always painfully susceptible to cold; and, after duly dwelling on the marvels of Vesuvius and Pompeii, the travellers went on to Rome. There the sculptures were Coley's first delight, and he had the advantage of hints from Gibson on the theory of his admiration, such as suited his love of analysis. He poured forth descriptions of statues and pictures in his letters: sometimes apologising.—'You must put up with a very stupid and unintelligible sermon on art. The *genius loci* would move the very stones to preach on such a theme. Again: The worst, is that I ought to have months instead of days to see Rome in. I economise my time pretty well; but yet I find

every night that I can only do a little of what I propose in the morning: and as for my Italian, an hour and a half a day is on an average more than I give to it. I suffer a good deal from weakness in the eyes; it prevents my working at night with comfort. I have a master every other day. I tried to draw, but it hurt me so much after looking about all day that I despair of doing anything, though I don't abandon the idea altogether.'

The tutor and pupil gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the Carnival; and as the rollicking mirth is becoming a thing of the past, his account of it may not be unacceptable.

'Thyme B—— and I went at about half-past three to the Corso, which is the great street of Rome, a mile long, and in which the fun goes on. We walked about for a little while, and then took up our station at a friend's lodgings, six of us, stationed at four windows two pair up. By this time the scene was very picturesque; red and white, and classically gold embroidered cloths being hung from the windows, the street crowded with French and Italian soldiers, lazzaroni, innumerable carriages full of English and others, in holiday costume, soon doomed to be considerably injured, as you shall hear. We had the honour certainly of commencing the fun, as two of our party were old stagers, who did not scruple, to my vast amusement, to go regularly into the spirit of the thing. Accordingly, we bought about three good sacks full of *confetti*, little round "Littlejohns," but made of chalk, so that the whole, divided among us, cost about one shilling each. With these we showered down storms like hailstones upon all the best dressed people, and in about five minutes our

friends in the opposite balcony began too, and then it soon became general, and you never saw such a scene, carriages moving slowly under an avalanche of sham or real *confetti*, occasionally a bag of flour descending with a flop on a red velvet bonnet, thousands of bouquets flying about, men in carriages fighting (at a great disadvantage) with men in balconies, ladies chucking sugar-plums into the faces of people on foot; such shouting, laughing, and rattling of the *confetti* on parasols and bonnets you never dreamt of. B—— and I occupied one window, and were rather conspicuous, as we had a shovel with which, when the row became fast and furious, we poured regularly showers of these chalk pellets on the people. One carriage was so awfully pelted by us that the people stopped, got out, and ran for shelter. The stones underneath our windows were quite whitened, and the carriages (all covered with canvas over the seats), looked as if they had just passed a good fall of snow. We generally reserved our ammunition for our friends and for black dresses, on which the chalk *told* delightfully. I daresay it sounds very childish; but if you had seen everybody employed in the same way, and everything taken in good part, as the great thing is to make as much of the licence allowed as possible, you would have enjoyed it too. At about half-past five, after a great deal of trouble, the street (not the *trottoir*) was cleared for the race. Sand had been thrown all along the stones; and presently the horses passed, going like wild things without riders, as you know, and ornamented with feathers, and balls with little spikes to goad them, and streamers. Then the whole thing was over, and we went off to dine. Yesterday was said to be stupid, as the first day

generally is, but I know I laughed till my sides regularly ached, and got quite hot with shying chalk pellets.'

Ash Wednesday brought, of course, a very different letter, suggested by witnessing the ceremony of the Pope's blessing and sprinkling the ashes in the Sistine Chapel. Pius IX. is spoken of as having 'a mild, benevolent, unintellectual face, the exact mirror of his character. The ashes were consecrated, and the Pope's mitre and little white skull cap being removed, the chief Cardinal Penitentiary sprinkled ashes on his head in the shape of the Cross; the mitre and cap were replaced, and the cardinals in order, prelates, priests, and anybody that liked, were sprinkled by the Pope, with these words in Latin, "Remember, dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." I don't think the words of the whole were intelligible, and it failed to impress me with any sense of solemnity at all. Every good feeling and thought is so materialised in the Romish Church that it becomes vulgar, and engrosses the imagination, but not the heart.'

Such is the tenor of all the letters on the religious state of Rome. The apparently direct supplications to the Saints, the stories told in sermons of desperate sinners saved through some lingering observance paid to the Blessed Virgin, and the alleged abuse of the Confessional shocked Patteson greatly, and therewith he connected the flagrant evils of the political condition of Rome at that time, and arrived at conclusions strongly adverse to Roman Catholicism as such, though he retained uninjured the Catholic tone of his mind.

Before leaving Rome, he made one of a party who were to be presented to the Pope, including a gentle-

man and lady, both converts, and the daughter of the latter, as he says, 'not ditto':—

'As we entered a long, oblong room, he was standing quite alone, in a white dress. The two Romanists knelt instantly, and I bowed very low, then we bowed again half way up the room, and then I bowed again, knelt, and kissed his hand. He grasped mine tight. This done, we stood in a line in front of him. Talbot introduced me as the son of the first English Judge, and he made a remark which I just answered with two or three words, and that was all he said. To —— he was quite affectionate, putting his hand on his shoulder, and calling him *mio*. Then he turned abruptly to Miss ——, and said, "What is your name?" She either did not hear or did not understand Italian, or was frightened, for she did not speak the whole time, but her mother answered "Francesca Maria." "My child, you bear the name of Sta. Francesca Romana *e della Vergine Santissima*. Pray, my daughter, and imitate their holy lives, pray earnestly to God to lead you to the truth. Your mother will pray for you, I will pray for you that you may be brought to the truth." All this, and much more, spoken in a simple, benevolent, yet authoritative manner, produced a great impression on me. There was no formality, and I quite forgot who he was as I looked at him earnestly for some minutes at a distance of not more than two or three feet. I hoped he would have spoken again to me, but he said "Adieu," bowed to us, and we retired. I think I scarcely ever witnessed a more interesting scene. At first, I was afraid he would dismiss us with only a common-place remark or two, for he said, "Do you all live at the same lodgings?" and then asked ——

if he spoke Italian, and on his saying "No," observed, "I only speak a very little French, so we can't get on well together; but you understand enough to know that I give you my benediction," and, then to my great delight, be began in the serious way I have mentioned. He is certainly a striking looking man when seen close, not clever-looking, but very gentle and benevolent, with a sweet full voice—I heard him chant capitally in the Sistine.'

It was art which was the special attraction to Coley of all the many spells of old Rome. He spent much time in the galleries, and studied 'modern painters' with an earnestness that makes Ruskinism pervade his letters.

'I am off again this morning to the Vatican; it is hopeless to attempt to see it all, but I know the *capi d'opera* and study them. The Dying Gladiator in the Capitol is, I think, after all the noblest statue I ever saw; perfect in proportion, yet without the unnatural display of muscle that many artists strive after. . . . I have been here introduced for the first time to some very small pictures of Fra Angelico. Certainly he expresses more completely than any painter the fulness of Divine love and beauty. His own most holy life is reflected in every face he draws. It is striking, certainly, to me to observe that the religious painters obtain or fall short of this power of expressing holy, sacred love and adoration in proportion as their own moral character and spiritual life become alienated or debased, and this is well shadowed forth in the legend of Lionardo da Vinci painting the Cenacolo. In this particular expression, Raphael is undoubtedly excelled by such men as Angelico, Francia, and Perugino; and I am

not sure if the somewhat hard and stiff drawing, and the symmetrical arrangement of the pictures do not increase the effect: and I think that the highest style of religious painting is hardly compatible with the colouring of a Titian or a Rubens. In choice of subject and feeling for beauty, both the last-mentioned painters fall infinitely below the old masters, of course, and Rubens perhaps below any great painter (excepting always Rubens at Antwerp, who is a different man from Rubens elsewhere in his treatment of sacred subjects). I stand before a Madonna of Francia's and feel, "How peaceful and calm, how far removed from earthly passions, how expressive of holy love, with a shade of the sword that pierces the heart not being forgotten; how exquisitely beautiful, not with the beauty of waving hair and black Italian eyes, but of soft gentle love absorbed in contemplation of all that is divine and holy!" Now, I think a picture that can give that effect—and his good pictures never fail to do so on me—may be, if you please, poor in colour and stiffly drawn, but I would not exchange it for the most gorgeous hues that Titian ever put on canvas.'

At Rome he parted company with his pupil, and joined an old form-fellow, also travelling with pupils, and they saw together Assisi and Perugia, and delighted in tracing out the stations of the two armies of Rome and Carthage at Lake Thrasymene. They went over the fortress at Spoleto, including the prison, where they were edified by the sight of Gasparoni, a great bandit chief, walking about in a blue dress different from the others, a sort of king among them, and so grand and resolute looking a fellow that it was impossible not to feel a certain sense of romance.

At Florence, Coley wrote as usual at much length of the galleries, where the Madonna del Cardellino seems to have been what delighted him most. He did not greatly enter into Michel Angelo's works, and perhaps hardly did his religious spirit full justice under the somewhat exclusive influence of Fra Angelico and Francia, with the Ruskinese interpretation. The delight was indescribable. He says:—'But I have written again and again on this favourite theme, and I forget that it is difficult for you to understand what I write, or the great change that has taken place in me, without *seeing* the original works. No one can see them and be unchanged. I *never* had such enjoyment.' His birthday presents were spent on a copy of the beloved Madonna del Cardellino, which he says:—'though it does not reach anything like the intensity of feeling of the original, is still a very excellent painting, and will always help to excite in my imagination, and I hope to convey to you, some faint image of the exceeding beauty of this most beautiful of all paintings.'

Some outlay on engravings was likewise made, not without many apologies for drawing upon his father for a small additional sum. Readers chiefly interested in the subsequent career of the missionary would feel interrupted by the overflowing notes on painting, sculpture and architecture which fill the correspondence, yet without them, it is scarcely possible to realise the young man's intense enthusiasm for the Beautiful, especially for spiritual beauty, and thus how great was the sacrifice of going to regions where all these delights were unknown and unattainable.

He went on to Venice, where he met a letter which gave a new course to his thoughts, for it informed him that the deafness, which had long been growing on his

father had now become an obstacle to the performance of his duties as a Judge, and announcing the intention of retiring.

In the fulness of his heart he wrote :—

Venice, Hôtel de la Villa: May 2, 1851.

My dearest Father,—I have not been in Venice an hour yet, but little did I expect to find such news waiting for me as is contained in Jem's letter, and I can lose no time in answering it. It is indeed a heavy trial for you, that, in addition to many years of constant annoyance from your deafness, you should be obliged now, in the full vigour of your mind, and with the advantage of your experience to give up a profession you so thoroughly delight in. I don't deny that I have often contemplated the possibility of such a thing; and I had some conversation with Uncle John last winter in consequence of my fancying your deafness was on the increase, though the girls did not perceive it; I hope with all my heart I was wrong. I told him what I know you feel, that, painful as it will be to you to retire from the Bench, if any dissatisfaction was expressed at your not hearing sufficiently what passed, you would choose rather to give up your seat than to go on under such circumstances. His answer, I remember, was that it was most difficult to know what to do, because it was no use concealing the fact that your infirmity did interfere with the working of the Court more or less, on Circuit especially, and at other times when witnesses were examined, but that your knowledge of law was so invaluable that it was difficult to see how this latter advantage could fail to outweigh the former defect; and everybody knew that they can't find a lawyer to fill your place, though another man

might do the ordinary circuit work with greater comfort to the Bar; though therefore nobody is so painstaking and so little liable to make mistakes, yet to people in general and in the whole, another man would seem to do the work nearly as well, and would do *his work*, as far as his knowledge and conscientiousness went, with more ease;—this was something like the substance of what passed then, and you may suppose that since that time I have thought more about the possibility of your retirement; but as I know how very much you will feel giving up an occupation in which you take a regular pride, I do feel very sorry, and wish I was at home to do anything that could be done now. I know well enough that you are the last man in the world to make a display of your feelings, and that you look upon this as a trial, and bear it as one, just as you have with such great patience and submission (and dear Joan too,) always quietly borne your deafness; but I am sure you must, and do feel this very much, and, added to Granny's illness, you must be a sad party at home. I feel as if it were very selfish to be in this beautiful city, and to have been spending so much money at Florence. Neither did Joan, in her last letter, nor has Jem now, mentioned whether you received two letters from Florence, the first of which gave some description of my *vetturino* journey from Rome to Florence. I little thought when I was enjoying myself so very much there, that all this was passing at home. . . Your influence in the Privy Council (where I conclude they will offer you a seat) might be so good on very important questions, and it would be an occupation for you; and I have always hoped that, if it should please God, you should retire while still in the prime of life for work. You would

publish some great legal book, which should for ever be a record of your knowledge on these subjects. However it may be, the retrospect of upwards of twenty years spent on the Bench with the complete respect and admiration of all your friends is no slight thing to fall back upon; and I trust that this fresh trial will turn to your good, and even happiness here, as we may trust with safety it will hereafter.

Ever your very affectionate and dutiful Son,
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

To his sister he wrote a week later:—

Venice: May 10, 1851.

My dearest Fan,—Like you, my thoughts run almost exclusively upon the great changes in store for us at home, and especially I think of course of poor Father, deprived of his occupation, and it looks gloomy, I must confess. I hope, however, he will *write*, and, above all, not refuse a seat in the Privy Council, just now questions are arising which make it a matter of extreme importance to have good sound men sitting there. Other storms are gathering in the horizon, and we don't know what work may be in store for that precious tribunal. Many things certainly point to discussions likely to ensue about the 'Inspiration of Scripture' and other vital points, and even one voice might help to avert great danger from the whole Church. I think such considerations ought to operate and supersede private and personal feelings on the subject. I don't put this forward as an argument simply to persuade him to accept a seat, but I believe many men would receive comfort from knowing that there was at all events one sound churchman to plead their cause there. . .

I see that Lord John is making all sorts of malicious

remarks about the Bishop of Exeter's synod;[1] but I have no doubt the Bishop has not taken such a step without good legal advice, and I hope it will be productive of good. Many people want some dogmatic positive teaching, something authoritative as an act of an ecclesiastical body, and would recognise in it signs of vitality which would be cheering to them. It is sad indeed to see the late secessions.

"The day before yesterday, I saw that respectable individual King Otho of Greece, here, whose still more respectable father, the Ex-King of Bavaria, I saw at Florence, and last night a serenade was given in the Piazza of St. Mark to the Duke of Hesse, which was quite delightful. From 8.30 till 10 we walked up and down the Place, no fear of being run over in this place, you know. The moon, more than half full, gave a soft gentle light, and the splendid Austrian band, with torches numberless, at the opposite end of St. Mark's, was delightful to hear and look at. The effect of the bright red light at one end of the square was very striking, and when they played the Austrian Hymn (which ought to be played in very slow time,) I felt the musical enthusiasm rising for almost the first time since I left England. We have worked very hard here, and seen the churches and palaces well. John Bellini, the devotional painter of the Venetian school, with Cima, Vivanni, &c., I have enjoyed for the first time *here*; but above all, I have been introduced to Tintoretto, of whose magnificent *power* it is not possible to speak highly enough. His daring conception of subjects, and not less his brilliant execution, mark him as one of the greatest of all painters, as a French friend said to me, "*Quelle hardiesse, un véritable Michel Ange*!" and I think the comparison quite justifiable. Although in some

[1] Bishop Philpott's Diocesan Synod of 1851, the *first* of modern times.

of his works he shows an exquisite grace and tenderness, which are terms no one can apply to Michel Angelo (and so far put Tintoretto above him), and which are very extraordinary to find in a painter, combined with grand powerful gifts of intellect, Ruskin is very good about him; but nobody can spend a week in Venice without feeling that a new development in art has been given by this great man. His works in the Scuola di San Rocco, the Academy, Doge's Palaces and churches, are very numerous. Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" is the most splendid piece of colouring I ever saw, and the figure of the Virgin most noble, and even *for a Titian* devotional in character. The golden amber light in the upper part of the picture, which is perhaps 32 feet high, is, I suppose, perfect in colour, depth and transparency being displayed in a very extraordinary degree. I look forward with great delight to talking with you on these matters, as I feel quite sure you would appreciate their great beauty, and would feel as I do that pictures, like music or poetry, of a high class, speak to the heart and teach lessons, and convey ideas which are to be accepted with delight and gratitude. Kugler's "Handbuch" is invaluable, not the one Eastlake has published, but his book on the History of Art: it contains a sketch of the gradual development (as each master went onwards) of art, and seldom makes any criticism, but shows the connection of the whole capitally. As for the architectural buildings here, they must be seen. The Grand Canal seems to contain nothing but palaces, with their quaint Byzantine or Venetian Gothic windows and balconies. St. Mark's is one blaze of marble, gold and mosaics, like such buildings as one dreams of. But many of these palaces are

uninhabited, and exhibit signs of decay. Many are being scraped and whitewashed. And the utter indifference of the people now on all questions connected with art is a painful contrast to the enterprise and spirit of old days, when Venice must have really looked like a fairy city rising out of the sea. Thus I saw Tintoret's Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, a very grand work, *hung up to dry* (the custode's expression) at an open window on a stormy day, so that the canvas was fluttering in the wind, while his St. Agnes, one of the most lovely creations (for as I said before, in some of his works he shows very great delicacy and grace), is absolutely rotting on the walls. Both these pictures are in the Church of La Madonna dell' Orto; and properly I scolded the sacristan, I can tell you; who answered that the first picture had got mouldy and damp on the wall, and so they hung it up to dry! The grand Last Judgment, and Worship of the Golden Calf, (in which the figure of Moses in ecstasy, and, as it were, transfigured, is quite wonderful) are likely to share the same fate in the same church. I am afraid I am very absurdly enthusiastic in all these matters; but it increases my own enjoyment in travelling at all events, though I daresay it rather bores you when you wade through long accounts of pictures which can have little or no meaning to you. . .

Ever your loving Brother,

J. C. P.

Two letters more from Milan and Zurich close the history of this journey, which ended in the beginning of June.

In the winter, the death of a young cousin called forth the following letter:

Buckerell Vicarage: Jan. 1, 1852.

My dearest Fan,—I add a line about Richard's end. Most peaceful and happy was it, free from pain and anguish of mind or body; his last words 'I hope so,' in answer to Kate's 'I pray, my darling, we may meet in heaven,' were scarcely spoken ere he died. The girls are down, and calm and thankful that it has pleased God to take him and to grant him so blessed an end. I was not here, not at all expecting the end to be so near, and it is as well, for no doubt I should have been in the way. He looks so calm and happy now, no trace of pain on his face, his little white fleshless hands crossed on his breast, with the last flowers Aunt Frank sent him lying upon them, a very touching solemn sight.

Ellen's hand was on his forehead, and Kate had both his hands in hers when he died. All the comforting period of the illness returns now, for the last few hours were very peaceful and bespoke a mind at rest; and, if anticipations of future bliss be ever granted to dying men in the last hours of an innocent well spent life, his last words 'What a beautiful evening!' twice repeated (it was nearly 8 A.M.), 'Come, come, is there one for me?' suggest many a thought the world dreams not of.

How much misery he has perhaps been spared. If he be at rest in the Lord, who would not wish to be like him? It has been a great privilege to witness during the gradual decay of his strength, his patience and humility; and I pray that the memory of his early death, now especially at the beginning of a new year, when we know not what in God's mercy may be in store for us, may never be effaced from my mind.

Your loving

J. C. P.

In this winter of 1852, Mr. Justice Patteson's final decision to retire was made and acted upon. The Judge delighted in no occupation so much as the pursuit of law, and therefore distrusted his own opinion as to the moment when his infirmity should absolutely unfit him for sitting in Court. He had begged a friend to tell him the moment that the impediment became serious; and this, with some hesitation, was done. The intimation was thankfully received, and after due consideration, carried out. Much reluctance was shown by his brethren on the Bench in consenting to his retirement; and, after the decision was finally made, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, with considerate kindness, took his place on the Norfolk Circuit, to spare him the necessity of sitting alone, so that he remained in London.

On January 29, 1852, after twenty-two years on the Bench, and at the age of sixty-two, Mr. Justice Patteson wrote his letter of resignation to Lord Truro, then Lord Chancellor, petitioning for the usual pension. It was replied to in terms of warm and sincere regret; and on the 2nd of February, Sir John Patteson was nominated to the Privy Council, as a member of the Judicial Committee; where the business was chiefly conducted in writing, and he could act with comparatively little obstacle from his deafness.

On February 10, 1852, he took his leave of the Bar. The Court of Queen's Bench was crowded with barristers, who rose while the Attorney General, Sir Alexander Cockburn, made an address expressive of the universal heartfelt feeling of respect and admiration with which the retiring Judge was regarded.

Sir John Patteson's reply, read with a voice broken by emotion, is so touching in its manly simplicity and humility that a paragraph or two may well be quoted:—

'Mine,' he said, 'is one of the many instances

which I know that a public man without pre-eminent abilities, if he will but exert such as it has pleased God to bestow on him honestly and industriously, and without ostentation, is sure to receive public approbation fully commensurate with, and generally much beyond, his real merits; and I thank God if I shall be found not to have fallen entirely short in the use of those talents which He has entrusted to me.' Then, after some words on the misfortune that necessitated his withdrawal, he continued, 'I am aware that on some, and I fear too many, occasions I have given way to complaints and impatient expressions towards the Bar and the witnesses in Court, as if they were to blame when, in truth, it was my own deficiency; and heartily sorry have I been and am for such want of control over myself. I have striven against its recurrence earnestly, though not always successfully. My brethren on the Bench, and you, and the public, have been very kind and indulgent to me; the recollection of which will remain with, and be a great solace to me for the rest of my life.

And now, gentlemen, I bid you farewell most affectionately. I wish you many years of health and happiness, of success and honour in your liberal profession; the duties of which have been and are and I trust ever will be performed, not only with the greatest zeal, learning, and ability, but with the highest honour and integrity, and a deep sense of responsibility to God and to man, and which being so performed, are, in my humble judgment, eminently conducive, under the blessing of God, to maintain the just prerogative of the Crown, and the true rights, liberties, and happiness of the people.'

He then rose from the Judges' seat, and bowed his

farewell to the assembly, who stood respectful and silent, except for some suppressed tokens of emotion, for in truth to many the parting was from an old familiar and much trusted friend.

One testimony of feeling which gave him much pleasure, was an address full of warm gratitude from the Common Law clerks who had been brought into contact with him in chambers, and which they accompanied with a handsome silver inkstand. Private letters poured in, expressive of deep regret, esteem, and affection, and not only were gratefully read at the time, but became to the family valuable memorials of the heartful appreciation gained by a high-minded and upright course of life, and evidences that their father had done that which is perhaps the best thing that it is permitted to man to do here below, namely, 'served God in his generation.'

CHAPTER IV.

FELLOWSHIP OF MERTON

1852—1854

In the summer of 1852 Coleridge Patteson stood probationer for a fellowship of Merton, obtained it, and moved into rooms there. Every college has a distinctive character; and Merton, if not actually the eldest, is at least one of the oldest foundations at Oxford, and is one of the most unchanged in outward aspect. There is a peculiar charm in the beauty and seclusion of the quadrangle, in the library, still mediæval even to the fittings; and the church is above all impressive in the extraordinary loveliness of the early decorated architecture, and the space and loftiness of the choir. The whole, pre-eminently among the colleges, gives the sense of having been unaltered for five hundred years, yet still full of life and vigour.

Coley attached himself to Merton, though he never looked to permanent residence there. The Curacy in the immediate neighbourhood of his home was awaiting him, as soon as he should be ordained; but though his purpose was unchanged and he was of full age for Holy Orders, he wished for another year of preparation, so as to be able to study both Hebrew and theology more thoroughly than would be possible when pastoral labour should have begun. What he had already seen of Dresden convinced him that he

could there learn Hebrew more thoroughly and more cheaply than at home, and to this he intended to devote the Long vacation of 1852, without returning to Feniton. There the family were settling themselves, having given up the house in Bedford Square, since James Patteson had chambers in King's Bench Walk, where the ex-Judge could be with him when needed in London. There had been some notion of the whole family profiting by Sir John's emancipation to take a journey on the Continent, and the failure of the scheme elicited the following letter:—

Merton: June 18.

My dearest Fan,—I can, to a certain extent, sympathise with you thoroughly upon this occasion; the mere disappointment at not seeing so many interesting places and things is a sharp one, but in your instance this is much increased by the real benefit you hoped to derive from a warmer climate; and no wonder that the disappearance of your hopes coupled with bodily illness makes you low and uncomfortable. The weather too is trying to mind and body, and though you try as usual to shake off the sense of depression which affects you, your letter is certainly sad, and written like the letter of one in weak health. Well, we shall see each other, please GOD, at Christmas now. That is better than passing nearly or quite a year away from each other; and some other time I hope you will be able to go to Italy, and enjoy all the wonders there, though a tour for health's sake cannot be too soon. It is never too soon to get rid of an ailment. . . .

It is very painful when men treat of such sacred subjects as Mr. —— appears to have done. Such coarse description and the mean introduction of such

ideas are very offensive to me, I must say, even if right, which in this case I should think is certainly not so. The less *gentlemanly* Roman clergy are perpetually doing this sort of thing—it creates a sensation among uneducated people, suggests ideas easy to lay hold of, though not tending to produce any practical result. I believe your's to be the real orthodox belief on the subject. There were great discussions in the seventh century, as no doubt you know, on the question of our Lord's having one or two wills, of the nature of the human soul, &c. These, with other ideas concerning the co-existence of the Divine and human natures perfect and distinct, led men to refine upon certain passages in the Bible, and to speculate extensively upon what is, if you think steadily, scarcely a conceivable subject for meditation. I don't feel certain whether any man ever analysed precisely the process of his own will, and how can one pretend to ascertain how the line, so to speak, was drawn and observed in action between our Lord's Divine and Human Will, Knowledge, and what we may call Character? The real point is, that we are to believe that such Personal Union of distinct Natures *did* co-exist. I never heard Mr. ——'s account of the Agony in the Garden, which again involves the whole question I have been writing about; because our Lord in His Divine Foreknowledge knew certainly that He would die on the Cross, and that His life would be then and there offered up, so to suppose either that He prayed to be sustained in life till He had completed the sacrifice, or to be spared its completion, equally imply an ignoring, so to say, of His Divine character, which knew all things and could foresee that He would both live to die on the Cross, and

truly suffer the Cup. In that hour our Lord felt, I believe, the real weakness of Humanity, it may be, unaided for the time by any Divine power, the sins of the whole world crushing Him in misery and sorrow to the earth, a sense of desolation and desertion inconceivable. And it is remarkable that an Angel from Heaven should have strengthened Him as Angels strengthened and cheered Apostles and Saints, human creatures, for it is not conceivable that a Divine Being could receive any augmentation of strength from a created, though holy and blessed Spirit. It was, therefore, our Lord's humanity that received the support; the Divine self-sustaining power seems to have been withdrawn. You will find in Olshausen something about it, no doubt. A clear apprehension of such a fundamental point in theology is quite necessary; and this makes it imperative upon people who are to be teachers to look upon such things, though at the risk of using sacred names too carelessly perhaps, at least, it is hardly safe to let oneself *argue* about these as about other really speculative matters. To fully master the idea of what is involved in the parallel between Adam and our Lord, is in fact to master the most practical doctrine of Christianity. Union with Christ is our only hope. We must be joined to His Body, which is the Church; so far all is clear. But what is to be the definition of this Church?

This is the way I hope soon to set really to work upon theology, reading Church history, &c., to illustrate the main questions, showing what was the opinion of great thinkers, and the practical expression of forms of belief in the community at various times. Now, it would be nonsense to pretend to be reading. I am every minute interrupted, for Oxford just before

Commemoration (especially now, when men are coming up to take their M.A. before the election), is always like a place turned upside down.

But I fully agree with you that going on with doctrinal reading is a great help to real devotion; it keeps the mind engaged and interested with serious solemn thoughts and hopes. I wish I could speak more from experience.

I find that I am getting to know the undergraduates here, which is what I wanted to do; it is my only chance of being of any use. True, that I have to do it at the expense of two half day's cricketing, which I have quite ceased to care about, but I know that when I went up to Balliol, I was glad when a Fellow played with us. It was a guarantee for orderly conduct, and as I say, it gives me an opportunity of knowing men. I hope to leave London for Dresden on Monday week; Arthur is gone thither, as I find out from Jem, and I hope the scheme will answer. If I find I can't work, from my eyes, or anything else, preventing me, I shall come home, but I have no reason to expect any such thing. My best love to Joan and all friends.

Your loving Brother,

J. C. PATTESON.

The 'Arthur' here mentioned was the youngest son of Mr. Frank Coleridge, and was then studying German at Dresden, lodging in the Johannisallee, he writes:—

'Patteson spoke German fluently, and wrote German correctly. He had studied the language assiduously for about two years previously, and so successfully that whilst we were at Dresden, he was enabled to dispense with a teacher and make his assistance little more than nominal. Occasionally he wrote a

German exercise, but rather as an amusement than a discipline, and merely with the view of enlarging his German vocabulary. I remember his writing an elaborate description of Feniton Court, and imagining the place to be surrounded with trees belonging to all sorts of climates. The result was very amusing to ourselves, and added to the writer's stock of words on particular subjects. When our master Schier appeared, the conversation was led by a palpable ambuscade to the topic which had been made the subject of Patteson's exercise, and conversation helped to strengthen memory. After looking over a few of Patteson's German exercises, Mr. Schier found so little to correct, in the way of grammatical errors, that these studies were almost relinquished, and gave way to Arabic and Hebrew. Before we left Dresden, Patteson had read large portions of the Koran; and, with the aid of Hurwitz's Grammar and Bernhard's Guide to Hebrew Students, books familiar to Cambridge men, he was soon able to read the Psalms in the original. I remember the admiration and despair I felt in witnessing Patteson's progress, and the wonder expressed by his teacher in his pupil's gift of rapid acquirement. We had some excellent introductions; amongst others, to Dr. ——, a famous theologian, with whom Patteson was fond of discussing the system and organisation of the Church in Saxony. Up to the time of his leaving England he was constantly using Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, a book he was as thoroughly versed in as Archbishop Trench himself. I think that he consulted no other books in his study of the Gospels, but Olshausen and Bengel's Gnomon.

In our pleasures at Dresden there was a mixture

of the *utile* with the *dulce*. Our constant visits to the theatre were strong incentives to a preparatory study of the plays of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing. What noble acting we saw in that Dresden theatre!

With regard to the opera, I have never seen Weber or Meyerbeer's works given so perfectly and conscientiously as at Dresden. Patteson's chief delight was the Midsummer Night's Dream with Mendelssohn's music. He had a tuneful baritone voice and a correct ear for music. We hired a piano for our sitting-room; and, though I failed to induce him to cultivate his voice, and join me in taking lessons, he sang some of Mendelssohn's Lieder very pleasingly, and knew most of the bass music from the Messiah by heart. He began to play a few scales on the piano, and hoped to surprise his sisters on his return to England by playing chants, but the Arabic and Hebrew studies proved too absorbing; he grudged the time, and thought the result disproportioned to the sacrifice.

In our daily walks we talked constantly of Church matters. Some sharp and sad experiences in the loss of more than one of his Eton and Oxford friends, who had abandoned the Church of England, failed to shake his confidence in the Church he was to serve so faithfully and to die for so gloriously. His faith and daily practice seem to me a protest and warning against the folly, if not the falsehood, of extremes. Moderation, quiet consistency of life, and unswerving loyalty to a faith which had been the joy and comfort of his dear mother, whose loveable nature he inherited and reflected, a blameless life and unfailing charity enabled him when the time came to live a life of incessant toil, and face a martyr's death. I remember the present Bishop of

Carlisle inciting Cambridge undergraduates to become, by virtue of earnestness, gentleness, and toleration, "guides not judges, lights not firebrands." He drew a perfect description of Patteson, who came more completely up to that ideal than anyone I ever knew. Here was a man capable of the purest and most tender friendship, with an exquisite appreciation of all that is noblest in life, and he was ready to give up all, and content to lead the forlorn hope of Christianity, and perish in the front ranks of the noble army. "And having been a little tried he shall be greatly rewarded, for God proved him, and found him worthy for Himself.'"

I have given this letter almost entire, because it shows the impression Coley made on one, little his junior, in the intimate associations of cousin, neighbour and school-fellow, as well as travelling companion.

This year seems to have been a marked stage of development. He was now twenty-five, and the boyish distaste for mental exertion which had so long rendered study an effort of duty, had passed into full scholarly enjoyment. The individuality and originality of his mind had begun to awaken, and influenced probably by the German atmosphere of thought in which he was working, were giving him that strong metaphysical bent which characterized his tone through life, and became apparent in his sermons when he addressed an educated audience. Here is a letter to his father, showing the phase through which his mind was passing:—

5 Johannisstrasse: July 17, 1852.

My dearest Father,—The theatre is a great resource, and in spite of the weather, I go about twice in the week. The pit costs a shilling, and pit stalls two.

We work as much as we can; but it is not easy to really *grind* away hard, for even in our rooms, shady as they are and looking north, in shirt sleeves and the coolest attire possible, we can hardly keep cool, but I think we do more than we should elsewhere. I read Hebrew every day, and a good deal of German; and, as soon as the weather is cooler, I shall of course do more. Yesterday I went to a bookseller's to get some German periodicals. Most of the theologians here publish reviews, &c., in the shape of our Quarterly and Edinburgh; and I thought by reading these I could get some idea of the actual influence that men like Neander, Olshausen, &c. have had upon Germany. This man had none of these works, but gave me the address of a Lutheran minister and preacher at the Kreuz Kirche. So off I went to him, and after half an hour's conversation, he lent me several periodicals, and has put my name down in a circulating library of theological publications, just what I wanted. Every Wednesday I get a great heap, which I must return on the following Wednesday, reading of course just as much or as little as I like, and for two months I pay 1*s.* 6*d.*, wonderfully cheap, isn't it? This clergyman is a man of about fifty, and asked me to come and see him, and walk with him occasionally, which of course I shall do. All that I want is to get an accurate idea of the theological state of Germany. People tell me that infidelity is very much decreasing, partly owing to the democratical influence which free-thinkers have exercised, and so have incurred the displeasure of the governments, and in some cases been suppressed, but partly because a natural reaction has begun to work. For instance, Strauss is said to have very few followers, and scarcely any-

one would openly profess his opinions. The religion of Saxony is quite dependent on the State, which appoints a sort of Board of Education, composed chiefly of clergymen, who provide for the distribution of the country into dioceses, elect a superintendent for each diocese, who has to watch narrowly the clergy under him. None of these are permitted to preach anything against the recognised doctrines of the old original Lutheran body. If they do so, they are at once silenced and deposed. I am told that many of them do not feel a really strong attachment to many of the strong Lutheran doctrines, in which case they neither preach on those subjects at all, nor suffer themselves to take any positive line with reference to them. Education is conducted in the same way, so that all the teachers are bound to teach the doctrines, *e.g.*, of the Augsburg Confession; yet if the teacher himself cannot conscientiously do so, and prefers to be silent on these points, the superintendent may, if he chooses, suspend him to ensure their being taught. Thus, within the officiating body no heterodox teaching can go on long where the superintendent does his duty; and though great latitude is allowed the people in the choice of their particular form of worship, yet they are all ordered by the State, *e.g.*, to attend church, and the influence of the clergy is so great that only lately the sale of certain articles on Sunday has been stopped in consequence of their remonstrances. I should think the Lutheran body very much more dependent upon the State in Saxony than the Church of England is dependent (*i.e.*, in matters of tithes, payment of Bishops, Deans, &c.) on the State in England. I hope to learn something about the actual state of things before long; at present I have had no oppor-

tunity of hearing much about it, and it is hard to me to talk of such subjects in German. It is not hard to see that in so far as religion is clearly a personal thing, and that each man is personally responsible for his opinions and actions, so far private judgment must have its share in every religious act and thought. Again, without some dogmatic authoritative teaching, there could be no real standard of the truth, each man would believe that to be true which seemed to him to be true, consequently there must be some authority. Now, if a man will require positive dogmatic teaching on every subject, absolute certainty on every point, he seems to me to be anticipating a state of things that he ought not to expect to find in this world. His very trial consists in regulating his life by prayer and study of God's Word, by firm faith in all that is revealed, and by following in single acts and in detail what his conscience dictates to him as right and holy. On the other hand, unfettered abuse of private judgment leads to scepticism and infidelity. Ought a man to expect to be able to define exactly where the province of the one ends and the other begins? Or rather, as *in fact* we reconcile the difficulties of Free Will and Necessity, ought we not to be content to reconcile a positive Authority and Private Judgment? Both are, however, to have an existence and exercise an influence. Everybody feels and knows it, and in practice all of us tacitly admit it. But whether this is true or not, it can only affect educated people; the poor and uneducated must have positive teaching: and then what are they to be taught? Is a man to feel justified in incurring the responsibility of teaching them what he individually believes to be right? Or do we not want some formal dogmatic teaching,

bearing the sanction of antiquity, and a commission to empower us to teach? Now the last is a view which I don't think my friend will be in a hurry to accept. He will think it right they should be taught in accordance with Lutheran principle; not I suppose that he can be sure of teaching in accordance with the spirit and practice of the whole Church, not because he can claim a Divine mission for so doing, but because to his reason it is the most satisfactory way and the most productive of good. But suppose, a man says, the essence and the form of Christianity are two distinct things, the form can, and must suffer change, but the essence remains ever the same. This is Neander's view; and it accounts for everything, if accepted; and if all people will agree upon what is essential, *e.g.*, Neander does not hesitate to say that, at the beginning of the third century, a false view of the Priesthood was prevalent in Christendom, and he does not dispute the fact of Episcopacy being then established, and of a distinction between priests and laymen; but this very fact and this very distinction he pronounces to be a return to the ancient Judaic Old Testament state of things, and to have arisen from a misconception of the spirit of Christianity. He argues quite consequently that Episcopacy was the natural form and organisation of the Christian community in the first ages, just as in the first stage of society man must pass through the various stages of despotism, moderate monarchy, &c., and go down to republicanism, so the Church at first required an aristocratical form of government, and the numberless converts and masses of heathen newly introduced to a knowledge of Christianity, coupled with the general ignorance of mankind, rendered such an authoritative power necessary for early diffusing and maintaining

the truth. By the time of the Reformation people were fitted to teach themselves; and the Reformation was simply the revival of a more primitive form of Christianity, primitive in this respect, that all the complicated machinery of Bishops, Priests, &c., with the whole staff of subordinates, and the whole collective body of deep abstruse theology was put aside, the Bible was read and interpreted as in the first times: Christianity had assumed a new form, while its fundamental doctrines remained the same, the essence was unchanged.

One illustration brings the matter home, *e.g.* Is one to feel Episcopacy to be in such a sense essential to Christianity, that without it Christianity would cease to be? If answered in the affirmative, Neander would (I suppose) have said, "The simple fact of Episcopacy having universally prevailed in the early Church proves only that it was the necessary organisation of the Church for *that time* (which is, of course, an assumption needing proof). I require some evidence that was considered by the Lord and His Apostles to be a necessary concomitant of Christianity to the end of time, the necessary manifestation of Christianity in the world," and he would of course not suffer you to restrict St. Matt. xxviii. 20 to episcopacy and priesthood. If answered negatively, he would say, "Then why do you insist upon the invalidity of orders conferred by others than Bishops?"

Don't think, my dear Father, I am puzzling my brains on these matters, and imbibing wild notions. I have written this very fast, with Willy and a friend of his from Schandau sitting in the room talking, and I don't feel it at all necessary for me to go into these matters. I only feel very thankful that I am born in the

Church of England. No doubt one is right there, without taking upon one to say that everybody is wrong here. But, perhaps, I can sketch out to you better in a letter than in a conversation, something of what I believe to be the view of a very good learned Lutheran, who can tell me so much about it; and I thought perhaps you had not cared to give your mind to this subject in particular. I don't see that it wants reading so much as plain good sense, with a well disciplined habitually religious character. I feel an interest in such questions, because I think that they are very likely to be agitated in England; perhaps in the north many of them are agitated now. It is quite enough for me to know that the early Church and so great an array of Fathers and Saints expounded our Lord's words to mean so and so, and view the then existing organisation of the Church as necessary essentially for all time; but I may have to argue with a man some day who thinks Luther had quite as good a right to be heard on that point as St. Cyprian.

This is a very different letter from what you expected, but we have no news to give you. I am very tolerably well, not quite right, owing perhaps to the heat. . . You can't think how rich the German papers are about old Jock, and about the elections. The description of *der kleine Johnny* (Russell) and his dress as he appeared in London was capital. With kindest love to Joan and Fan, ever, my dearest Father,

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

Sunday, 10.30 A. M.

P.S. I have read this morning a long review in the German Churchman, which is published at Darmstadt, on the past thirty years, and the prospect of

the future events likely to result from the present theological state of the country. They maintain as quite certain what I said about the decrease of infidelity; say that rationalism is no longer taught in the universities, and that men who are in heart sceptics don't like to call themselves so; whereas, twenty or thirty years ago, a man who did not openly avow himself a rationalist was looked upon as a weak ignorant fellow, that deserved commiseration as a relic of a departed age.

Happy the son, of growing struggling mind, who could write such a letter to his father, and receive in reply such another as follows:—

Feniton Court: August 2, 1852.

My dearest Coley,—We have heat here in plenty, but not equal to that which you describe at Dresden, and we have had repeated showers of rain, though we have hitherto escaped any thunderstorms. Certainly no heat here is at all equal to what I felt in London, but then I was in a chamber next to the sky, which accounts for it. It is delightful to read your accounts of what you see and are doing. Your theological letter of July 17, (so to speak) gives me a notion of Neander, though I know nothing of his works. I do not see what right he or any man has to reject *positive* evidence that our Lord considered Episcopacy necessary to His Church. It is plain that our Lord did not Himself draw up a form of Church government or Church ministry, yet it is to my mind inconceivable that in His many discourses with the Apostles they should not have gathered from Him some notions on such matters, and as to the manner in which His Church should be continued, and His blessing accompany it, aye, and His Presence,

to the end of time; which notions would be enlarged and improved and made clear by the Holy Spirit when granted to them abundantly. The miraculous powers given by our Lord Himself to the Twelve and to the Seventy during His own ministry, separated them for the time at all events from the general mass of believers, and indicated that there should be a ministry of some sort, emanating from Him, and not either elected by the mass, or self elected and self assuming; and it is incredible that this should have been confined to the first receivers of such ministry, to whom such power was given as in John xx. 22, 23, and in the other accounts of the power of the Keys, &c., for they must pay the debt of nature, and cease to minister, and yet our Lord promises to be with them to the end of the world, and Himself says, in that sublime prayer in John xvii. 20: 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on Me through their word.' Then, what do the Apostles do after our Lord's Ascension, in regard to the vacancy by the treason and death of Judas? They (the eleven), not the whole body of believers, elect and ordain Matthias; afterwards they separated Paul and Barnabas for the work of Apostleship, and laid their hands on them. Elders were ordained; Timothy and Titus were ordained; and St. Paul tells the latter in his Epistle to him to ordain others, and in his Epistles to Timothy and Titus speaks expressly of orders in the ministry and of their qualifications. Moreover, Paul, and James, and Peter, and Jude, all of them speak of false prophets creeping in unawares, and many other similar expressions, which show that, no more under the Christian than under the Jewish dispensation, could it be lawful for men to take the ministry upon

themselves. If these things were so in the earliest ages of the Church, and those nearest to the Apostles treated the Apostolical Succession (or Episcopacy, which is nearly the same thing) as essential, what right have moderns, in the conceit of their reason, to say that it has ceased to be so? It seems to me to be conceited development, and nothing more. Has the Christian religion so purified the world that all are priests or ministers? I trow not! and if not, who has the power of ordaining? My belief is, that the corruptions of the Church of Rome, and the unwarranted assumption of Infallibility by the Pope, having brought on the Reformation, and the Continental reformers having no means, or perhaps neglecting such means as they had, to procure Episcopal Ordination, were under a necessity, a supposed necessity of self ordination, as it were, and reasoned themselves into a belief that there was no essential which they could not obtain. Wesley and his immediate followers went through a somewhat similar process, not however, with the same apparent necessity. But I do not know whether Neander so distinctly holds as to the necessity of any ministry at all, whether he considers that anyone may set himself up as a minister or be so constituted by any, and what number of persons or congregations, not regarding the sin of Jeroboam (spite of its being called Judaizing, to say so), or whether a purely State ministry be considered right. What you say of Saxony seems as if the latter notion were prevalent there. I agree that we in England have reason to be most thankful that we have a Church with a regular ministry in succession; and holding this, as I do, to be essential, I am not studious to make out how far the Reformed Churches of the Continent, under these circumstances, are

justified in holding otherwise. I do not mean by this to intimate that you should not inform yourself fully of their views; nor am I afraid of any ill effect on your mind from so doing. Moreover, you will perceive that I am not learned in these matters, and write only what comes uppermost. As to dogmatic teaching in a church and private judgment in its individual members, I quite agree with you that they are as irreconcileable in theory as 'fixed fate, and free will, foreknowledge absolute.' They are, however, practically reconcileable where there is real charity and humility, not otherwise. Let me hear more from you on these matters. . .

Your affectionate Papa,

J. P.

The reply follows a few days later, bearing on the postmark the date, August 12.

My dearest Father,—I can hardly tell you what a real enjoyment I feel in reading your letter, not that I did not before feel quite sure that you thought on these subjects what you have now written, but I had some fear that I might be misunderstood, for I wrote hastily, and without knowing my subject. I never believed, since I thought seriously about the matter, anything on the question of Apostolic Succession, different from what you say. I feel sure that is the plain, humble, faithful way of receiving our Lord's promises; and I think that the more I may learn to *realize* the truth of the historical facts of the Gospel narrative, and to feel that really and in truth the effect of such and such promises is now exhibiting itself in the world, a real though unseen instrument of more good than we are apt to think of, the more I shall become satisfied that the whole question is

one which does not admit of being tested by the ordinary exercise of the reason, and that subtle distinction about the essence and the form of Christianity is better left untouched. I don't know that it is possible when once a man's curiosity and desire for information is aroused to stifle it by a mere act of the will, but if I was not going to be a clergyman, I would try not to think much on the subject.

Now, however, I feel that I may very likely be called upon to give my opinion on this, as on other questions upon which a clergyman may reasonably be expected to be able to give some answer, not indeed probably at Alfington, but in some other and larger places, if I live long enough to change my quarters. It is a very great satisfaction to know that you do not think *any*, much less a *positive* view with regard to the position of the Lutherans, *e.g.*, necessarily involved in such a discussion. Many cases occur where the ordinary means of grace are unavoidably lost, (*e.g.*, the sudden death of an unbaptized infant), in which cases we do well to throw ourselves upon the uncovenanted mercies of God; but yet there always remains more of uncertainty than in cases where all human conditions have been fulfilled. That the lethargy of the Church in England was in many ways the cause of the defections from it remains undeniably a reproach and a stain upon it. In the same way it is impossible to avoid assigning to the wordliness and corruptions of Rome, some share of the sin of provoking (so to speak) new and unlawful manifestations of Christian doctrine. But beyond all this, one sees that all mankind in all ages have resolved themselves into two great classes, viz., α, those whose disposition and nature it is to be independent of others; and β, those who require

support and assistance, whose natural timidity renders them anxious to seek relief from the burden of responsibility in obedience to some principle of authority which they recognise as sufficient to guide them. We have the great distinction between the character of man and woman, and something of the same sort seems to me to come into account for the various conduct of different classes of men. Under all conditions of government, climate, and religion, there have been from time to time manifestations of this. I suppose, even in China and Turkey the strictest fatalism may crush, to a certain extent, man's natural feeling, but I don't think it can exclude a doubt from finding its way into a man's heart, for in that it is not true, it does not satisfy the human mind, it cannot correspond to those faculties whose *real* satisfaction and legitimate development cannot fall short of the Christian standard. If one may then suppose that at all times a spirit of free enquiry has existed, in however small degree, alongside of a quiet spirit of submission and obedience, of willingness to accept what has already been accepted, so soon as this long accepted authoritative teaching has become manifestly corrupted, the spirit of enquiry *not in itself*, but (as it were) by opposition to the abuse of the spirit of acquiescence in traditional teaching, appeared true and honest and right, and employing itself negatively only in reforming corruptions, approved itself to sincere and honest men. We know that in Italy and Rôme itself many a man was conscious how greatly reforms were needed; but the truth was this, that a reluctance to accept dogmatic teaching through the medium of any body of men was at the bottom of all: and had certain reforms been carried out at Rome, in all human probability, the Reformation would only have been

postponed, not prevented. Neander attributes, of course, all previous opposition to Catholic teaching (which up the time of the Reformation was instantly anathematised as heresy,) as manifestations of the same tendency of the human mind. There are many ways of putting the difficulty, but I see only one way of answering it, and that is (as I said in my last letter) and must be a practical answer. We can't say 'It is right to do what your heart and conscience do not assent to, because it is commanded by a voice you ought to recognise;' it would be a very fearful responsibility to incur. We can't say 'Your own heart and conscience and good sense will be sufficient guide for you;' but to give an argumentative logical answer to the people who choose to maintain either the one or the other, I don't conceive to be possible. As a matter of fact, both parties do employ, the one their private judgment, the other, that principle which, call it tradition, experience, or what you will, has a practical effect upon everybody. What is respect for the law among masses of men, but a recognition of this principle? They act, as if they could tell you in so many words that freedom is not license; that license is interference with the liberty of others; that freedom consists in being allowed to do everything that is right and good, but consistent with the welfare of one's neighbours; that there is more real freedom in England, where you are imprisoned for stealing, than in California, where you may stab a man with impunity. Now, if freedom must secure the liberty of each individual, it is plain that no individual can settle for himself what this freedom is to be, for there would always be a fear of his encroaching upon his neighbour's liberty; consequently, the whole collective body must decide it, must make laws which secure universal acceptance, must provide

for their being carried out. The idea of freedom is inseparable from that of law. How great Hooker is upon this theme! I don't know enough of him to observe how he applies all this to the Christian freedom and the liberty of the will. The difficulty must be, of course, in finding an analogy between something tangible and something unseen, incapable of being coerced, though the passing into the overt act can be made culpable; but I think there must be some such analogy. This way of approaching the subject has occurred to me as I wrote, and shows the advantage of trying to work out one's thoughts on paper; but it is very vague, I know.

(Aug. 6, Sunday). You express much of what lies at the root of the whole matter by saying that our Lord intended there should be a ministry 'emanating from Him,' not elected by the mass, &c. I like that expression very much, it sets one's thoughts in the right direction at once, and involves a truth that must never be lost sight of. Neander would, I think, say here that he quite agreed with you, but that he extended the application of the words to all Christians. He is very orthodox upon the necessity of union with Christ as the only source of good and happiness, and would view every system that did not profess to emanate from Him as radically wrong. I think his fallacy lies in the view he takes of Church government in the Apostolic age, which he of course considers a pattern for all succeeding time, but a pattern which was (according to him) very soon corrupted. He understands 1 Cor. xii. 13, &c., to mean that everybody that felt an 'inward call' (exactly translated) in the congregation had a right to speak, preach, &c. He assumes that, inasmuch as women were to be silent, men were all allowed to

speak (which probably was true), and quotes Hilary, who to him is the most unprejudiced of the early writers. '*Primum omnes docebant et omnes baptizabant ut crescerct plebs et multiplicaretur, omnibus inter initia concessum est et evangelizare et baptizare et scripturas explorare.*' (Ephes. iv. 12.) I don't know the context; but the New Testament itself attributes to these members of the Corinthian Church unusual gifts, extraordinary powers, sufficient to indicate not only to themselves (the 'inward call'), but to be a witness to others that they were empowered to act as they did. An extraordinary call would supersede the necessity of ordinary means of imparting grace. What is Ordination, but a mediately imparted grace? And if God manifestly exhibits His power in man immediately without the intervention of ordinary means, one has surely no right to contend for the disuse of the ordinary means when the extraordinary have ceased. If a dissenter said to me, 'I do this and that because I feel the gift of the Spirit,' I think I should say 'You may have the gift of the Spirit for aught I know, for I can't see your heart, but I require you to show me that you have it, otherwise I cannot accept with confidence your ministrations.' Conf. the two first questions in the Ordination Service. Neander, not choosing to see this, and looking upon the post-Apostolical Church as defective, in that the laity were excluded from their Christian privilege of teaching, &c., looking upon the very distinction of clergy and laity as a departure from the pure Christian faith, and yet not being able to deny the historical fact of Episcopacy being everywhere in the beginning of the third century, at latest, recognised as the proper form of Christian government, (he) was forced to take refuge

in the distinction between the essence and the form of Christianity I have before mentioned. His error, to my mind, consists in his viewing the clerical order as a body *excluding* the laity from former privileges; in assuming that originally this order (which he connects with the *Ordo senatorum* adopted into the Christian government) was simply a convenient, or it may be necessary, arrangement for the linking together of the Christian, as of other society; that the possessors of the χάρισμα κυβερνήσεως naturally became the προεστῶτες τῶν ἀδελφῶν, without anything more than a civil right (as it were) of presiding being attached to their office. In fact, he frames Church polity by the same ideas and rules of necessary precedency and subordination by which human society exists. This could only be done by breaking off sharply and abruptly the connection between the Apostles and the next (in time) of Christian ἐπίσκοποι. Accordingly, he says that the Apostles stood in such a relation towards the Christian community as corresponded to their position alone in the development of the Church, and which, therefore, could not be passed on to any other office, since they alone were the bearers of the Word and Spirit of Christ for all centuries, the witnesses of His personal appearance upon earth, His works, His resurrection in a new and higher form of existence —the necessary members through which the whole Church was connected with Christ. His idea of a Christian community then will be this: a congregation of people, all inheriting by their equal participation in Christ's work, and all capable of exercising the same privileges, yet, for the sake of order, and because natural gifts and qualities fit certain men above others for certain duties, admitting a subordi-

nation of some and precedency of others, without, however, any distinction of spiritual office, &c. Now, in any case, it appears useful to see what he can say for this view; and if a man of acknowledged great learning, industry, and intellectual power can be accepted as the representative of these views, I don't know where a more perfect specimen in modern days than Neander is to be found, and this is the very view that Dissent of all denominations has adopted in England; and a careful analysis of Neander's work would arm one well, I think, on this one point. I doubt if I ever shall have to argue with an opponent of a hundredth part of this man's power. The simply historical parts of his works are invaluable—such great research and really almost inconceivable knowledge; and, what is more than all, he possessed the great gift of a wide, broad view of his subject so as to observe the relative bearings and importance of events exhibiting themselves in masses and extending over centuries, not measuring the course of the Church or the world by simple acts and dates. To this he united a strong common sense and sound judgment. He was in no sense a mere theorist; and if you consider that he was originally a Jew, and had felt in his own experience what a sad, hopeless religion that must now be, it is not to be wondered at if in his emancipation from the bondage of the Law, he a little overstepped the liberty of the Gospel. He exhibits in his own person the passage from the one to the other of Divinely revealed forms of religion; but it took centuries to develope and fix the proper points of opposition between them in the Church's history.

Did I tell you of my interview with Dr. Harlem

in my last letter? He is the leading man in Saxony. I sat with him twenty minutes, and spoke on these matters; among other things, he assured me that the reaction from scepticism was so strong that *his* difficulty is to prevent people from falling back too much upon what he considers mere traditional belief, and yet he is held to be a high Lutheran. I ventured to tell him that I liked Neander's historical and scientific works much better than his exegetical treatises, *e.g.* his 'Life of JESUS' and 'History of the Planting of the Church,' and he said, with great warmth, 'I am delighted to hear you say that.' It was so far a sign to me that I had taken on this point the right view of what Neander meant to teach; but I don't expect ever to be able to sound the depth of his reasons. Experience in religious questions—not mental acuteness, is the only way to do this. . . .

The German papers had no room for more than the election news from England as far as I have seen, and certain political questions between us and America about the fisheries. I hardly think that triple alliance against the assumption of an hereditary throne by Louis Napoleon can be true—I read it in a German paper, copied from the 'Morning Chronicle.' I saw yesterday an article and a statement in the 'Times' about the different views taken by the Law Commissioners and the Society for Reforming the Law with respect to proposed alterations. The abolition of Masters in Chancery, I suppose, is all very well; but I was very sorry to see that the Law Reform Society go beyond the Commissioners in their suggestions, with respect to the abolition of special pleading, doing away with the distinctions of Law and Equity, and as it

seemed to me, wishing to interfere very much with the existing principle of deciding as much as possible upon each case by referring to precedents; in a word, by wishing to introduce ——'s method on the Bench, and to upset the whole fabric of the Law, with the Bar, Bench, and solicitors, and special pleaders at once. These suggestions seem to proceed from the assumption that Common Law contradicts in its practice common sense, which I know, from what you have said, is nonsense. Every person is more secure now, when the technicalities are all understood. Certain forms must be adopted, and by the time every conceivable construction of which they are capable has been tested in innumerable actions and man's invention is completely exhausted, they will be just as much knocked about and look as strange to the uninitiated as the forms already in use. But I am a fine fellow to meddle with this matter. . . . Ever your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. Coleridge Patteson.

Almost at the same time as this long and argumentative letter was sent, Coley wrote to his eldest sister.

'The weather has been better suited for work, and I feel pretty well satisfied with my Hebrew. What makes it so difficult is principally this, that as it is an Oriental language, it is entirely different in structure, and in its inflections, &c., from any language I ever came across. I can't fall back upon anything already learnt to help me; but I see my way pretty clear now, and shall soon have little more than a knowledge of the meaning of the words to learn, which is only a matter of patience, and can be learnt with a good dictionary and practice. A

real complete knowledge of the grammar is of course the great thing. I was so lucky about buying my grammar. Schier, who gives me Hebrew lessons three times a week (he said I did not want any more German, which is in one sense true, but I don't speak as well as this may seem to intimate from want of daily practice), told me that Rödiger's edition of Gesenius's Grammar was far the most perfect thing to be had, only it cost 9*s.* in German and from 15*s.* to 1*l.* in the English translation of it; which was yesterday confirmed by an Englishman, as far as the price of the translation is concerned. What do you think of my coming across an uncut copy of the last edition for 1*s.* 6*d.*? I suppose the man did not know the value of it, or else must have become possessed of it in some unusual way. I tried to get another copy to give Schier, but can't find one anywhere. Mine is the German edition, which I prefer, as everything must suffer by being translated, and it is admirable and quite interesting to read, and giving a good, almost philosophical, reason for everything. The author is about the greatest Hebrew scholar of modern times, and a great philologist, so that one can feel sure that what he says is correct, and in fact it is the text book from which all other grammars are compiled.

The great Dresden fair, called the Vogelschiesser, is going on, it began last Sunday and ends next Sunday. About half a mile from the town there is a very large meadow by the river, where a small town of booths, tents, &c., is erected, and where shooting at targets with wooden darts, sham railway-trains and riding-horses, confectionary of every kind, beer of every name, strength and colour, pipes, cigars, toys, gambling, organ grinding, fiddling,

dancing, &c., goes on incessantly. The great attraction, however, is the shooting at the bird, which occupies the attention of every Saxon, and is looked upon as the consummation of human invention and physical science. A great pole, nearly 80 feet high, is erected with a wooden bird, about the size of a turkey, at the top; to hit this with a crossbow from a regular stand, about 50 feet from the foot of the pole, is the highest ambition of this great people. The accompaniments are rich in the extreme: cannon firing, drums rolling, for a successful shot, the shooting society, who exist only for the sole honour and glory of hacking this bird to pieces, the presence of the king, I think to-day, and the intense interest taken in the amusement by the whole population; certainly the Germans are satisfied with less than any people I ever saw (barring two things, smoke and beer, in which they are insatiable). I went out to see it all, but it rather bored me after an hour or so. Tom F—— and I threw some dice for a pair of braces for Arthur, which we presented in due form; and we had some shots at the targets—mine were eminently unsuccessful.

Last night we had a great treat. Emil Devrient, who has been acting in London, you know, came back, and acted Marquis Posa in 'Don Carlos.' The play acts very much better than it reads. Schiller certainly has great dramatic genius; only I agree with Goethe that there is always a longing for exhibiting cruelty in its most monstrous form, and refinement of cruelty and depravity overstepping almost the natural conditions of humanity. I always thought Iago about the most awful character in Shakspeare; but Schiller's Philip II. is something beyond even this, without perhaps so much necessity for the exhi-

bition of this absolute delight in evil, It is long since I have been so excited in a theatre. I was three rows from the stage, heard and understood everything, and was so completely carried away by the grandeur and intense feeling of Devrient (who was well supported by the Don Carlos), that I had some difficulty to keep quiet, and feel to-day rather odd, shaken, as it were, from such a strain upon the feelings. The Princess Eboli is to me utterly unfeminine in act 2, scene 8, and something worse than I like to think people may be in scenes 9 and 10. I don't like her character. People make out fine plots as the result of slighted love and jealousy, but here the resolution is so sudden, so horrible. The Queen is, however, a beautiful creature. The whole of act 3, scene 10 is fine. Goethe makes Egmont speak the same noble sentiments of liberty and patriotism, but Goethe injures Egmont sadly by introducing that side of his character which connects him with Clärchen. Posa is all that Egmont is, without his moral failings. Of course neither of them is Christian; they are great Romans. Even a decent lie, in order to cast suspicion upon oneself and to bring death on oneself, to save a friend, is looked upon as the consummation of legitimate noble self devotion: it would be probably to a heathen. The whole of act 4, scenes 16, 17, was magnificently acted by Devrient. Then, after he had resolved to die, in order that Carlos may live, and be a blessing to his kingdom and Flanders and the world, his solemn, quiet, almost awful composure, the fixedness of purpose, were admirably worked out: scene 21. Here, too, some of the poetry is fine, *e.g.*

> Zwei kurze Abendstunden hingegeben
> Um einen hellen Sommertag zu retten.

But here, I must allow, his morality takes a very bad

turn, I wish I had continued to overlook it. The touch of real feeling at the end, '*das Leben ist doch schön*,' is, I think, good and true. Through the fifth act to his death, he was very great; and I went away quite excited and delighted.

Here is a letter, enclosed within one to his sister Fanny on September 9, written on a scrap of paper. The apologetic tone of confession is amusing.

My dearest Father,—I have not before told you that I have been at work for just three weeks upon a new subject; reading, however, Hebrew every day almost for three hours as well. Schier is not a great Hebraist; and I found the language in one sense easier than I expected, so that with good grammar and dictionary I can quite get on by myself, reading an easy part of the Bible (historical books, *e.g.*) at the rate of about twenty-five verses an hour. Well, I began to think that I ought to use the opportunities that Dresden affords. I know that Hebrew is not a rich language; that many words occur only once, and consequently have an arbitrary meaning attached to them, unless they can be illustrated from cognate languages. Now I have a taste for these things, and have in three weeks progressed so far in my new study as to feel sure I shall make it useful; and so I tell you without fear I am working at Arabic. I hope you won't think it silly. It is *very* hard, and for ten days was as hard work as I ever had in my life. I think I have learnt enough to see my way now, and this morning read the first chapter of Genesis in three-quarters of an hour. It is rich, beyond all comparison, in inflexions; and the difficulty arises from the extreme multiplicity of all its forms: *e.g.*, each verb having not only active, middle, and

passive voices, but the primitive active having not less than thirty-five derivative forms and the passive thirteen. The 'noun of action,'—infinitive with article (τὸ ἀκούειν) of the Greek—is again different for each voice or form; and the primitive can take any of twenty-two forms, which are not compounded according to any rule. Again, there are twenty-eight sets of irregular plurals, which are *quite* arbitrary. No grammarian has ever given any explanation about them. All mere matters of memory. The very alphabet shows the richness of the language. There are twenty-nine letters, besides vowel points; and each letter is written in four different ways, so that it is different when isolated, when in the beginning, middle, or end of a word. It took me some hours to learn them. In very many respects, it is closely allied to the Hebrew, so that everybody who writes Hebrew grammars and lexicons necessarily has much to do with Arabic; and a knowledge of it may be of great use in clearing up difficulties in the Bible. My year in Oxford will enable me to go on with it, for in three weeks more I hope to be able to go on alone. To-morrow I begin the Koran. My lessons from Schier, who is great really in this line, has written a first-rate grammar, and studied it all his life, cost only 1*s.* 6*d.* an hour, and I have been lucky in getting *the* lexicon for 15*s.* which in England is very rare and very dear. In the Bodleian I shall find, of course, all I want. I am in treaty now for a copy of the Koran for 9*s.* Schier was some years in England, and knows the value of these books there; and I only buy these two because I want to use them here, and know they are cheap. My lessons will not in all exceed 3*l.*; and I really should have

gone on, perhaps not much faster with Hebrew if I had worked it exclusively; and it is hard to read so many hours at one thing: and I may say, now without doubt, that I have laid the foundation for a study of Oriental languages, if I have time and opportunity that may be fairly given to them. Think what one hour a day is, and the pleasure to me is very great, and I feel that I have a knack rather (if I may say so) of laying hold of these things. *Don't* mention it to anyone.

There the fragment breaks off; and in a letter of August 29, there occurs this reply to a message from his eldest sister:—

'Thank dear Joan for her caution: I know I need it sadly, especially now when I am at work upon somewhat out-of-the-way subjects, and feel the danger of forgetting that if I mistake the means for the end, and feel gratified with the mere intellectual amusement, I am doing very wrong, even when I am working very hard at very difficult matters. I like these things, I must confess, and the time is so well adapted to work here, and now that the weather is cool I can secure every day a good long time to myself.'

In the enclosed letter he announces that he shall leave Dresden in another three weeks. He says:—

'We have had a steady working time of it here; and as I know some members of the family rather discourage these continental flights, I just sum up the advantages thereof. Being naturally endowed with a love of music, the probability is, that when you, Clara, and Miss Horsley are together in the house, as soon as a Lied or Sonata began, away would go

my books, or at all events my thoughts. You know well that the piano goes at all hours, and always in the morning at home. Then riding, walking with Father, long sitting after dinner, &c. do not improve the chances for reading. In fact, you know that what with visitors from without, friends within, parties, &c., I should have had very little reading in the vacation, and that not through my own fault —not a *Stübchen* in the house could protect me from music. Here I make my own time, and last week my eyes were troublesome. I walked twice every day, exactly at the hour when I most wanted it; and without nonsense, I may say that I have in two months done really a great deal more than I could have done at home even with masters. This all applies to Arthur just as much. He has read German exclusively most of the time, and knows as well as I do that it is not possible to work at home. If I could go on just as well as with Mendelssohn ringing in my ears, it would be different, but I can't. You remember how pleasant, but how very idle, last vacation was, and especially the last six weeks of it!'

Then, after much about family matters, commissions, and little gifts which he was collecting for all at home—

'I should like to get something for everybody, but that is not possible. Luckily, my lessons are less expensive than I expected, and, considering the work, wonderfully cheap. I make good progress, I can say; but the difficulty is great enough to discourage any but a real "grinder" at such work. I have written a scrap for Father, and you will see that I am working away pretty well. I have finished my

introductory book, consisting of forty-one fables; and though difficulties present themselves always to really good scholars from time to time, the Bible is not one of the hardest books, not so hard, *e.g.* as the Koran. Now I can at any future time, if the opportunity comes, go on with these things, and I hope find them really useful. I know you like to hear what I am doing; but be sure to keep it all quiet, let no one know but Father and Joan. You might carelessly tell it to anyone in fun, and I don't wish it to be known. Especially don't let any of the family know. Time enough if I live out my Oxford year, and have really mastered the matter pretty well. Remember this is taken up with a view to elucidate and explain what is so very hard in Hebrew. Hebrew is to be the *Hauptsache*, this the *Hülfsmittel*, or some day I hope one of several such helps. It is very important to accustom one's mind to the *Denk-* and *Anschauungswerk* of the Orientals, which is so different from that of Europeans or their language. How hard are the metaphors of the Bible for this reason!'

There is something in all these long apologies and strenuous desire for secrecy about these Arabic studies that reminds one that the character was a self-conscious introspective one, always striving for humility, and dreading to be thought presumptuous. A simpler nature, if devoid of craving for home sympathy, would never have mentioned the new study at all; or if equally open-hearted, would have let the mention of it among home friends take its chance, without troubling himself as to their possible comments. Indeed, it is curious to observe how elaborate he was at this period about all his concerns, meditating over the

cause of whatever affected him. It was a form of growth; and dropped off when the time of action arrived, and his character had shaped itself. It must be remembered, too, that his habit of pouring out all his reflections and feelings to his sisters, and their preservation of his letters, have left much more on record of these personal speculations than is common.

His father made a much simpler matter of the Arabic matter, in the following characteristic letter:—

Feniton Court: September 14, 1852.

My dearest Coley,—So far from thinking you wrong in learning Arabic, I feel sure that you are quite right. However, we shall keep your secret, and not say anything about it. I am heartily glad that you should acquire languages, modern as well as ancient. You know I have often pressed the former on your and Jem's notice, from myself feeling my deficiency and regret at it. I can well understand that Arabic, and I should suppose Syriac also, must be of the greatest use towards a true understanding of much of the Old Testament: a great deal of which is doubtless not understood by those who understand only our translation, or even the Septuagint, which I suspect to have many passages far from a faithful vehicle of the meaning of the original. I was greatly delighted with your theological letter, so to speak, as well as with the first, and look to have some jolly conversations with you on such subjects. . . .

We have many more partridges than our neighbours, and Jem shoots uncommonly well. Three double shots yesterday. I shoot worse than usual; and cannot walk without much fatigue and frequent pain, so that I shall not be able to work enough to

get much sport. . . . I got through the Mary Church affair very well—that is, not making a fool of myself—and if I did not do much good, I think I did no harm. The Bishop of Exeter[1] is mightily pleased, and wrote me a letter to that effect. Of course I cannot tell you what I said, it would be too long, nor are you likely to see it. It was fully inserted in 'Woolmer,' and from him copied into the 'Guardian.' . . . The Bishop of Sydney[2] is coming home to endeavour to arrange something as to their Synodical meetings and Church government in the Colonies, and hoping that it may be connected with something of the kind at home. Whenever he comes I shall give him the meeting, to try to be of any use I can in that quarter. He refers to me for a solution of some difficulty he has felt about administering the Oath of Supremacy, or rather, Abjuration, at the time of Ordaining, in consequence of the late Act against Ecclesiastical Titles by the Papists not saying anything touching the Colonies, and so he fancies that whatever is by that Act prohibited in England and Ireland only, is implicitly authorised in the Colonies from the silence of the Act as to them. I answered the objection through Uncle Edward; but it cannot have reached him before he started from home, showing that the inference is incorrect, and these matters remain with regard to Popery in the Colonies precisely in the same state as they were before the passing of the late Act, and not affected by it.

I live in hopes to see you well and hearty at Oxford on the 14th of October, till when, adieu. God bless you, Your affectionate Father,

J. PATTESON.

[1] Dr. Henry Philpotts. [2] Bishop Broughton.

The interview with the Bishop of Sydney never took place, for the excellent Bishop Broughton arrived with health shattered by his attendance on the sufferers from fever in the ship which brought him from St. Thomas, and he did not long survive his landing.

'The 'Mary Church affair' here referred to was the laying the foundation-stone of the Church, built or restored, it is hard to say which, on the lines of the former one, and preserving the old tower, at St. Mary Church, near Torquay. Though the death of the Rev. G. M. Coleridge had broken one tie with the place, it continued to be much beloved by the Patteson family, and Sir John had taken so much share in the Church building work as to be asked to be the layer of the corner-stone. The speech he made at the ensuing luncheon excited much attention; and the sisters took care that their brother should not miss reading it. The stay at Dresden was drawing to an end; and he was preparing to return through Berlin, intending to go direct to Oxford and reside there till the summer, when he meant to seek ordination and enter on the Curacy at Alfington. He says to his sister Joanna:

'It is a long time to pass without seeing you, but I hope, if it please God that we all live on together, that it will be long before such another interval occurs. I have not grown out of an occasional fit of home-sickness yet; and on these occasions Arthur and I talk incessantly about domestic matters, and indulge our fancies in conjecturing what you are all doing, and so forth. I followed Joan and Clara's trip, step by step, from the Den at Teignmouth to St. Mary Church, Oddiscombe, Babbicombe, Anstey's Cave, Meadfoot, &c. How I remember every inch of the dear old places! Better than the

mud banks at Felixstowe, are they not, Clara? I shall keep always the scrap from the 'Guardian' with Father's speech. I don't think I remember any speech on a similar occasion so thoroughly good, and so likely to do good: Plain, sensible, and manly, no question of words and unimportant differences of opinion; no cant, high or low, just like himself. I pray I may have but a tenth part of his honesty and freedom from prejudice and party spirit. It may come, under God's blessing, if a man's mind is earnestly set on the truth; but the danger is of setting up your own exclusive standard of truth, moral and intellectual. Father certainly is more free from it than any man we ever knew. He tells me in his letter that the Bishop of Sydney is coming home to consult people in England about Synodical Action, &c., and that he is going to meet him and explain to him certain difficulties and mistakes into which he has fallen with regard to administering the Oath of Abjuration and the like matters. How few people, comparatively, know the influence Father exercises in this way behind the scenes, as it were. His intimacy with so many of the Bishops, too, makes his position really of very great importance. I don't want to magnify, but the more I think of him, and know how very few men they are that command such general respect, and bear such a character with all men for uprightness and singleness of purpose, it is very difficult to know how his place could be supplied when we throw his legal knowledge over and above into the scale. I hope he will write: I am quite certain that his opinion will exercise a great influence on very many people. Such a speech as this at Mary Church embodies exactly the sense of a considerable

number of the most prudent and most able men of the country, and his position and character give it extra weight, and that would be so equally with his book as with his speech. How delightful it will be to have him at Oxford. He means to come in time for dinner on the 14th, and go away on the 16th; but if he likes it, he will, I daresay, stop now and then on his way to town and back. Jem will not be back in town when he goes up for the Judicial Committee work, so he will be rather solitary there, won't he. I am not, however, sure about the number of weeks Jem must reside to keep his term. . . .'

The enjoyment of the last few days at Dresden was much marred by a heavy cold, caught by going to see an admirable representation of 'Egmont,' the last of these theatrical treats so highly appreciated. The journey to Berlin, before the cold was shaken off, resulted in an attack of illness; and he was so heavy and uncomfortable as to be unable to avail himself of his opportunities of interesting introductions.

He returned to his rooms at Merton direct from Germany. Like many men who have come back to Oxford at a riper age than that of undergraduate life, he now entered into the higher privileges and enjoyments of the University, the studies, friendships, and influences, as early youth sometimes fails to do. He was felt by his Oxford friends to have greatly developed since his Balliol terms had been over and the Eton boy left behind. Study was no longer a toil and conscientious effort. It had become a prime pleasure; and men wondered to find the plodding, accurate, but unenthusiastic student of three years back, a linguist and philologist of no common power and attainment. Mr. Roundell says 'He had become

quite another person. Self-cultivation had done much for him. Literature and art had opened his mind and enlarged his interests and sympathies. The moral and spiritual forces of the man were now vivified, refined and strengthened by the awakening of his intellectual and æsthetic nature.'

Ever reaching forward, however, he was on his guard against, as he said, making the means the end. Languages were his pleasure, but a pleasure held in check as only subservient to his preparation for the Ministry. He did not mean to use them to the acquirement of academical honour nor promotion, nor did he even rest in the intellectual delight of investigation; he intended them only as keys to the better appreciation of the Scriptures and of the doctrines of the Church, unaware as yet that the gift he was cultivating would be of inestimable value in far distant regions.

At the University election of 1853, when Mr. Gladstone, having alarmed a large proportion of his supporters at Oxford by his tendencies towards change, was opposed by Mr. Percival, Coley sent constant accounts of the poll, but interspersed with observations on a sermon of Dr. Pusey's, thus :—

Monday 7.30 P. M.

My dearest Father,—Gladstone's majority is only 124 this evening, Percival having polled some twelve men in the day. People say it is a mere farce keeping the poll open. Squibs, &c., go about, but not one of them worth the carriage.

Dr. Pusey preached yesterday morning, *rather* a relief after friend ——. He must have been preaching nearly, if not quite, an hour and a half; at least he began soon after 10.30, and I was not back here till 12.15. He preached upon 1 Cor. x. 16: not a difficult sermon to follow, though doctrinal throughout, with

the exception of some five minutes plain spoken, and very beautiful words of advice to his 'younger brethren.' The subject, however, is comparatively so familiar that it was easy to understand him. I hope he will print it, for it would be most valuable as a collection of witnesses to the truth of the Real Sacramental Presence. After propounding the plain orthodox teaching in contradistinction to Rome and Geneva—I will finish to-morrow. Post going. J. C. P.

'I was talking about Dr. P.'s sermon, and I think had just said that after exposing the errors of Rome and Geneva, he discussed at great length the question of the literal or non-literal interpretation of the words "This is My Body." This part of the sermon was very interesting, not only did he supply many new arguments for the literal interpretation of this particular passage, but for the guidance of people in the interpretation of Scripture generally. Then he discussed the question which, in spite of its manifest absurdity, is often put, (and which I suppose he therefore thought worth discussing) as to whether even in the most momentous sentence of Holy Scripture the *whole* truth is necessarily conveyed in an insulated passage, (just as Mr. —— wants always, according to E——, one text to prove a doctrine, not knowing, I suppose, that our Lord did not teach in a dogmatic form). Then he said, "I will show that the doctrine has been taught by the united voice of the whole Church, from the time of the Apostles to that of St Leo, and to this end I will quote from Fathers of every Church, every age, every form of opinion;" which he did to the number of fifty! I hope to see the sermon soon in print,

when you shall have a copy. You remember that he was suspended for his sermon on the same subject, which is bound up among the pamphlets at home.'

The letter ends with a report of the poll; and on Thursday he writes, 'The poll closed with Gladstone, 1022, Perceval, 898.'

And then proceeds to his great delight in receiving his uncle, Dr. Coleridge, who had come up to give his vote.

In February, while Sir John Patteson was in London, his son James was the cause of much alarm, owing to a mistake by which he swallowed an embrocation containing a large amount of laudanum. Prompt measures, however, prevented any ill effects; and all danger was over before the letter was sent off which informed Coley of what had happened; but the bare idea of the peril was a great shock to one of such warm affections, and so deeply attached to his only brother. He wrote the two following letters to his Father and sisters on the first impulse on the receipt of the intelligence:—

Shrove Tuesday.

My dearest Father,—I believe I speak truly when I say that I never in my life felt so thoroughly thankful and grateful to God for His great mercy, as I did this morning, on reading of dear Jem's danger and safety. He is less accustomed to talk about his feelings than I am, in which I see his superiority, but partly because our tastes are in several respects different, chiefly because of his exceeding amiability and unselfishness. I am sure we love each other very dearly. Ever since his illness at Geneva, I have from time to time contemplated the utter blank, the real feeling of loss, which anything happening to him would bring with it, and the having it brought home close to me in this way quite upset me, as it well

might. I pray God that no ill effects may follow, and from what you say, I apprehend none. I have often thought that it is much better when two brothers propose to themselves different objects in life, and pursue them with tastes dissimilar on unimportant matters. They act better upon one another; just as I look to Jem, as I have more than once told him, to give me a hint when he sees a want of common sense in anything I take up, because I know I act a good deal from impulse, and take an interest in many things which are perhaps not worth the time I spend on them. It is a mercy that I hope I shall never forget, never cease to be thankful for. Many and many a time, if it please God, I shall look to him in difficulties, and remember how nearly once he was lost to me. I can get away with the greatest ease for a few days on Thursday if desirable, and perhaps old Jem will feel low after this, when you have left him. I think this very likely, from what I know of him, and if you think it too, without asking him if he would like it, I will come up for some other reason. You will not go, I know unless he is perfectly well; but he might, and I think would, like to have some one with him just at first. Let me know what you think.

Good-bye, my dearest Father,
Ever your affectionate and dutiful Son,
J. C. PATTESON.

Merton: Shrove Tuesday.

My dearest Joan and Fan,—How we must all have united this morning in pouring out our thanks to God for His great mercy! You will not suspect me of being wanting in love to you, if I say that the contemplation of what might have happened pre-

sented such a scene of desolation, such a void, that it would have required all the strength I possess to turn to God in resignation and submission to His will. I have often, very often, thought of that illness at Geneva, but this brought it home to me, perhaps closer still; and I hope I shall never cease to be mindful of, and thankful for, this special providence. Father seems pretty confident that all mischief is prevented; and Jem wrote six hours after he took the laudanum, and had then felt no drowsiness to speak of, and Dr. Watson said there was no fear of anything happening after *two* hours had elapsed.

I should like to join with you in showing our gratitude by some deed of charity, or whatever you think right. Something that without any show might be a thank-offering to God for His signal act of mercy.

Ever your loving Brother,

J. C. PATTESON.

5.30. I wrote this quite early this morning. I can hardly think yet what it all means. Now I feel only a sense of some very heavy affliction removed. Poor dear Father, and all of us! what should we have been without him!

A letter to the brother himself was written under the same impulse, even more tenderly affectionate, but so deep and intimate, that it would almost be treason to give it to the world. The next letter was written soon after the alarm had passed, but is undated.

My dear Fan,—Yesterday I was unluckily too seedy with headache to go on the ice, and this morning I have been skating for half an hour, but the ice is spoilt. Very jolly it is to be twisting and turning about once more. I thought of writing to old Jem to come down for it, as I should think the frost is

not severe enough to freeze any but the shallow water of the floods, but it was not good enough to reward him for the trouble of coming so far.

The constant sense of his preservation from that great danger really prevents my feeling so acutely perhaps as I ought to do the distress of others. I really think I ought to be less cheerful and happy than I feel myself to be. I had a pleasant little talk with Dr. Pusey on Monday: he was recommending me two or three books for Hebrew reading, but they would be of no use to me yet; the language is difficult to advance far into, and you know my shallow way of catching a thing at first rather quickly perhaps, but only superficially. I find my interest increasing greatly in philological studies. One language helps another very much; and the beautiful way in which the words, ideas, and the whole structure indeed, of language pervades whole families, and even the different families, (*e.g.*, the Indo-Germanic and Semitic races,) is not only interesting, but very useful. I wish I had made myself a better Greek and Latin scholar, but unfortunately I used to hate classics. What desperate uphill work it was to read them, a regular exercise of self-denial every morning! Now I like it beyond any study, except Divinity proper, and I try to make up for lost time. There are admirable books in my possession which facilitate the acquisition of critical scholarship very much, and I work at these, principally applying it to New Test. Greek, LXX., &c. But my real education began, I think, with my first foreign trip. It seems as if there was not time for all this, for I have Hebrew, Arabic, &c., to go on with (though this is a slow process), Pearson, Hooker, Blunt on the Reformation (a mere sketch which I read in a day or two at odd times),

Commentaries, Trench's Books on Parables and Miracles, which are in my room at home, and would in parts interest you; he is a writer of good common sense, and a well read man). But I of course want to be reading history as well, and that involves a good deal; physical geography, geology, &c., yet one things helps another very much. I don't work quite as methodically as I ought; and I much want someone to discuss matters with relating to what I read. I don't say all this, I am sure you know, as if I wanted to make out that I am working at grand subjects. I know exceeding little of any one of them, so little history, *e.g.*, that a school girl could expose my ignorance directly, but I like to know what we are doing among ourselves, and we all get to know each other better thereby. I felt so much of late with regard to Jem, that a natural reserve prevents so often members even of the same family from communicating freely to each other their opinions, business, habits of life, experiences of sympathy, approval, disapproval, and the like; and when one member is gone, *then* it is felt how much more closely such a habit of dealing with each other would have taught us to know him... Nothing tests one's knowledge so well as questions and answers upon what we have read, stating difficulties, arguments which we can't understand, &c.; to each other. Ladies who have no profession to prepare for, in spite of a very large correspondence and numerous household duties, may (in addition to their parochial work as curates!) take up a real course of reading and go into it thoroughly; and this gives girls not only employment for the time, but gives the mind power to seize every other subject presented to it. If you are quite alone, your reading is apt to become desultory. I find it

useful to take once or twice a week a walk with Riddell of Balliol, and go through a certain period of Old Testament history; it makes me get it up, and then between us we hammer out so many more explanations of difficult passages than, at all events, I should do by myself. He is, moreover, about the best Greek scholar here, which is a great help to me. You have no idea of the light that such accurate scholarship as his throws upon many disputed passages in the Bible, *e.g.*, 'Wisdom is justified of her children,' where the Greek preposition probably gives the key to the whole meaning, and many such. So you see, dear old Fan, that the want of some one to pour out this to, for it sounds fearfully pedantic, I confess, has drawn upon you this grievous infliction.

My kindest love to Father and dear Joan,

Ever your loving

J. C. P.

The Patteson family were not merely a mutual admiration or improvement society, and sometimes these theories were viewed as the unpractical notions of a younger brother. Fanny Patteson seems to have answered him with arguments on the other duties which hindered her from entering on the course of deep study and mutual exchange of discoveries which he had, more theoretically than practically, been recommending, really more to the abstract young lady than to her in particular. He replies:—

Feb. 25, 1853.

My dearest Fan,—I must answer your very sensible well written letter at once, because on our system of mutual explanation, there are two or three things I wish to notice in it. First, I never meant that any-

thing should supersede duties which I am well aware you practise with real use to yourself and those about you, *e.g.*, the kindness and sympathy shown to friends, and generally due observance of all social relations. Second, I quite believe that the practical application of what is already known, teaching, going about among the poor, is of far more consequence than the acquisition of knowledge, which, of course, for its own sake is worth nothing. Third, I think you perfectly right in keeping up music, singing, all the common amusements of a country life; of course I do, for indeed what I said did not apply to Joan or you, except so far as this, that we all know probably a great deal of which each one is separately ignorant, and the free communication of this to one another is desirable, I think.

My own temptation consists perhaps chiefly in the love of reading for its own sake. I do honestly think that for a considerable time past I have read, I believe, nothing which I do not expect to be of real use, for I have no taste naturally for novels, &c. (without, however, wishing to deny that there may be novels which teach a real insight into character). Barring '*I Promessi Sposi*,' which I take up very seldom when tired, I have not read one for ages: I must except 'Old Mortality,' read last Vacation at Feniton; but I can't deny that I like the study of languages for its own sake, though I apply my little experience in it wholly to the interpretation of the Bible. I like improving my scholarship, it is true, but I can say honestly that it is used to read the Greek Testament with greater accuracy: so of the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic. I feel, I confess, sometimes that it is *nice*, &c., to know several languages, but I try to drive away any such thoughts, and it is quite astonishing how,

after a few weeks a study which would suggest ideas of an unusual course of reading becomes so familiar that I never think of myself when pursuing it, *e.g.*, I don't think that after two hours' grind at Arabic the stupid wrong feeling of its being an out-of-the-way study comes upon me now, it is getting quite natural. It comes out though when I talk or write perhaps with another, but I must try and get over it.

I believe it to be a good thing to break off any work once or twice a day in the middle of any reading, for meditating a little while and for prayer. This is more easily done at College than elsewhere ; and, is I hope, a preventive against such thoughts. Then, as I jog on I see how very little I know, what an immense deal I have to learn to become ordinarily well acquainted with these things. I am in that state of mind perhaps when Ecclesiastes (which I am now reading) puts my own case exactly before me. I think, What's the good of it all? And the answer comes, it may be very good properly used, or very mischievous if abused. I do indeed look forward to active parochial work: I think I shall be very happy so employed, and I often try to anticipate the time in thought, and feel with perfect sincerity that nothing is so useful or so full of comfort as the consciousness of trying to fulfil the daily duties of my situation. Here of course I need do nothing; I mean there is nothing to prevent my sitting all day in an arm-chair and reading 'Pickwick.'... One word about the way languages help me, that you may not think what I am doing harder than it really is. These three bear the same kind of relation to each other (or rather say these five, Arabic, Syriac, Hebrew, Chaldee, Ethiopic; but of the last I know nothing

whatever, and of Chaldee only so much as that it is a dialect of Hebrew in the same character, and consequently anyone who knows Hebrew knows something about it), as German to English, *e.g.*, *Bahlom* (Arab.), *Bĕël* (Syr.), *Baal* (Heb.), are the same word, as you can see, only written in different characters, and all mean 'a lord,' so Baal, Beelzebub, or Baalzebeb. Baal Peor, which means, literally, 'the Lord of the ravine,' viz., the idol worshipped at the Pass in the wilderness. Consequently, in reading any one of these languages, the same word keeps on occurring in all; and the chief use is of course that often a word which occurs only once or twice in Hebrew perhaps is in common use in the others, and so its meaning is fixed. Add to all this, that the Syriac version of the New Testament was made (as all agree) early in the second century, if not at the end of the first, and thus is the very best exponent of the New Testament where the Greek is doubtful; and the additional fact, that though a mixture of Chaldee and Syriac was the language of Palestine in our Lord's time, yet He certainly sometimes spoke what is now our Syriac (*e.g.*, *Talitha cumi*, &c.), and the importance of it is apparent. Surely to read the language that our Blessed Lord himself used is no small profit, as well as delight.

So I think we may each go on in our several pursuits, each helping each, and each trying to do so without a foolish affectation of learning.

My best love to dear Father and Joan,

Ever your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

Fénelon has said that in a certain stage of piety there

is much of self, and Coley was evidently in that stage. His own figure was the primary object before his eyes, neither indulged, nor admired, but criticised, repressed, and by his very best efforts thrust aside, whenever he was conscious that his self contemplation was self complacency. Still it was in his nature to behold it, and discuss it, and thus to conquer and outgrow the study in time, while leaving many observations upon self culture and self training, that will no doubt become deeply valued as the result of the practical experience of one who so truly mastered that obtrusive self.

The next letter that presents itself is to Mrs. Martyn, undated; but as he speaks of his brother's perfect recovery, it must have been written during this February. The following is the conclusion:—

'I fear that Bishop Broughton's death will be a sad blow to the Australian Church. I took him to be an older person. The colonial Bishops in his province will hear the news with a heavy heart. We shall see now something of the spirit of the Government by their appointment.

Radicalism is certainly rife in Oxford among a small but very clever intellectual set of men, who advance opinions sometimes that I know well to be wrong, but it is not my place, neither have I wit enough, to answer them. Very much depends upon what is done here *now* in the course of a few months. Depend upon it, the question whether the University is to command the respect and sympathy of the country is to be settled *now*. If we don't show a disposition to reform abuses, to make *all* our means available for useful and honourable purposes, we shall fall never to rise again. Merton is working well, *entre nous*, with a secret commission, which I may

fairly say does credit to the head and heart of the majority of the Fellows.'

Accordingly Patteson was one of the most decided workers for the admission of improvements and reduction of abuses within his own College, with which each Oxford foundation was endeavouring to forestall compulsory reformation by a University Commission. Mr. Roundell says:—

'His early years as Fellow of Merton coincided with the period of active reform at Oxford which followed upon the Report of the Commission in 1852. What part did the future Missionary Bishop take in that great movement? One who worked with him at that time—a time when University reform was as unfashionable as it is now fashionable—well remembers. He threw himself into the work with hearty zeal; he supported every liberal proposal. To his loyal fidelity and solid common sense is largely due the success with which the reform of Merton was carried out. And yet in those first days of College reform the only sure and constant nucleus of the floating Liberal majority consisted of Patteson and one other. Whatever others did, those two were always on the same side. And so, somehow, owing no doubt to the general enlightenment which distinguished the senior Fellows of Merton under the old régime—an enlightenment unquestionably due to the predominance in that College of the lay non-resident element—the new reforming spirit found itself in the ascendency. It is to the honour of Patteson and equally to the honour of the older Fellows of the College at that time, that so great an inroad upon old traditions should have been made with such an entire absence of provocation on the one side, or of irrita-

tion on the other. But Patteson, with all his reforming zeal, was also a high-bred gentleman. He remembered what was due to others as well as to himself. His bearing was one of respect for authority, of deference towards those who were his superiors in age. He knew how to differ. He showed towards others the considerate courtesy which others in return so abundantly showed towards him. And this generous forbearance of the seniors had its reward. It entailed upon the juniors a reciprocity of respect. It was felt by them at the time to be an additional incentive to moderation, to sobriety, to desistance from extreme views. The result was that the work got done, and what was done left no heartburnings behind.

Yet it would be delusive to pretend to claim Bishop Patteson as a Liberal in the political sense of the word. He was no such thing. If anything, his instincts, especially in Church matters, drew him the other way. But those who knew the man, like those who have seen the Ammergau Play, would as soon think of fastening upon that a sectarian character, as of fixing him with party names. His was a catholic mind. What distinguished him was his open-mindedness, his essential goodness, his singleness and simplicity of aim. He was a just man, and singularly free from perturbations of self, of temper, or of nerves. You did not care to ask what he would call himself. You felt what he was, that you were in the presence of a man too pure for party, of one in whose presence ordinary party distinctions almost ceased to have a meaning. Such a man could scarcely be on the wrong side. Both the purity of his nature and the rectitude of his judgment would have kept him straight.'

Here is another letter to Mrs. Martyn, answering questions suggested to her by his Biblical studies.

Merton: April 27, 1853.

My dear Sophy,—I am glad you think Chenn's book worth having. The Prayer-book translation of the Psalms is older than the present Bible translation, no doubt. Our Prayer-book version is taken from the 'Great Bible' (Tyndale and Coverdale's). We have a Bible of 1578 in the library, wherein the Psalms are word for word the same as in the present Prayer-book version; but the present version of Psalms in the Bible was made of course in James's time. We have a fine old copy of the 1640 edition. As for the Prayer-book (*i.e.*, the older version), being *better* than the modern one, it is more difficult for me to answer. Dr. Pusey has never spoken about it. The present Bible version follows the Hebrew in the margin; but I think the meaning is better preserved on the whole in the Prayer-book version, for general use at all events. Often a verse is almost unintelligible *in both*: *e.g.*, cx. 3, where the Bible version follows the Hebrew closely, yet without giving a meaning I suppose to ninety-nine people out of a hundred. I never had an idea of its meaning till I heard Dr. Pusey on it, and now I don't feel clear about it. It is here, I think, an advantage to translate the original *verbatim*, instead of giving a loose translation to try to make sense, which often misleads, and never can convey more than the *translator's* opinion of the passage. In xlix. 20, the Bible version is perhaps clearer than the Prayer-book, and so one helps the other; but, for purposes of minute criticism, the marginal notes of the Bible version are useful. Take cxxxvii. 9, the Hebrew reads 'against the rock,'

which the LXX preserve in their translation, for St. Augustine (who did not know Hebrew), makes this characteristic comment (characteristic of the manner in which all persons deal with Scripture who try to understand the wonderful fulness of it): 'Babylon,' says he, 'denotes the kingdom of evil (Rev. xvii. &c.), and the little ones are wicked thoughts, words and deeds, sins of all kinds, which the Christian soldier must trample under foot, but not in his own strength; he must dash them against the Rock, which is Christ.' You see the literal translation of *rock* instead of *stone*, suggests this very beautiful comment. Many persons I know call all such criticism fanciful, and it does require judgment to discriminate sometimes. But we have Scripture authority for connecting the idea of the Rock with Christ.

With reference to our present subject, I mean that the Prayer-book version in cxxxvii. 9, wears an historical aspect only (not, however, without something prophetical), Pusey would certainly say that we ought to follow out the uses of particular words in this manner: conf. Keble's Sermon on Eucharistical Offices.

I don't really feel able to say which I think the best, and if I did, it would only be my own opinion; for I never heard Dr. Pusey, or anyone of consequence, as far as I remember, talk about it. I should think they mutually throw light upon each other, and they are both wonderful compositions, for the great beauty of the language, and the general accuracy of the translation. I wish I could help you about it. I am very sorry to miss you and Pena. To-day is our first really warm day, and I should certainly begin my botanical lectures with my young

teacher if I was at home. I am so sorry that D. is going away just as I go to Alfington ; I hoped much to have seen a good deal of him.

Best love to dear Pena,

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. P.

Coley remained at Merton until the Long Vacation of 1853 ; when his Oxford life terminated, though not his connection with the University, for he retained his Fellowship until his death, and the friendships he had formed both at Balliol and Merton remained unbroken.

CHAPTER V.

THE CURACY AT ALFINGTON

1853-1855

PREPARATION for ordination had become Patteson's immediate object. As has been already said, his work was marked out. There was a hamlet of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, at a considerable distance from the church and town, and named Alfington.[1]

Some time previously, the family of Sir John Kennaway had provided the place with a school, which afterwards passed into the hands of Mr. Justice Coleridge, who, in 1849, there built the small church of St. James, with parsonage, school, and house, on a rising ground overlooking the valley of Honiton, almost immediately opposite to Feniton; and, at the same time, took on himself the expenses of the curacy and school, for the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Cornish, formerly master of Ottery School.

The first curate of Alfington was Judge Coleridge's son Henry, the well-known author of the beautiful Life of St. Francis Xavier. On his leaving our communion, it was his father's wish that Coleridge Patteson should take the cure; and, until his ordination, it was committed temporarily to other hands, in especial to the Rev. Henry Gardiner, who was much beloved there. In the spring of 1853, he had a long and dangerous illness, when Coley came to nurse him, and became so much attached to him, that his influence and uncon-

[1] This spelling is adopted to distinguish it from another Alphington, nearer Exeter.

scious training became of great importance. The church was served by such clerical friends as could give their assistance on Sunday, and the pastoral care, attention to the school, cottage visiting, &c., became the employment of the candidate for Holy Orders, who thus began his work under the direction of his disabled friend.

A letter to his sister shows how he plunged into the drudgery of the parish, doing that which always cost him most, namely, administering rebukes; so that it was no wonder that he wrote with a sort of elation at having lashed himself up to the point of giving a thorough warning.

Feniton: July 19, 1853.

My dearest Fan,—I am going to Thorverton to-day to stay till Thursday. Gardiner came downstairs on Sunday, and again yesterday, and is making very rapid strides towards perfect recovery. He even went out yesterday for a few minutes. So I don't mind leaving him in the least; and indeed he is going to Sidmouth himself, probably at the end of the week. I have seen him every day without one exception, and have learnt a very great deal from him. He has studied very closely school work, condition of the labourer, boys' homes, best method of dispensing charity, &c. and on all these points his advice has been really invaluable. I feel now that I am quite to all intents working the district. People ask me about their children coming to school. I know almost all the people in the village, and a good many out of it, and begin to understand, in a very small way, what a clergyman's life is. A mixture of sorrow and pleasure indeed! There are many very sad cases of hypocrisy, filthiness, and wickedness (as

I suppose there are in every district); and yesterday I had a very hard-working and in one case most painful day.

Some people had asked me to take their boy, three years and a half old, to school—a wretched pair, with a little savage for a son. I said I would speak to Miss Wilkins, and put plainly before her the character of parents and child. However, she wished to have him, and I knew it was so far well to get the boy away from home. But such a scene ensued! The boy was really like a little savage; kicked, dashed his head against the wall, and at length, with his nose bleeding violently, exhausted with his violence, fell asleep. Next day, he is so bad, he is sent home; when the mother drives him back to school, cursing and swearing, telling Miss Wilkins she may kill him if she pleases! Unluckily, I was not in school.

Yesterday he was in school and more quiet, but did not kneel down at prayers, and seemed like a little beast beginning to be tamed. So, after school, I called him to me, and putting him before my knees asked him some questions very kindly: 'Did he know who God was? Had he never been taught to kneel down and say his prayers?' Of course he had not, but it gave me the proper opportunity of speaking to his parents. So having now considered the matter for two or three days previously, having ascertained all the facts about the people, after an hour among some others in the village, I went right into their cottage, and luckily found father and mother and grandmother at home, besides one or two more (who are lodgers) in a room adjoining, with the door open. 'I am come to talk to you about William,' I began, whereupon I saw the woman

turn quite red. However, I spoke for about ten minutes slowly and very quietly, without any appearance (as I believe) of anger or passion at all, but yet speaking my mind quite plainly. 'I had no idea any child could be so neglected. Did they suppose the school was a place where any parent might send a child merely to get it out of the way (of course they do, you know, most of them)? Was it possible that a child could be made good as if by magic there, when it learns nothing but wicked words at home? Do you think you can or ought to get rid of the duties you owe your child? Do you suppose that God will not require from you an account of the way you have behaved towards him, you who have never taught him to know who God is, what God is, what is prayer, what is the church, who have taught that little mouth, which God created for praise and blessings, to curse and blaspheme? I know that many children do and say wicked things, but it is in most cases owing to the neglect of their parents, who do not speak kindly to their children, and do what they can to keep them out of temptation, but this is a different case. Your boy is not fit to come into the company of little Christians! Awful as it is to think of, he is already, at his early age, the very dread of the parents who live near you.'

They had not a word to say, not a syllable beyond the objection which I had already met, that other children were bad too. I did not say what I might have said with truth, because it is only from Gardiner's report, not from my own knowledge—viz., that neither father nor mother ever come to church, and that their house is the centre of evil to the young people of the village.

'Now,' I said, in conclusion, 'I fully meant to send

back your boy,' and tell you I would examine him six months hence, to see if he was fit to be brought into the school, but as I do trust he may behave better, and that this may be the means of recovering him from this sad state, I shall take him still, unless he behaves again very badly. But remember this—this is the turning point in the boy's life, and *all*, humanly speaking, depends on the example you set him. What an awful thing it would be, if it pleased God to take him away from you now, and a fit of measles, scarlatina, or any such illness, may do it any day! Remember that you are responsible to a very great extent for your child; that unless it sees you watchful over your thoughts, words, and actions; unless it sees you regular and devout in prayer at home (I don't believe they ever think of such a thing—God forgive me, if I am wrong); unless it sees you habitually in your place in God's house, you are *not* doing your duty to yourselves or your child, you are not laying up any hope or comfort whatever for the day of your sickness and death. Now I hope you clearly understand me. I have spoken plainly—exactly what I think, and what I mean to act upon. You know now the sort of person you have to deal with. Good morning,'—and thereupon I marched out, amazed at my own pluck, and heartily glad that I had said what I wished, and felt I ought to say.

But I need hardly tell you that this left me in a state of no slight excitement, and that I should be much comforted by hearing what you and Father and Joan think of my behaviour.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, there are some very nice people; I dearly love some of the boys and girls; and I do pray that this plan of a boys' home may save some from

contamination. I, seated with Sanders last night, found him and his wife very hearty about it. I have only mentioned it to three people, but I rather wish it to be talked about a little now, that they may be curious, &c., to know exactly what I mean to do. The two cottages, with plenty of room for the Fley's family and eight boys, with half an acre of garden at 11*l.* 5*s.* the year. I shall of course begin with only one or two boys—the thing may not answer at all; but everyone, Gardiner, several farmers, and two or three others, quite poor, in different places, all say it must work well with God's blessing. I do not really wish to be scheming away, working a favourite hobby, &c., but I do believe this to be absolutely essential. The profligacy and impurity of the poor is beyond all belief. Every mother of a family answers (I mean every honest respectable mother of a family): 'Oh sir, God will bless such a work, and it is for want of this that so much misery and wretchedness abound.' I believe that for a year or so it will exhaust most of my money, but then it is one of the best uses to which I can apply it; for my theory is, that help and assistance is wanted in this way, and I would wish to make most of these things self-supporting. Half an acre more of garden, thoroughly well worked, will yield an astonishing return, and I look to Mary as a person of really economical habits. It is a great relief to have poured all this out. It is no easy task that I am preparing for myself. I know that I fully expect to be very much disappointed, but I am determined to try it. I am determined to try and make the people see that I am not going to give way to everybody that asks; but that I am going to set on foot and help on all useful industrial schemes of

every kind, for people of every age. I am hard at work, studying spade husbandry, inspectors' reports of industrial schools, &c. I am glad you are all so happy. I am so busy. Best love to all.

Your loving
J. C. P.

Coley was thus already serving a vigorous apprenticeship to pastoral work, while preparing himself for receiving Deacon's orders. It was a trying time both to his family and himself, for, as before said, his standard was very high, and his own strong habit of self-contemplation made his dissatisfaction with himself manifest in his manner to those nearest to him. He was always gentle and unselfish; not showing temper, but unhappiness.

Here are letters showing a good deal of his state of mind: the first only dated 'Saturday evening,' but evidently written about this time, in reply to the cautions with which his sister had replied to the above letter of eager plans of improvement.

My dearest Fan,—Your letter has just reached me from Honiton, and I have read it with very great interest. I liked it better on a second perusal of it, which showed in itself that I wanted it, for it is quite true that I require to be reminded of the only true principle upon which one ought to work; and I allow quite willingly that I trace interested motives —*e.g.* love of self-approval or applause in actions where such feelings ought least of all to enter. I certainly did feel pleased with myself for speaking plainly to those people, and I often find myself indulging the notion that I am going to be a very hard-working clergyman, with a remedy for all the evils of the age, &c. If I was to hunt about for an excuse, I might perhaps find one, by saying that I am

in that state of mind which attends always, I suppose, the anticipation of any great crisis in a person's life; sometimes hard work and hard thought, sometimes (though alas! very seldom) a real sense of the very awful responsibility of ministering in the Church, sometimes a less natural urging of the mind to contemplate and realise this responsibility. I was for some time reading Wilberforce's new book, and this involved an examination of the question in other writers; but lately I have laid all controversial works aside almost entirely, and have been reading Pearson, Bull, and the Apostolical Fathers, Clement and Ignatius. I shall probably read Justin Martyr's Apologies, and some treatises of Tertullian before next month is over. I have read some part already. There is such a very strong practical element in these very early writings that they ought to soothe and calm the mind; but I cannot honestly conceal the fact, that the theological interest for the most part outweighs the practical teaching.

My light reading is of a new and very amusing and interesting character—viz., books on school economy, management of school farms, allotments, the modern dairy, spade husbandry, agricultural chemistry. K, W, F, C, and G, and I have great talks; and as they all agree with me, I think them capital judges.

I don't think at all that my present state of mind is quite natural. You quite repeat my own words when you say it is transitory. A calm undisturbed spirit of prayer and peace and contentment is a great gift of God, and to be waited for with patience. The motto of 'The Christian Year' is very beautiful. I sent the roses on Tuesday. My best love to dear Father and Joan.

Ever your loving Brother,

 J. C. P.

These words 'love of self-approval' perfectly analysed that snare of Coley's early life, against which he so endeavoured to guard—not self-conceit, but love of self-approval. The next letter was to his cousin Mrs. Martyn.

Feniton Court: September 12, 1853.

My dearest Sophy,—Thank you for your kind letters. I find I have much more to do than I expected. My ignorance on very many quite simple matters rather astonished my weak mind, and has done me some good, I hope, in giving my vanity a useful lesson. I really hardly know how to leave my books, and yet I want to see you all again, so I think I shall start for Dawlish to-morrow morning, and come back with Father on the next day. Possibly during the week of examination I may get away for a day; I don't know anything yet about the place in which the Ordination is to be held. Father and the girls would like to be there if they could see or hear, but they think the idea of my going to — a good one. I know you all think and pray for me. I do not feel very nervous, but I do not realise the great awfulness and responsibility of the ministerial commission, and think myself cold and so sadly wanting in earnestness and love. I try to anticipate the time in thought that when the day does come, I may be less agitated; and I trust that, if it please God, I may feel calm and collected then. My kindest love. I feel very much that my natural place is among you at this time.

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

So the Easter week drew on, and during it he writes to his cousin.

Friday, Wallis Lodgings, Exeter: September, 1853.

My dear Sophy,—We have had a good examination, I think; perhaps rather harder than I expected. Woolecombe and Chancellor Harrington spoke to me this morning, thanking me for my papers, and telling me to read the Gospel at the Ordination.

I did feel very nervous last Sunday and Monday, and the Ember Prayer in the morning (when I was at Ottery) fairly upset me, but I don't think anybody saw it; now, I am thankful to say, I am very well, and feel thoroughly happy. I shall be nervous, no doubt, on Sunday, and especially at reading the Gospel, but not I think so nervous as to break down or do anything foolish; so when you know I am reading—for you won't hear me, if you are in the stalls, don't distress yourself about me.

I can't tell what it was that upset me so on Sunday and Monday—thinking of dear Mamma and how she had wished for this, the overwhelming kindness of everybody about me, dear Father's simple words of very affectionate comfort and advice.

But I walked into Exeter, and on the way got quite calm, and so I have been ever since. It is not strange that the realising the near approach of what I have for years wished for and looked forward to, should at times come upon me with such force that I seem scarcely master of myself; but it is only excitement of feeling, and ought, I know, to be repressed, not for a moment to be entertained as a test of one's religious state, being by no means a desirable thing. I am very glad the examination is over. I did not worry myself about it, but it was rather hard work, and now I have my time to myself for quiet thought and meditation.

Ever, dear Sophy, your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

The next evening he writes :—

Saturday, 5·45 P.M.

My dearest Father,—I must write my last letter as a layman to you. I can't tell you the hundredth part of the thoughts that have been passing through my mind this week. There has been no return of the excitement that I experienced last Sunday and Monday, and I have been very happy and well.

To-day my eyes are not comfortable, from I know not what cause, but as all the work for them is over, it does not matter so much. I am glad to have had a quiet time for reflection. Indeed, I do not enough realise my great unworthiness and sinfulness, and the awful nature of the work I am undertaking. I pray God very earnestly for the great grace of humility, which I so sadly need ; and for a spirit of earnest prayer, that I may be preserved from putting trust in myself, and may know and forget myself in my office and work. I never could be fit for such work, I know that, and yet I am very thankful that the time for it has come. I do not feel excited, yet I am somewhat nervous because it requires an effort to meditate steadily. I have thought so much of my early life, of dearest Mamma. What a snare it seems, so full of transitory earthly plans and pursuits ; such a want of earnestness of purpose, and steady performance of duty ! God grant my life as a clergyman may be more innocent to myself, and more useful to others ! Tell dear Joan the gown came this morning. My kind love to her, Fan, and Jem.

Ever, my dearest Father,

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

On the ensuing day, Sunday, September 14, 1853, John Coleridge Patteson received the Diaconate at the hands of the venerable Bishop Phillpotts, in Exeter Cathedral. His being selected to read the Gospel was the proof of his superiority in the examination—no wonder, considering the two additional years that he had spent in preparation, and the deep study and searchings of heart of the last few months.

He was established in a small house at Alfington—the usual habitation of the Curate. And of his first sermon there, his uncle, Sir John Coleridge, gives the following touching description from his diary:—

'*October* 23, 1853.—Yesterday morning Arthur and I went to Alfington Church, to be present at Coley's first sermon. I don't know when I have been so much delighted and affected. His manner of saying the prayers was exceedingly good: his voice very sweet and musical; without seeming loud, it was fully audible, and gave assurance of more power if needed; his manner quite unaffected, but sweet and devout. His sermon was a very sound and good one, beautifully delivered; perhaps in the early parts, from the very sweetness of his voice, and the very rapid delivery of his words, a little more variety of intonation would have helped in conveying his meaning more distinctly to those who formed the bulk of his congregation. But when he came to personal parts this was not needed. He made a kind allusion to me, very affecting to me; and when I was in this mood, and he came to the personal parts, touching himself and his new congregation, what he knew he ought to be to them and to do for them, what they should do for themselves, and earnestly besought their prayers, I was completely

overcome, and weeping profusely. I thought of my sweet sister, and how she would have blessed the day had she been spared to see it; but who can say she did not? I bless God that he is what he is; and that at least for a time, if his life be spared, I have secured his services for my poor people at Alfington. Many years I can hardly expect to retain him there, but I feel sure that so long as he is there, he will be a blessing to them.'

Fanny Patteson and Arthur Coleridge were sitting with the Judge, and were equally overcome. When the service was over, and the congregation dispersed, Coley joined these three in the porch, holding out his hands, taking theirs and shedding tears, and they with him—tears of warm emotion too deep for words. He was evidently surprised at the effect produced. In fact, on looking at the sermon, it does not seem to have been in itself remarkable, but as his cousin Arthur says: 'I suppose the deep spirituality of the man, and the love we bore him for years, touched the emotional part of us.' The text was significant: 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake' (2 Cor. iv. 5).

The services that the newly-ordained Deacon undertook were the ordinary Sunday ones, and Wednesday and Friday Matins and Litany, Saints'-day prayers and lecture, and an Advent and Lent Evensong and lecture on Wednesdays and Fridays. These last had that great popularity which attends late services. Dr. Cornish used to come on one Sunday in the month to celebrate the Holy Communion (which is given weekly in the mother Church); and when Mr. Gardiner was able to be at Sidmouth, recovering from his illness, he used to come over on the second Sunday in the month

for the same purpose; and the next Lent, the Matins were daily, and followed by a lecture.

At this time Patteson's constitutional shrinking from general society was in full force, and he also had that dislike to 'speaking to' people in the way of censure, which so often goes with tender and refined natures, however strong; so that if his housekeeper needed a reproof, he would make his sister administer it, and creep out of reach himself; but this was one of the deficiencies with which he was struggling all his life, and fortunately it is a fact that the most effective lectures usually come from those to whom they cost the most.

This was the hardest part of his ministry. Where kindness and attention were needed, nothing could be more spontaneous, sweet, or winning than his ways. One of his parishioners, a farmer's daughter, writes:

> 'Our personal knowledge of him began some months before his Ordination, owing, I suppose, to Mr. Gardiner's severe illness; and as he was very much respected, Mr. Patteson's attentions won from the first our admiration and gratitude, which went on and on until it deepened into that love which I do not think could have been surpassed by the Galatians for their beloved St. Paul, which he records in his Epistle to them (chap. iv. 15). All were waiting for him at his Ordination, and a happy delusion seemed to have come over the minds of most, if not all, that he was as completely ours as if he had been ordained expressly for us.

It was not his own feeling, for he knew that when his apprenticeship should be past, the place was too small, and the work too easy, for a man in full force and vigour, though for the sake of his father he was glad to accept it for the present, to train himself in

the work, and to have full time for study; but he at that time looked to remaining in England during his father's lifetime, and perhaps transferring himself to Manchester, Liverpool, London, or some large city, where there was need of mission work among the neglected.

His father was on the City of London Charter Commission, and was in London from November to February, the daughters joining him there, but there was no lack of friends around Alfington. Besides Dr. Coleridge and his beloved household at Thorverton, the family of Mr. Frank Coleridge permanently at the Manor House at Ottery; and Mr. Justice Coleridge's family residing at Heath's Court, except in term time. The Vicar of the adjoining parish of Buckerell, the Rev. Edwin Coleridge, had married a cousin on the Patteson side of the family, and Salveston, in Ottery parish, was inhabited by the widow, son, and daughter of the late Bishop William Coleridge of Barbadoes, so that Alfington was in the midst of an absolute clan. In Buckerell parish, at Deerpark, that great old soldier, Lord Seaton, was spending the few years that passed between his Commissionership in the Ionian Isles and his Commandership in Ireland. He was connected with the Coleridges through the Yonge family, and the young people were all on familiar cousinly terms. Coley was much liked by him; and often joined in the rides through the lanes and to the hills with him and his daughters, when there were many conversations of much interest, as there could not fail to be with a man who had never held a government without doing his utmost to promote God's work in the Church and for education; who had, moreover, strong opinions derived from experience of the Red Indians in Upper Canada—namely, that to

reclaim the young, and educate them was the only hope of making Christianity take root in any fresh nation.

It was at Deerpark, at a dinner in the late autumn of this year 1853, that I saw Coley Patteson for the second and last time. I had seen him before in a visit of three days that I made at Feniton with my parents in the September of 1844, when he was an Eton boy, full of high spirits and merriment. I remember then, on the Sunday, that he and I accompanied our two fathers on a walk to the afternoon service at Ottery, and that on the way he began to show something of his inner self, and talked of his mother and her pleasure in Feniton; but it began to rain, and I stayed for the night at Heaths Court, so that our acquaintance ceased for that time. It was not a formal party at Deerpark, and the evening was chiefly spent in playing at games, thread paper verses and the like, in which Coley took his part with spirit. If I had guessed what he was to be, I should have observed him more; but though, in after years, our intercourse in letters makes us feel intimate with one another, these two brief meetings comprise the whole of my personal acquaintance with one in whom I then only saw a young clergyman with his heart in his work.

Perhaps this is the best place to mention his personal appearance, as the portrait at the beginning of this volume was taken not more than a year later.

He was tall and of a large powerful frame, broad in the chest and shoulders, and with small neat hands and feet, with more of sheer muscular strength and power of endurance than of healthiness, so that though seldom breaking down and capable of undergoing a great deal of fatigue and exertion, he was often slightly ailing, and was very sensitive to cold. His complexion was very dark, and there was a strongly marked line between

the cheeks and mouth, the corners of which drooped when at rest, so that it was a countenance peculiarly difficult to photographsuccessfully. The most striking feature was his eyes, which were of a very dark clear blue, full of an unusually deep earnest, and so to speak, inward, yet far away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness. So was his voice, which had the rich full sweetness inherited from his mother's family, and which always excited a winning influence over the hearers. Thus, though not a handsome man, he was more than commonly engaging, exciting the warmest affection in all who were concerned with him and giving in return an immense amount of interest and sympathy, which only became intensified to old friends while it expanded towards new ones.

Here is a letter to his Father, undated, but written not long after his settling down at Alfington.

After expressing his regret that his voice had been inaudible to his sister Joanna at a Friday evening service, he proceeds :—

I did not speak very loud, because I don't think I *could* do so and at the same time keep my mind at work and thoughts collected. Anything which is so unnatural and unusual as to make me conscious of myself in a peculiar manner would prevent, I fear, my getting on with my oration at all.

I am glad you think I could not have acted otherwise with R——. I quite expect ere long to find something going on which may call for my interference, and I specially guarded myself on this point. It is distinctly understood that I shall speak to him quite plainly whenever and wherever I think it necessary to do so. I do not suppose it very

likely that he can go on long without my being forced to take some step; but I really feel so very unequal to expressing a decided opinion upon the great question of Bible readers, that I am certainly glad I have not taken up a hostile position hastily. As a matter of fact, he *reads* in very few cottages in my district; tracts he distributes almost everywhere.

Now I see of course the distinction between a man making it his business to read the Bible and neighbours dropping in occasionally to read a chapter to one who is unable to read, but where you are distinctly told that the wish is most decidedly to support the clergyman, and answers not unsatisfactory are given upon main points, what difference remains between the two cases I have put that can furnish matter for fair *argument*, with a man from education, &c., disposed to take a different view of the whole question? Add to this, that I cannot appeal to the universal practice of the clergy. 'Why,' might it be said, 'do you, as a clergyman find a difficulty where Mr. H. finds none? You are, after all, acting on your own private opinion, though you lay claim to authority for it.' I cannot successfully appeal to the distinctive teaching of our Church, clear and manifest as it is, for the very words I think conclusive contain no such evidence for him, and so on *ad infinitum*. Besides, to speak quite what I feel at present, though only so perhaps because my view is necessarily unformed, the natural order of things in such a district as this seems to be: gain the affections of the people by gentleness and showing real interest in their welfare, spiritual and temporal; show them in the Bible such teaching as the Church considers necessary (but not as yet

upon the authority of the Church, or at least not so expressed to them); lead them gradually to the acknowledgment of such truths as these: that Christ did found a society called the Church, and appoint to certain persons whom he *sent* the Ministry of reconciliation; that if we have no guide but mere opinion, there will be thousands of conflicting opinions in the world even among good men, whereas Truth can be but one, and that practically this is found to be so; that it is no argument to say, that the Spirit so operated as to enlighten the reason of each individual to this extent, viz., that it may compose a Creed for him or herself; that the Spirit acts now in the ordinary, though not less real and heavenly manner; and that the infinite divisions among sectaries proves the fact to be as I state it.

Thus I imagine the want of that external and visible Church will be felt as necessary to fix the Creeds πᾶσα καταδίκη.

But to reverse this process, to cram *positive* teaching down their throats upon the authority of the Church before they know what the Church is, or feel the need of any power outside (so to speak) their own minds to guide them, does seem to me in a place like this (humanly speaking) suicidal. I cannot, of course, tell how much preparatory teaching they have received, but I must judge from what I see and hear, and deal accordingly in each cottage. Some few there are to whom I can speak, as to Church people in the real sense of the word, but these are as two or three in a hundred.

One line to say whether you think me right or wrong, would be a great comfort to me. I feel no tendency to latitudiarianism, but only to see much good in systems unrecognised by your very high-

flyers. I believe that the Church teaching is represented in an unfavourable, often offensive, light to many of our poor, because they hear words and see things which find no response in their hearts; because they are told, ordered almost, to believe things the propriety of believing which they do not recognise; because the existence of wants is implied when they have never been felt, and a system for supplying them introduced which finds no room in the understanding or affections of the patient.

But you know, dear Father, what I mean, without more dusky attempts at explaining myself.

Do not many High Churchmen want a little more 'experimental religion' in Bishop Jebb's sense of the terms: not a religion of the feelings, but a religion brought home to the heart, and truly felt so as to prohibit any systematic criticism of the feelings?

I am late this week with my sermons, I have not begun either of them, and may have one to-morrow evening if my voice will do its part. I write very long washy concerns, and find it difficult to do otherwise, for it is a good pull upon me week after week, and latterly I have not been able to read very much. I shall look out two or three that I think fair specimens, and ask you by-and-by to run your eye over them, that you may point out the defects.

My ignorance of the Bible astonishes me, though not so much as it ought to do. I purpose, D.V. to commence a thorough study of the original texts. I must try to become *something* of a scholar, at all events, to make any progress in the work. I sometimes hope that, in spite of my many backslidings and broken resolutions, some *move* is taking place within, where most it is wanted; but I live here so

quietly, that I have little (comparatively) food for some special faults. Good-bye, my dear Father,

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. C. P.

'Some move taking place within!' It is impossible not to pause and observe how as Confirmation and Communion had almost palpably strengthened the boy's struggles with his inherent faults, so the grace conferred with the Deacon's orders is now felt to be lifting him higher, and enabling him to see further than he has yet seen.

Sermons were, however, never Patteson's forte. Though his pen flowed so freely in letters, and he could pour out his heart extemporaneously with great depth, fervour and simplicity, his sermons were laboured and metaphysical, as if he had taken too much pains with them as it were, and he could not speak to the abstract, as he could to the individual, or when he saw the effect of his words. It was perhaps owing to the defective system which threw two sermons a week upon a young deacon at a time when his mind was working through such an experimental course of study and thought. Yet his people, who had learnt to believe in little but preaching, would not have come to prayers alone; and the extemporary addresses, in which he would probably have been much more successful, would have seemed to him at his age and at that period—twenty years back—too presumptuous to be attempted, at any rate till he had better learnt his ground. How his system would have succeeded, we cannot tell. The nature of the peasantry of the county he had to deal with is, to be quick witted, argumentative, and ready of retort; open to religious impressions, but with much of self-opinion

and conceit, and not much reverence, and often less conscientious in matters of honesty and morality than denser rustics of less apparent piety. The Church had for a long period been at a peculiarly low ebb in the county, and there is not a neighbourhood which has not traditions of incredibly ignorant, careless and underbred—if not dissipated—clergy; and though there were grand exceptions, they were only respected as men, faith in the whole system, as a system, was destroyed. Bishop Philpotts, coming down on such elements as these, was, in spite of his soundness of faith and grand trenchant force of character, better as a warrior than as a shepherd, and the controversial and political sides of his character, though invaluable to the Church, did not recommend him to the affections of the people of his diocese, who could not understand the points of the debate, and wanted the direct evidence of spirituality which they *could* appreciate.

The cholera of 1832 had been especially terrible in the unwholesome precincts of the Devonshire seaports, and the effect was a great craving for religion. The Church was in no condition to avail herself of it; in fact, she would have viewed it with distrust as excitement. Primitive Methodism and Plymouth Brethrenism supplied the void, gave opportunities of prayer, and gratified the quickened longing for devotion; and therewith arose that association of the Church with deadness and of Dissent with life, which infected even the most carefully tended villages, and with which Patteson was doing his best to contend at Alfington. The stage of gaining the people's affection and confidence, and of quickening their religious life, he had attained; and the further work of teaching them that the Church alone gives security of saving

union with Christ, was yet to come when his inward call led him elsewhere.

Before the never forgotten anniversary of the autumn, the following was sent :—

Alfington : November 26.

My dearest Father,—I like you to have a line from me on the 28th that you may feel sure we are all of us together thinking upon dear Mamma and of the time when it pleased God to take her from us. As Fanny says, the 28th falls again on a Monday, making the recollection of the time more vivid. I think of her more than ever now that I am a clergyman : I think how she wished for this, how she would, had it pleased God to spare her, have assisted me by kind advice and still more by her prayers. I realize more strongly day by day (what I never trust myself to speak of to any but you and the girls and Jem) and preserve a most firm belief in the possibility, it may be probability, of departed spirits knowing far more about us than we are apt to suspect generally ; and without any mental effort to excite the feeling, I do often find the thought of this pass rapidly into my mind when I am praying God to unite us all together hereafter in His heavenly kingdom.

I don't think that I am running the least risk (thank God) of cherishing morbid unhealthy feelings, my life is too active for that, constant teaching, visiting and reading prevent me from brooding over my own thoughts ; but still the comparative privacy of my life does tend to make the impressions produced by being much alone, and reflecting much very strong. I go out and visit, and don't shrink from society ; but when I am at home, I am alone,

i.e. — when the evening hours with night schools, parishioners, or servants, are over. I have abundant leisure for meditation, and most happy and thankful I am for it.

The time passes very rapidly. Day goes on after day, and the work might seem monotonous but for this inward discipline. My reading becomes less discursive; but the teaching of the Bible will, I trust, open upon me in more of its depths and fulness. I feel it does, thank God, in a measure, and the coming in contact with so many different minds all helps to make religion more real and to substitute substantial realities for words. I don't mean that I am different from what I was; only I think, with great gratitude, that this life suits me, and that whatever effect my ministerial labours had on others, they certainly produce a salutary effect on myself. I never worked much harder, but then very little of it is uphill work now. I don't say that there are not many things which remain altogether undone, but the reading and writing on religious subjects is in itself more interesting to me than working at classics. Meanwhile, do not think that I am looking only at the bright side. It is one among other signs of this state I attempt to describe that sins long forgotten, years of neglect, and thoughtlessness come before my mind at times with startling force, and more than ever I feel the need of God's grace to make me humble. I am glad I have run on speaking of myself so plainly to you, but the thoughts of dear Mamma occasioned it naturally . . .

My kind love to all.

Ever your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

On the 12th of December he says :—

'Yesterday was a very happy day, Gardiner came to help me and he administered the Holy Communion to twenty-seven or twenty-eight of my own people. This is nearly double the average before I came, and two regular attendants are prevented by sickness from being at Church. I trust I have not urged the necessity of communicating unwisely upon them. I preach on it once a month, as you know, and in almost every sermon allude to it, and where occasion offers, speak about it to individuals at home; but I try to put before them the great awfulness of it as well as the danger of neglecting it, and I warn them against coming without feeling really satisfied from what I read to them, and they read in the Bible concerning it. Six came yesterday for the first time . . . Old William (seventy-five years of age), who has never been a Communicant, volunteered on Thursday to come, if I thought it right. He is, and always has been (I am told), a thoroughly respectable, sober, industrious man, regular at Church once a day; and I went to his cottage with a ticket in my pocket to urge him to consider the danger of going on as if content with what he did and without striving to press onwards, &c. But, after a long conversation on other matters, he said: "I should like, Sir, to come to the Sacrament, if you have no objection;" and very happy and thankful I felt, for I had prayed very earnestly that this old man might be led thither by God's grace, and now it was done without any urging on my part, beyond what he heard in Church and what I had said to his daughter about him.'

The next of his letters is occupied with the pecuniary

affairs of his lodging house for farm boys, and the obtaining of ground where they might grow vegetables for their own use.

In February his family returned home, and his sister Fanny thus speaks of him to a friend :—

'He does not look well; and at first we were quite uneasy, for his eyes were heavy and puffed, but he is much better, and confesses that dinners and evenings here do him good, though he quite denies the starving, and Mrs. Knowles also. She says he gets over anxious in mind, and was completely chilled the week he sat in the hall. No doubt his house is still both cold and damp, and the Church the same, and therefore the labour of reading and preaching is very great. We are by degrees interesting him in our winter life, having heard all his performances and plans; and he is very glad to have us back, though much too busy to have missed us when we were away. Now he has daily morning service, with a lecture; and if it lasts, the impression he has made is really extraordinary. We may well pray that he should not be vain of his works. There are men whose whole lives seem changed, if I am to believe what I hear.'

One more letter of this period we give, to his cousin Arthur :—

Feniton : Thursday, 5·30 P.M.

My dear Arthur,—I write you see from Feniton, whither I have been driven by a violent cold caught on Saturday, and accompanied by partial loss of voice. I got through the Sunday duty pretty well, but have not been able to have my daily service since, and I half fear shall not be able to do much before next Sunday. So I came home on Wednes-

day (yesterday) to be looked after, there being no person requiring my daily attendance now in my district.

While here I have looked into the 'Correspondence between Bishop Jebb and A. Knox, Esq.' Read it if it comes in your way: it is very light, easy reading, though dealing with important subjects, give much matter for subsequent reflection without making your head ache at the time, and is I think particularly useful to clergymen. It would be a great happiness to me if I could save you in any way the labour and loss of time incurred in going over much ground that I have needlessly laboured along. You can I know always consult Fred, and his experience is much greater than mine; but I will only put before you the actual result of my own experience, and leave you to judge for yourself. I have unquestionably lost very much time in desultory reading in letting my eye pass over pages without exercising my mind, in substituting the conviction of others (expressed in Commentaries, Sermons, &c.) for the process of thinking out a matter myself. There is *nothing*, I really think *nothing*, gained by this; and the mind from not being employed loses its power, while one is deceived into the notion that real work is going on.

I think that by calmly considering *the* two or three great questions which lie at the bottom of every parochial difficulty, and thinking deeply and continuously upon them, with the aid of books and writing, so long only as they are made by thought part of oneself, more real good will be done and more peace of mind ensured (humanly speaking) than by any amount of discursive reading; but I am satisfied that unless one's own heart and life form

the key to the understanding, the mystery of sin, the case of the sinner, the power of the Gospel, &c., our preaching cannot be effective and our knowledge of the Bible will be little more than intellectual. Now this Correspondence is, I think, *suggestive*, just what I imagine is desirable for people at our age; it does not save us the trouble of thought, it does not come recommended by a name which we are so familiar with as to command respect at once, *e.g.* Pusey, Newman, Mill, Keble, &c. so that we criticise it fairly upon its own merits, and can gather up or cast aside the hints it gives as we think fit. If you don't mind my coolly advising you, I would add that, of all things I have writing out short Essays upon various questions is the most profitable, and I think many abstract questions of divinity become easier to us when reduced to practice, *e.g.* instead of taking the theoretical ground about Dissent, imagine yourself discussing the question with a moderately well informed Dissenter, realise his position, account for circumstances of education, defective working of Church system, &c.; or again, in thinking upon Justification, it may be an help to think what was the *modus operandi* and the status of the palsied man, or many as after the words passed: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'

It would be a very great delight to me to walk and talk thus some day; things become so real when they have to be applied, not to abstractions of the mind, but to persons. Good-bye, old fellow, and let me hear from time to time how you go on. My cold has inflicted this upon you.

Ever yours,
J. C. P.

Such was the young Deacon's early success. With an affectionate brother close at hand, and friends within easy reach, his Fellowship preserving his connection with Oxford, his father's and brother's profession with London, in fact, all England could offer; and he would easily have it in his power to take fresh holidays on the Continent and enjoy those delights of scenery, architecture, art and music, which he loved with an appreciation and enthusiasm that could easily have become an absorbing passion. Who could have a smoother, easier, pleasanter career open to him than the Rev. John Coleridge Patteson at six and twenty?

Yet even then, the wish breathed to his mother, at fourteen, that he might devote himself to the cause of the heathen, lay deep in his heart; although for the present, he was, as it were, waiting to see what God would have him do, whether his duty to his Father required him to remain at hand, or whether he might be called to minister in some great English manufacturing town.

Early in 1854, it became known that the Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn were about to spend a year in England. Coley's aspirations to mission work were renewed. The thoughts excited by the sermons he had heard at Eton twelve years previously grew in force. He remembered his mother's promise of her blessing, and seriously considered of offering himself to assist in the work in the Southern Hemisphere. He discussed the matter seriously with his friend, Mr. Gardiner, who was strongly of opinion that the scheme ought not to be entertained during his father's lifetime. He acquiesced; but if his heart and mind were convinced, his soul and spirit were not, and the yearnings for the forefront of the battle were not quenched, though there was no slackening of zeal over

the present little flock, to make them suspect that he had a thought beyond.

Old ties of friendship already mentioned made the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn promise to spend a few days at Feniton; but there was a heavy sorrow upon the family, which would have made almost any other visitors a trial at that moment. The beloved 'Uncle Frank,' so often affectionately mentioned, had been failing for some time. He had taken a journey abroad, with two of his daughters, in hopes of refreshment and invigoration, but the fatigue and excitement were more than he could bear; he returned home, took to his bed, and rapidly sank, dying on the 11th of August, 1854. As Patteson wrote to his old friend, Miss Neill:—

> 'He suffered no pain, and was in a heavenly state of mind indeed, a most blessed death bed, most suggestive of comfort and peace to all who survive as a most evident proof of what the close of life may be, if only that life is spent faithfully in doing our duty to God.'

Truly, the kindly genial presence, and upright, high principled character of Francis George Coleridge were not a little missed among his friends. He was laid close to that Churchyard gate, where he had passed, every morning, with his children about him, to dedicate his day's work at the 8 o'clock service in that beautiful Church, in whose renovation and decoration he had borne no inconsiderable part. A few days after the funeral, on the 19th of August, the New Zealand guests arrived at Feniton. After joining in the family welcome, Coley went apart, and gave way to a great burst of tears, due, perhaps, not so much to disappointed ardour, as to the fervent emotion excited by the actual presence of a hero of the Church Militant,

who had so long been the object of deep silent enthusiasm. The next morning, Coley walked from Alfington to breakfast at home, and afterwards went into the garden with the Bishop, who led him to talk freely of his present work in all its details. By and by the question arose, Did it satisfy him?

Yes, the being near his father satisfied him that it was right for the present, but at some future time, he hoped to do more, go perhaps to some great manufacturing town, or, as he could not help going on to say, what he should like would be to go out as a missionary, only the thought of his father withheld him.

'But,' replied the Bishop, 'if you think about doing a thing of that sort, it should not be put off till you are getting on in life. It should be done with your full strength and vigour.'

Then followed an endeavour on both sides to ascertain whether the inclination was a real earnest desire, or only fancy for the romance of mission work. The test might be whether he were willing to go wherever he might be sent, or only where he was most interested. Coley replied, that he was willing to work anywhere, adding that his sister Fanny could testify whether his desire were a real one of long standing or the mere outcome of a fit of enthusiasm.

Therewith they separated, and Coley, going straight to Fanny, told her what had passed: 'I could not help it,' he said:—'I told the Bishop of my wish.'

'You ought to put it to my father, that he may decide it,' she answered; 'he is so great a man that he ought not to be deprived of the crown of the sacrifice if he be willing to make it.'

So Coley repaired to his father, and confessed his long cherished wish, and how it had come forth to the Bishop. Sir John was manifestly startled; but at once

said: 'You have done quite right to speak to me, and not to wait. It is my first impulse to say No, but that would be very selfish.'

Coley explained that he was 'driven to speak;' he declared himself not dissatisfied with his present position, nor he hoped, impatient. If his staying at home were decided upon, he would cheerfully work on there without disappointment or imagining his wishes thwarted. He would leave the decision entirely in the hands of his father and the Bishop.

Luncheon brought the whole family together; and Sir John, making room for his younger daughter beside him, said, 'Fan, did you know this about Coley?'

She answered that she had some idea, but no more could pass till the meal was ended; when her father went into another room, and she followed him. The great grief broke out in the exclamation: 'I can't let him go;' but even as the words were uttered, they were caught back, as it were, with—'God forbid I should stop him.'

The subject could not be pursued, for the Bishop was public property among the friends and neighbours, and the rest of the day was bestowed upon them. He preached on the Sunday at Alfington, where the people thronged to hear him, little thinking of the consequences of his visit.

Not till afterwards were the Bishop and the father alone together, when Sir John brought the subject forward. The Bishop has since said that what struck him most was the calm balancing of arguments, like a true Christian Judge. Sir John spoke of the great comfort he had in this son, cut off as he was by his infirmity from so much of society, and enjoying the young man's coming in to talk about his work. He dwelt on all with entire absence of excitement, and

added: 'But there, what right have I to stand in his way? How do I know that I may live another year?'

And as the conversation ended, 'Mind,' he said; 'I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me.'

That resolution was the cause of much peace of mind to both father and son.

After family prayers that Sunday night, when all the rest had gone upstairs, the Bishop detained the young man, and told him the result of the conversation, then added: 'Now, my dear Coley, having ascertained your own state of mind and having spoken at length to your father and your family, I can no longer hesitate, as far as you recognise any power to call on my part, to invite you most distinctly to the work.'

The reply was full acceptance.

Then taking his hand, the Bishop said, 'God bless you, my dear Coley! It is a great comfort to me to have you for a friend and companion.'

Such was the outward and such the inward vocation to the Deacon now within a month of the Priesthood. Was it not an evident call from Him by whom the whole Church is governed and sanctified? And surely the noble old man who forced himself not to withhold 'his son, his firstborn son' received his crown from Him who said: 'With blessing I will bless thee.'

And he wrote to his brother:

August 21.

'My dear old Jem,—I have news for you of an unexpected and startling kind; about myself: and I am afraid that it will cause you some pain to hear what I am to tell you. You must know that for years I have felt a strong leaning toward missionary work,

and though my proceedings at Alfington and even the fact of going thither might seem to militate against such a notion, yet the feeling has been continually present to me, and constantly exercising an increasing influence over me. I trust I have not taken an enthusiastic or romantic view of things; my own firm hope and trust is that I have decided upon calm deliberate conviction, and it is some proof of this, that Fanny and Joan have already guessed my state of mind, and months ago anticipated what has now taken place. . . . And so, dear Jem, you must help them all to bear what will of course be a great trial. This is my trial also; for it is hard to bear the thought that I *may* be giving unnecessary pain and causing distress without really having considered sufficiently the whole matter. But then I think God does not call now by an open vision; this thought has been for years working in my mind: it was His Providence that brought me into contact with the Bishop in times past, and has led me to speak now. I cannot doubt this. I feel sure that if I was alone in the world I should go; the only question that remains is, 'am I bound to stay for my dear Father's sake, or for the sake of you all?' and this has been answered for me by Father and the Bishop. And now, my dear Jem, think well over my character, sift it thoroughly, and try to see what there is which may have induced me to act wrongly in a matter of so much consequence. This is the kindest thing you can do; for we ought to take every precaution not to make a mistake before it is too late. Speak out quite plainly; do tell me distinctly as far as you can see them my prevailing faults, what they were in boyhood, at Eton, and at College. It may help me to contemplate more

clearly and truly the prospect before me. We shall have many opportunities, I trust, of discussing all this by and bye. I shall tell Uncle John, because some arrangements must be made about Alfington as soon as may be. My tutor knows something about it already; it will soon be known to more. But do not suppose that I imagine myself better qualified for this work than hundreds of others more earnest, and infinitely more unselfish, and practically good; but I have received an invitation to a peculiar work, which is not offered to many others. We must all look onwards: we must try to think of this world as but a short moment in our existence; our real life and home is beyond the grave. On September 24th I hope to be ordained Priest; think of me and pray for me, my dear old fellow, that God will give me more of your own unselfishness and care and interest for others, and teach me to act not according to my own will and pleasure, but solely with a view to His honour and glory. God bless you, my dear old Jem, my dear, dear brother.

Your most loving brother,

J. C. P.

From that moment the matter was treated as fixed; and only three days later, the intention was announced to the relations at Thorverton.

This is the letter to the little fatherless cousin, Paulina Martyn, who had always been devoted to Coley, and whom he loved with a triple portion of the affection children always gained from him. She was only eight years old, but had the precocity of solitary children much attended to by their elders.

Feniton: August 24, 1854.

My darling Pena,—I am going to tell you a secret, and I am afraid it is one which will make you feel very

sorry for a little while. Do you remember my talking to you one day after breakfast rather gravely, and telling you afterwards it was my first sermon to you? Well, my darling, I was trying to hint to you that you must not expect to go on very long in this world without troubles and trials, and that the use of them is to make us think more about God and about Heaven, and to remember that our real and unchangeable happiness is not to be found in this world, but in the next. It was rather strange for me to say all this to a bright happy good child like you, and I told you that you ought to be bright and happy, and to thank God for making you so. It is never right for us to try to *make* ourselves sad and grieve. Good people and good children are cheerful and happy, although they may have plenty of trials and troubles. You see how quietly and patiently Mamma and Grandpapa and Grandmamma take all their trouble about dear Aunty, that is a good lesson for us all. And now, my darling, I will tell you my secret. I am going to sail at Christmas, if I live so long, a great way from England, right to the other end of the world, with the good Bishop of New Zealand. I dare say you know where to find it on the globe. Clergymen are wanted out there to make known the Words of God to the poor ignorant people, and for many reasons it is thought right that I should go. So after Christmas you will not see me again for a very long time, perhaps never in this world; but I shall write to you very often, and send you ferns and seeds, and tell you about the Norfolk Island pines, and you must write to me, and tell me all about yourself, and always think of me, and pray for me, as one who loves you dearly with all his heart, and

will never cease to pray God that the purity and innocence of your childhood may accompany you all through your life and make you a blessing (as you are now, my darling) to your dear mother and all who know you.

Ever your most affectionate,
J. C. PATTESON.

To the child's mother the words are: —

'I pray God that I may have chosen aright, and that if I have acted from sudden impulse too much, from love of display, or from desire to raise some interest about myself, or from any other selfish and unholy motive, it may be mercifully forgiven.

Now, at all events, I must pray that with a single honest desire for God's glory, I may look straight onwards towards the mark. I must forget what is behind, I must not lose time in analysing my state of mind to see how, during years past, this wish has worked itself out. I trust the wish is from God, and now I must forget myself, and think only of the work whereunto I am called. But it is hard to flesh and blood to think of the pain I am causing my dear dear Father, and the pain I am causing to others outside my own circle here. But they are all satisfied that I am doing what is right, and it would surprise you, although you know them so well, to hear the calmness with which we talk about outfits.'

Then follows the account of the interviews, which has already been given, partly from this letter, and partly from the recollections of his sister and of the Bishop. To Miss Neill the intelligence was thus given :—

'And now one word about myself, which at such a time I should not obtrude upon you, but that the

visit of the Bishop of New Zealand made it necessary for me to speak.

I am going with him to work, if all is well, at the Antipodes, believing that the growing desire for missionary work, which for years has been striving within me, ought no longer to be resisted, and trusting that I am not mistaken in supposing that this is the line of duty that God has marked out for me.'

You may be sure that all this is done with the full consent and approbation of my dear Father. He and the Bishop had a great deal of conversation about it, and I left it entirely for them to determine. That it will be a great trial to us all at Christmas when we sail, I cannot conceal from myself, it is so great a separation that I cannot expect ever to see my dear Father, perhaps not any of those I love best, again in this world. But if you all know that I am doing, or trying to do, what is right, you will all be happy about me; and what has just been taking place at the Manor House teaches us to look on a little to a blessed meeting in a better place soon. It is from no dissatisfaction at my present position, that I am induced to take this step. I have been very happy at Alfington; and I hope to be ordained Priest, on the 24th of September, with a calm mind. I trust I am not following any sudden hasty impulse, but obeying a real call to a real work, and (in the midst of much self-seeking and other alloy), not wholly without a sincere desire to labour for the honour and glory of God.'

With this purpose full in view, Coleridge Patteson received Ordination as a Priest in the ensuing Ember Week, again at the hands of Bishop Phillpotts, in Exeter Cathedral; where a beautiful marble pulpit is to commemorate the fact.

The wrench from home and friends could not but be terrible. The sisters, indeed, were so far prepared that they had been aware from the first of his wish and his mother's reception of it, and when they told their Father, he was pleased and comforted; for truly he was upheld by the strength of willing sacrifice. Those were likewise sustained who felt the spirit of missionary enterprise and sympathy, which was at that time so strongly infused into the Church; but the shock was severe to many, and especially to the brother who had been devoted to Coley from their earliest infancy, and among his relations the grief was great.

As to the district of Alfington, the distress was extreme. The people had viewed Mr. Patteson as their exclusive property, and could not forgive the Bishop of New Zealand for, as they imagined, tempting him away. 'Ah! Sir,' was the school mistress's answer to some warm words from Mr. Justice Coleridge in praise of Bishop Selwyn, 'he may be—no doubt he is—a very good man. I only wish he had kept his hands off Alfington.' 'It would not be easy,' says the parishioner from whom I have already quoted, 'to describe the intense sorrow in view of separation. Mr. Patteson did all he could to assure us that it was his own will and act, consequent upon the conviction that it was God's will that he should go, and to exonerate the Bishop, but for some time he was regarded as the immediate cause of our loss; and he never knew half the hard things said of him by the same people who, when they heard he was coming, and would preach on the Sunday, did their utmost to make themselves and their children look their very best.'

Indeed, the affectionate writer seems to have shared the poor people's feeling that they had thus festally

received a sort of traitor with designs upon their pastor. She goes on to tell of his ministrations to her mother, whose death-bed was the first he attended as a Priest. 'It would be impossible for me to say all he was to her.' Not long before her death, when he had just left the room, she said, 'I have not felt any pain or weakness whilst Mr. Patteson has been here.' I was not always present during his visits to her, and I think their closer communings were only known to Him above, but their effects were discernible in that deep confidence in him on her part, and that lasting impression on him, for you will remember, in his letter last April, he goes back in memory to that time, and calls it—'a solemn scene in my early ministry.' Solemn, indeed, it was to us all that last night of her life upon earth. He was with her from about the middle of the day on Monday until about four o'clock on Tuesday morning; when, after commending her soul to God, he closed her eyes with his own hands, and taking out his watch, told us the hour and moment of her departure. He then went home and apprised Miss Wilkins of her death in these words: 'My soul fleeth unto the LORD before the morning watch, I say before the morning watch,' and at the earliest dawn of day, the villagers were made aware that she had passed away by the tolling bell, and tolled by him. This was not the only death during his ministry among us; but it was the first occasion where he gave the Communion of the Sick, also when he read the Burial Service. Cases of rejoicing with those that rejoiced as well as of weeping with those that wept, the child and the aged seemed alike to appreciate his goodness. In him were combined those qualities which could inspire with deep reverence and entire confidence. Many, many are or will be the

stars in the crown of his rejoicing, 'and some owe to him under God, their deeper work of grace in the heart and their quickening in the divine life.'

A remarkable testimony is this to the impression remaining after the lapse of sixteen years from a ministry extending over no more than seventeen months. 'Our Mr. Patteson,' the people called him to the last.

Yet, in the face of all this grief, the parting till death, the work broken off, the life cut short midway, the profusion of needs at home for able ministers, is it to be regretted that Coleridge Patteson devoted himself to the more remote fields abroad? I think we shall find that his judgment was right. Alfington might love him dearly, but the numbers were too small to afford full scope for his powers, and he would have experienced the trials of cramped and unemployed energies had he remained there beyond his apprenticeship. Nor were his gifts, so far as can be judged, exactly those most requisite for work in large towns. He could deal with individuals better than with masses, and his metaphysical mind, coupled with the curious difficulty he had in writing to an unrealised public, either in sermons or reports, might have rendered him less effective than men of less ability. He avoided, moreover, the temptations, pain, and sting of the intellectual warfare within the bosom of the Church, and served her cause more effectually on her borders than he could in her home turmoils. His great and peculiar gifts of languages, seconded by his capacity for navigation, enabled him to be the builder up of the Melanesian Church in so remarkable a manner that one can hardly suppose but that he was marked out for it, and these endowments would have found no scope in an ordinary career. Above all, no man can safely refuse the call to obey the higher leadings of grace.

If he deny them, he will probably fall below that which he was before, and lose 'even that which he seemeth to have.'

On October 22, he preached in the parish church at Ottery a sermon which his uncle the Judge noted down as a most sweet and influential one. 'No one can beat him, I think, in sweetness of voice and manner. I don't know whether his preaching is not almost too fluent and agreeable, so as to endanger its impressiveness.'

The beginning of term was recalling Mr. Justice Coleridge to London; and on the 24th his nephew called at Heath's Court to take leave of him, but missed him. In the evening the following note arrived:—

My dear Uncle,—I was sorry to miss you to-day, and I could not get to Ottery in the afternoon. I should like to have seen you once more.

I have written your name in a book, which Joan and Fan will take to Ottery. The inscription is ungrammatical, but I did not think about that. I feel much more than I can say or write to you, my dear Uncle, but if I let my feelings get the mastery over me, I shall cause them all more pain when it comes to the pinch at Christmas. Nothing causes me more real anxiety than the leaving Alfington. It is, I fear, very unfair upon the people, and very hard upon you, but I *do* feel strongly that it is my duty to go.

Good-bye, my dearest Uncle, I shall never cease to think of you and love you for all your kindness and affection to your loving and dutiful nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

The book was a magnificent copy in folio of Estins'

Commentary on the Epistles, which had been given to Coley by his father two years before. A few days later, he wrote to his cousin Arthur Coleridge another expression of his feelings regarding the step he had taken in the midst of the pain it was costing to others.

Feniton: November 11, 9 A.M.

My dear Arthur,—Your letter was very acceptable, because I am, I confess, in that state of mind occasionally when the assurance of my being right, coming from another, tends to strengthen my own conviction.

I do not really doubt as I believe; and yet, knowing my want of consideration for others, and many other thoughts which naturally prevent my exercising a clear sound judgment on a matter affecting myself, I sometimes (when I have had a conversation, it throws me back upon analysing my own conduct) feel inclined to go over the whole process again, and that is somewhat trying.

On the other hand, I am almost strangely free from excitement. I live on exactly as I did before; and even when alone with Father, talk just as I used to talk, have nothing more to tell him, not knowing how to make a better use of these last quiet evenings.

By and bye I shall wish I had done otherwise, perhaps, but I do not know now, that I have anything specially requiring our consideration: we talk about family matters, the movements in the theological and political world, &c., very little about ourselves.

Jem wrote me a line to say that P. and you meant to give me a pocket compass, a capital present, but do not go and spend much money upon it: I shall value it for the sake of the givers more

than for its intrinsic value; and it will recall the music room here, and set me humming many a Lied, that it may be I shall never hear again.

One of all others I delight to think of for the music's sake, and far more for the glorious thought that it conveys. 'Then shall the righteous,' not indeed that I dare apply it to myself (as you know), but it helps one on, teaches what we may be, what our two dear parents are, and somehow the intervening space becomes smaller as the eye is fixed steadily on the glory beyond.

God bless you, my dear fellow.

Ever your affectionate

J. C. P.

The Mission party intended to sail immediately after Christmas in the 'Southern Cross,' the schooner which was being built at Southampton for voyages among the Melanesian isles. In expectation of this, Patteson went up to London in the beginning of December, when the admirable crayon likeness was taken by Mr. Richmond, an engraving from which is here given. He then took his last leave of his uncle, and of the cousins who had been so dear to him ever since the old days of daily meeting in childhood; and Miss Neill, then a permanent invalid, notes down: 'On December 13, I had the happiness of receiving the Holy Communion from dear Coley Patteson, and the following morning I parted from him, as I fear, for ever. God bless and prosper him, and guard him in all the dangers he will encounter!' He wrote thus soon after his return:—

Feniton: December 22, 1854.

My dear Miss Neill,—I began a note to you a day or two ago, but I could not go on with it, for I have

had so very much to do in church and out of it, parochializing, writing sermons, &c. It makes some little difference in point of time whether I am living here or at Alfington, and so the walking about from one house to another is not so convenient for writing letters as for thinking over sermons.

I need not tell you what a real happiness and comfort it is to me to have been with you again and to have talked so long with you, and most of all to have received the Communion with you. It is a blessed thought that no interval of space or time can interrupt that Communion of the Spirit, and that we are one in Him, though working in different corners of the Lord's field.

I want to look you out a little book or two; and Fanny has told you that if ever my picture is photographed, I have particularly desired them to send you a copy with my love. Your cross I have now round my neck, and I shall always wear it; it will hang there with a locket containing locks of hair of my dear Father and Mother, the girls, and Jem.

You will be glad to hear that they all seem cheerful and hearty. Fan is not well, but I do not see that she is depressed or unhappy. In fact, the terrible events of the war prove a lesson to all, and they feel, I suppose, that it might be far worse, and that so long as I am doing my duty, there is no cause for sorrow.

Still there will be seasons of loneliness and sadness, and it seems to me as if it always was so in the case of all the people of whom we read in the Bible. Our Lord distinctly taught His disciples to expect it to be so, and even experienced this sorrow of heart Himself, filling up the full measure of His cup of

bitterness. So I don't learn that I ought exactly to wish it to be otherwise, so much is said in the Bible about being made partaker of His sufferings, only I pray that it may please God to bear me up in the midst of it. I must repeat that your example is constantly before me, as a witness to the power that God gives of enduring pain and sickness it is indeed, and great comfort it gives me. He is not indeed keeping you still in the world without giving you a work to do, and enabling you from your bed of sickness to influence strongly a circle of friends.

God bless you for all your kindness to me, and watchfulness over me as a child, for your daily thought of me and prayers for me, and may He grant that I may wear your precious gift not only *on* but *in* my heart.

Always your very affectionate

J. C. PATTESON.

P. S.—I do not expect to sail for three weeks; this morning I had a line about the ship, and they say that she cannot be ready for a fortnight.'

On Christmas-day, he was presented with a Bible, subscribed for by the whole Alfington population. Here is a sentence from his letter of acknowledgment.

'If these poor needy souls can, from love to a fellow creature whom they have known but a few months, deny themselves their very crumb of bread to show their affection, what should be our conduct to Him from whom we have received all things, and to whom we owe our life, strength, and all that we possess?'

The farewell service was said by one of these poor old people to be like a great funeral. Sexagesima

Sunday was Sir John's sixty-sixth birthday, and it was spent in expectation that it would be the last of the whole party at home, for on the Monday Sir John was obliged to go to London for a meeting of the Judicial Committee. The two notes his son wrote during his absence are, perhaps to prove good spirits, full of the delights of skating, which were afforded by the exceptionally severe frost of February 1855, which came opportunely to regale with this favourite pastime one who would never tread on solid ice again. He wrote with zest of the large merry party of cousins skating together, of the dismay of the old housekeeper when he skimmed her in a chair over the ice, sighing out, in her terror, 'My dear man, don't ye go so fast,' with all manner of endearing expressions——of the little boys to whom he threw nuts to be scrambled for, and of his own plunge through the thinner ice, when, regardless of drenched garments, he went on with the sport to the last, and came home with clothes frozen as stiff as a board.

He was not gone when his father and brother came home on the twenty-sixth, prepared to go with him to Southampton.

'Father comes from town to-day,' he writes to his uncle at Eton, 'so that I hope to have one quiet day more with him. It is quite astonishing to myself that I am so calm and so happy, I trust that I may look upon this as one token that I have accepted a work to which I am indeed called. Sometimes I almost tremble at the thought of my unfitness for such a work, but God's strength will no doubt be made perfect in my weakness. I am in His hands, and so all will be well. Have you half a dozen copies of the Bishop's two letters that you

printed for private circulation, dated May 30, 1850. 'They will give some of my acquaintance and parishioners a fair idea of the man I am going to work under. It is a very great happiness to me that I can feel that even I am in some small degree contributing to strengthen the hands of such a man.'

The note to his cousin Arthur written at this time thus ends: 'We worked together once at Dresden? Whatever we have acquired in the way of accomplishments, languages, love of art and music, everything brings us into contact with somebody, and gives us the power of influencing them for good, and all to the glory of God.'

Many were touched when, on the first Sunday in Lent, as Sir John Patteson was wont to assist in Church by reading the Lessons, it fell to him to pronounce the blessing of God upon the patriarch for his willing surrender of his son.

After all, the Southern Cross was detected in leaking again, and as she was so small that the Mission party would have been most inconveniently crowded for so long a voyage, the Bishop was at length persuaded to relinquish his intention of sailing in her, and passages were taken for himself, Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. Patteson, and another clergyman, in the Duke of Portland, which did not sail till the end of March, when Patteson was to meet her at Gravesend.

Thus he did not depart till the 25th. 'I leave home this morning I may say, for it has struck midnight,' he wrote to Miss Neill. 'I bear with me to the world's end *your* cross, and the memory of one who is bearing with great and long tried patience the cross that God has laid upon her.'

He chose to walk to the coach that would take him to join the railway at Cullompton. The last kisses were exchanged at the door, and the sisters watched him out of sight, then saw that their Father was not standing with them. They consulted for a moment, and then one of them silently looked into his sitting room, and saw him with his little Bible, and their hearts were comforted concerning him. After that family prayers were never read without a clause for Missionaries, 'especially the absent member of this family.'

He went up to his brother's chambers in London, whence a note was sent home the next day to his father.

'I write one line to-night to tell you that I am, thank God, calm and even cheerful. I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from dear mamma's grave, and then walked on.

At intervals I felt a return of strong violent emotion, but I soon became calm; I read most of the way up, and felt surprised that I could master my own feelings so much.

How much I owe to the cheerful calm composure which you all showed this morning! I know it must have cost you all a great effort. It spared me a great one.'

On the 27th the brothers went on board the 'Duke of Portland,' and surveyed the cabins, looking in at the wild scene of confusion sure to be presented by an emigrant ship on the last day in harbour. A long letter, with a minute description of the ship and the arrangements ends with: 'I have every blessing and comfort. Not one is wanting. I am not in any excitement, I think, certainly I do not believe myself

to be in such a state as to involve a reaction of feeling. Of course if I am seedy at sea for a few days I shall feel low spirited also most likely, and miss you all more in consequence. But that does not go below the surface. Beneath is calm tranquil peace of mind.'

On the 28th the two brothers joined the large number of friends who went down with the Mission party, among them Mr. Edward Coleridge.

Parting notes were written from on board to all the most beloved; to little Paulina, of bright hopes, to Miss Neill of her cross; to Arthur the German greeting, '*Lebe wohl, doch nicht auf Ewigkeit*,'—to Mr. Justice Coleridge

March 28, 1855.

My dear Uncle,—One line more to thank you for all your love and to pray for the blessing of God upon you and yours now and for ever.

We sail to-day. Such letters from home, full of calm, patient, cheerful resignation to His will. Wonderfully has God supported us through this trial. My kind love to Arthur. Always, my dear Uncle, Your affectionate, grateful Nephew,

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

Perhaps the frame of mind in which Coley left England can best be gathered from the following extract from a letter to his father from his uncle Edward.

'While on board I had a good deal of quiet talk with him, and was fully confirmed by his manner and words, of that which I did not doubt before, that the surrender of self, which he has made, has been put into his heart by God's Holy Spirit, and

that all his impulses for good are based on the firm foundation of trust in God, and a due appreciation of his mortal, as well as professional condition. I never saw a hand set on the plough stead with more firmness, yet entire modesty, or with an eye and heart less turned backwards on the world behind. I know you do not in any way repine at what you have allowed him to do; and I feel sure that ere long you will see cause to bless God not only for having given you such a son, but also for having put it into his heart so to devote himself to that particular work in the Great Vineyard.'

About 5 P.M. the 'Duke of Portland' swung round with the tide, strangers were ordered on shore, Coleridge and James Patteson said their last farewells, and while the younger brother went home by the night-train to carry the final greetings to his father and sisters, the ship weighed anchor and the voyage was begun.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOYAGE AND FIRST YEAR
1855-1856

WHEN the See of New Zealand was first formed, Archbishop Howley committed to the care of the first Bishop the multitudinous islands scattered in the South Pacific. The technical bounds of the diocese were not defined; but matters were to a certain degree simplified by Bishop Selwyn's resolution only to deal with totally heathen isles, and whatever superiority the authorised chief pastor might rightfully claim, not to confuse the minds of the heathen by the sight of variations among Christians, and thus never to preach in any place already occupied by Missions, a resolution from which he only once departed, in the case of a group apparently relinquished by its first teachers. This cut off all the properly called Polynesian isles, whose inhabitants are of the Malay type, and had been the objects of care to the London Mission, ever since the time of John Williams; also the Fiji Islands; and a few which had been taken in hand by a Scottish Presbyterian Mission; but the groups which seem to form the third fringe round the north-eastern curve of Australia, the New Hebrides, Banks Islands, and Solomon Isles, were almost entirely open ground, with their population called Melanesian or Black Islanders, from their having much of the Negro in their composition and com-

plexion. These were regarded as less quick but more steady than the Polynesian race, with somewhat the same difference of character as there is between the Teuton and the Kelt. The reputation of cannibalism hung about many of the islands, and there was no doubt of boats' crews having been lost among them, but in most cases there had been outrage to provoke reprisals.

These islands had as yet been little visited, except by Captain Cook, their first discoverer, and isolated Spanish exploring expeditions; but of late whalers and sandal wood traders, both English and American, had been finding their way among them, and too often acting, as irresponsible adventurous men of a low class are apt to do, towards those whom they regard as an inferior race.

Mission work had hardly reached this region. It was in attempting it that John Williams had met his death at Erromango, one of the New Hebrides; but one of his best institutions had been a school in one of the Samoan or Navigators' Islands, in which were educated young men of the native races to be sent to the isles to prepare the way for white men. Very nobly had these Samoan pupils carried out his intentions, braving dislike, disease and death in the islands to which they were appointed, and having the more to endure because they came without the prestige of a white man. Moreover, the language was no easier to them than to him, as their native speech is entirely different from the Melanesian; which is besides broken into such an extraordinary number of different dialects, varying from one village to another in an island not twenty miles long, that a missionary declared that the people must have come straight from the Tower of Babel, and gone on dividing their speech ever since.

Just at the time of the formation of the See of New Zealand, the excitement caused at home by Williams's death had subsided, and the London Mission's funds were at so low an ebb that, so far from extending their work, they had been obliged to let some of it fall into abeyance.

All this came to the knowledge of the Bishop of New Zealand while he was occupied with the cares of his first seven years in his more immediate diocese, and in 1848, he made a voyage of inspection in H.M.S. 'Dido.' He then perceived that to attempt the conversion of this host of isles of tropical climate through a resident English clergyman in each, would be impossible, besides which he knew that no Church takes root without native clergy, and he therefore intended bringing boys to New Zealand, and there educating them to become teachers to their countrymen. He had lately established, near Auckland, for the sons of the colonists, St. John's College, which in 1850 was placed under the Reverend Charles John Abraham, the former Eton master, who had joined the Bishop to act as Archdeacon and assist in the scheme of education; and here it was planned that the young Melanesians should be trained.

The Bishop possessed a little schooner of twenty-two tons, the 'Undine,' in which he was accustomed to make his expeditions along the coast; and in August 1849, he set forth in her, with a crew of four, without a weapon of any sort, to 'launch out into the deep, and let down his nets for a draught.' Captain Erskine of H.M.S. 'Havannah' readily undertook to afford him any assistance practicable, and they were to cruise in company, the 'Undine' serving as a pilot boat or tender on coasts where the only guide was 'a few rough sketches collected from small trading vessels.'

They met near Tanna, but not before the Bishop had been in Dillon's Bay, on the island of Erromango, the scene of Williams's murder, and had allowed some of the natives to come on board his vessel as a first step towards friendly intercourse. The plan agreed on by the Bishop and the Captain was to go as far North as Vate, and return by way of the Loyalty Isles, which fringe the east coast of New Caledonia, to touch at that large island, and then visit the Island of Pines, at its extreme south point, and there enquire into a massacre said to have taken place. This was effected, and in each place the natives showed themselves friendly. From New Caledonia the Bishop brought away a pupil named Dallup, and at two of the Loyalty Islands, Nengonè or Marè, and Lifu, where Samoan teachers had excited a great desire for further instruction, boys eagerly begged to go with him, and two were taken from each, in especial Siapo, a young Nengonè chief eighteen or nineteen years old, of very pleasing aspect, and with those dignified princely manners which rank is almost sure to give. The first thing done with such lads when they came on board was to make clothes for them, and when they saw the needle employed in their service, they were almost sure to beg to be taught the art, and most of them soon became wonderfully dexterous in it.

On the Island of Pines, so called from the tower-like masses of the Norfolk pine on the shores, was at that time the French Bishop of New Caledonia, the *Oui, oui* as the natives called him and his countrymen, for whom they had little love. After an interview between the two Bishops, the 'Undine' returned to New Zealand, where the native boys were brought to St. John's College. The system of education there combined agricultural labour and printing with study, and the authorities and the boys shared according to their

strength in both, for there was nothing more prominent in the Bishop's plan than that the coloured man was not to be treated as a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, but, as a Maori once expressed the idea: 'Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done at all too mean for him; pig-gentleman never worked.' The whole community, including the ladies and their guests, dined together in hall.

The five boys behaved well, Siapo being a leader in all that was good, and made advances in Christian knowledge; but it was one of the Bishop's principles that none of them should be baptized till he had proved whether his faith were strong enough to resist the trial of a return to his native home and heathen friends. The climate of New Zealand is far too chilly for these inhabitants of tropical regions, and it was absolutely necessary to return them to their homes during the winter quarter from June to August. The scheme therefore was to touch at their islands, drop them there, proceed then further on the voyage, and then, returning the same way, resume them, if they were willing to come under instruction for Baptism and return to the college. In the lack of a common language, Bishop Selwyn hoped to make them all learn English, and only communicate with one another in that.

The 'Undine,' not being large enough for the purpose, was exchanged for the 'Border Maid'; and in the course of the next three years an annual voyage was made, and boys to the number of from twelve to fourteen brought home. Siapo of Nengonè was by far the most promising scholar. He was a strong influence, when at home, on behalf of the Samoan teachers, and assisted in the building of a round chapel, smoothly floored, and plastered with coral lime. In 1852 he was

baptized, together with three of his friends, in this chapel, in his own island, by the Bishop, in the presence of a thousand persons, and received the name of George. When the 'Border Maid' returned, though he was convalescent from a severe illness, he not only begged that he might come back, but that the young girl to whom he was betrothed might be taken to New Zealand to be trained in Christian ways. Ready consent was given, and the little Wabisane, and her companion Wasitutru (Little Chattering Bird), were brought on board, and arrayed in petticoats fashioned by the Bishop's own hands, from his own counterpane, with white skirts above, embellished with a bow of scarlet ribbon, the only piece of finery to be found in the 'Border Maid.' The Rev. William Nihill had spent the period of this trip at Nengone, and had become deeply interested in the people. The island was then thought likely to become a centre whence to work on adjacent places; but to the grief and disappointment of all, George Siapo did not live through the summer at St. John's. He had never recovered his illness at home, and rapidly declined; but his faith burnt brighter as his frame became weaker, and his heart was set on the conversion of his native country. He warmly begged Mr. Nihill to return thither, and recommended him to the protection of his friends, and he wished his own brother to become scholar at St. John's. His whole demeanour was that of a devoted Christian, and when he died, in the January of the year 1853, he might be regarded as the first fruits of the Melanesian Church. Since Mr. Nihill was about to return to Nengone, and there was a certain leaven of Christianity in the place, the girls were not subjected to the probation of a return before baptism, but were christened Caroline and Sarah, after Mrs. Abraham and Mrs. Selwyn.

Another very satisfactory pupil was little Umao.

An English sailor in a dreadful state of disease had been left behind by a whaler at Erromango, where the little Umao, a mere boy, had attached himself to him, and waited on him with the utmost care and patience, though meeting with no return but blows and rough words. The man moved to Tanna, where there are mineral springs highly esteemed by the natives, and when the 'Border Maid' touched there, in 1851, he was found in a terrible condition, but with the little fellow faithfully attending him. The Englishman was carried to Sydney, and left in the hospital there; but Umao begged not to be sent home, for he said his parents cruelly ill-used him and his brothers, and set them to watch the fire all night to keep off evil spirits; so, when New Zealand became too cold for him, he was sent to winter at the London Society's station in Anaiteum. His sweet friendly nature expanded under Christian training, but his health failed, and in the course of the voyage of 1853 he became so ill that his baptism was hastened, and he shortly after died in the Bishop's arms.

Two more boys, cousins, from Lifu, also died. There never was any suspicion or displeasure shown among the relatives of these youths. Their own habits were frightfully unhealthy; they were not a long-lived people, and there was often great mortality among them, and though they were grieved at the loss of their sons, they never seemed distrustful or ungrateful. But it was evident that, even in the summer months, the climate of New Zealand was trying to these tropical constitutions, and as it was just then determined that Norfolk Island should no longer be the penal abode of the doubly convicted felons of Botany Bay, but should instead become the home of the descendants of the mutineers of the 'Bounty' who had outgrown Pitcairn's Island, the Bishop cast his eyes

upon it as the place most likely to agree alike with English and Melanesian constitutions, and therefore eminently fitted for the place of instruction.

The expenses of the voyages in the 'Border Maid' had been met partly by the Eton Association, and partly by another association at Sydney, where a warm interest in these attempts had been excited and maintained by the yearly visits of Bishop Selwyn, who usually visited Australia while the lads were wintering at their homes. But the 'Border Maid' was superannuated, nor had she ever been perfectly fitted for the purpose; and when, in 1853, the Bishop was obliged to come to England to take measures for dividing his diocese, he also hoped to obtain permission to establish a Melanesian school on Norfolk Island, and to obtain the means of building a schooner yacht, small enough to be navigated in the narrow, shallow creeks separating the clustered islets, and yet capacious enough for the numerous passengers. In the meantime Mr. Nihill went to Nengonè with his wife and child. His lungs were much affected, but he hoped that the climate would prolong his power of working among the Christian community, who heartily loved and trusted him.

Other fellow-labourers the Bishop hoped to obtain at home, though it was his principle never to solicit men to come with him, only to take those who offered themselves; but all the particulars of the above narration had been known to Coley Patteson through the Bishop's correspondence with Mr. Edward Coleridge, as well as by the yearly report put forth by the Eton Association, and this no doubt served to keep up in his heart the flame that had burnt unseen for so many years, and to determine its direction, though he put himself unreservedly at the Bishop's disposal, to work wherever he might be sent.

The means for the mission ship 'Southern Cross' were raised.[1] She was built at Southampton by Messrs. Wigram, and, after all the delays, sailed on the very same day as the 'Duke of Portland.'

Meantime here are a few extracts from Patteson's journal-letter during the voyage. Sea-sickness was very slightly disabling with him; he was up and about in a short time, and on the 8th of April was writing:—

'What a day this has been to me, the twenty-eighth anniversary of my baptism to begin with, and then Easter Day spent at sea! I must tell you how I spent it. The weather is not quite warm enough yet to have service on deck, so hitherto the saloon has been made our church: two rows of benches on each side of the table, cabin passengers in their cabins with doors open, making a kind of pew. Bishop at the door of his cabin, C. and I at the door of mine; service 10.30 A.M. I read prayers and Litany; C. the lessons, Bishop the Communion Service, before which we sang the Easter hymn. J. C. P. precentor and leader of the choir. Bishop preached ex tempore, excellently, of course. The table in his cabin was spread with a linen cloth, and a magnificent jewelled silver-gilt service of plate (the gift of divers friends for the Melanesian Mission) upon it. Communicants, about nine or ten, came into the cabin. I administered

[1] Partly thus. My mother had always been eagerly interested in the Mission, and when on the day of my father's funeral something brought before her the request for the vessel, she said to Mrs. Keble how much she should like to see the sum raised by contributions from those who liked the *Heir of Redclyffe*, then in its first flush of success. Mrs. Keble, pleased to see that anything could interest her, warmly took up the idea, other friends joined, and by their great kindness a sum was raised sufficient to be at least worth presenting to the Bishop by the hands of a little three-year-old girl, just able to know that she had seen 'man,' and given him 'letter,' though only later able to value his blessing.

the Cup. Then school, Mrs. Selwyn taking girls; and a kind of mixed evening service at eight, reading Psalms and lessons all round, and then many Church prayers at the Bishop's discretion; but the work of the ship does not allow of a regular evening service.

April 14th, 9.30.—I have just seen the Southern Cross for the first time, and from this point, about 20° south lat., we shall see most of the constellations of both hemispheres. It is a perfect cross, four stars, but not very bright, nor very large, certainly not so striking as the Great Bear, or Orion, but still the shape is remarkable.

If all be well I have to preach to-morrow, which same thing I don't much like. It is all very well holding forth to those good simple folk at Alfington, but before a live Bishop is another thing. Still I must begin to do lots of things I don't quite like, and I am sure I have been spoilt quite long enough, not that I should find it at all difficult to recommence that process.

April 20th, lat. 4° N., long. 25° W.—*Rather* hot. It is very fine to see all the stars of the heavens almost rise and pass overhead and set—Great Bear and Southern Cross shining as in rivalry of each other, and *both* hemispheres showing forth all their glory. Only the Polar Star, that shines straight above you, is gone below our horizon; and One alone knows how much toil, and perhaps sorrow, there may be in store for me before I see it again. But there is and will be much happiness and comfort also, for indeed I have great peace of mind, and a firm conviction that I am doing what is right; a feeling that God is directing and ordering the course of my life, and whenever I take the only true view of the business of life, I am happy and cheerful.

May 10.—It is, I find, quite settled, and was indeed always, that I am to go always with the Bishop, roving about the Melanesian department, so that for some years, if I live, I shall be generally six months at sea. And not little to my delight, I find that the six winter months (*i.e.* your summer months) are the ones that we shall spend in sailing about the islands within or near the tropics, so that I shall have little more shivering limbs or blue hands, though I may feel in the long run the effect of a migratory swallow-like life. But the sea itself is a perpetual tonic, and when I am thoroughly accustomed to a sea life, I think I shall be better almost on board ship.

This seems the place for Bishop Selwyn's impression, as written to a friend at this very time. 'Coley Patteson is a treasure which I humbly set down as a Divine recompense for our own boys.[1] He is a good fellow, and the tone of his mind is one which I can thoroughly enjoy, content with the τὸ ἀεὶ present, yet always aiming at a brighter and better future.'

June 12.—It was pitch dark last night, blowing and raining, and some anxiety was felt in consequence of our having passed an iceberg. Two men were stationed on the forecastle instead of one, and the captain was awake all night, I believe. I do not find that the possibility of any such accidents occurring disturbs me. God watches over us here as well as on land. Awful indeed would it be to dash at ten knots an hour against an iceberg. No time to think of death before every soul would experience it. In low latitudes this is the chief cause of anxiety, as of course these floating fellows cannot be marked on charts like rocks, and probably many unaccountable

[1] Left at home for education.

losses of ships may be attributable to this cause. Yesterday, at 5.30 P.M., which answered to 11 A.M. in England, we met in the Bishop's cabin, and held a short service. Before we began it, we thought over the names of those who were most likely to be thinking of us at home and in New Zealand, and in the little printed prayer which you all have, and which the Bishop used, he introduced whatever was necessary to remind us of all dear absent friends. Just before we went to the cabin, I wrote a note to the Alfingtonians, which Fan must take over and read to them—*i.e.*, read it in several of the cottages where she knows the people still feel an interest in me.

June 14.—It is too rough to attempt any work, and I fear I shall write almost illegibly, the vessel is rolling so heavily. Yesterday it blew a gale of wind, and the night before it was at times very stormy. One heavy sea at 4.45 A.M. almost cleared the decks, carried away the strong seat, with all the paint boxes, white lead, &c., inside, from the poop, knocked the meat safe over, tore a plank fifteen feet long out of the side of the ship (above the water-mark, luckily), and broke right through the bulwarks in two other places, knocked up the cuddy skylight, and poured into the cuddy, &c. It only came a little into my cabin, and did not flood it, though it is still very soppy in one place. The captain said, 'I never remember this vessel being struck by such a heavy sea.' Not that there was any danger, but the wind and sea were working up, and getting furious. It was a cross sea too, coming in upon us from different directions. At last we lay to, *i.e.*, did not attempt to progress, as the wind was from the north, and we could not sail with such a gale upon our beam, so we just drifted, with two or three

small sails only, before the wind, rolling very heavily. The Bishop and I spent the day in carpentering in my room, every now and then being shot like shuttlecocks backwards and forwards, no matter whether we were on hands or knees, standing or sitting. Nothing gave way in my cabin. Having warily tilted up my bed very much, so as to be lying as it were at an angle of the letter V between the ship's side and the wall, I slept like a top all night long. Inasmuch as these two days I have felt especially hungry and quite free from sickness, I begin to think myself a sailor. I think it would have astonished you who live at home at ease to have been with me on deck yesterday for the few minutes I ventured on the poop, holding tight by a rope, the wind and rain rattling on my waterproof cap and coat, whistling and singing through the ropes and ring-bolts like the humming of the electric wires, only much louder and shriller, the sea broken down by the rain and thrashed up again by the wind, with the planks groaning and creaking, and the sea running very high. I think that if you had possessed sea legs to reach the poop and hold on when you were there, you would have thought the present condition of the good ship 'Duke of Portland,' slightly unsafe. To-day it has been better, but the wind is getting up now.

June 18.—You must think of us at 8 P.M. on Sundays—just at 8.20 A.M. before you come down to prayers. The Bishop has a service in the College chapel; then, after all the 'runners' (clergy who have district chapels) have returned, chanting Psalms, and reading collects, which bear especially on the subject of unity, introducing the special Communion thanksgiving for Whitsunday, and the Sanctus, and the

Prayer for Unity in the Accession Service. I feel that it must be an impressive and very happy way of ending the Sunday, and you will be at Sunday prayers at the other end of the world praying with us.

June 22.—If old F. (his nurse) could have seen the circumstances under which 'dear Mr. Coley' had to make his toilette this morning, she would have groaned within her. *Imprimis*, the dead-lights being up, there was just a glimpse of light from the bull's-eye, and that was all. Secondly, about two-thirds of the floor of the cabin have been saturated with wet for a good while, since the heavy sea struck us, and generally I do not go on the swampy part of my territory; but of course, in a rolling sea, I go where the sea chooses, and not where I choose, so this was not over pleasant. Thirdly, no water for washing, as the cask had been upset in the night; but subsequently, at 8.30, I did get my washing and tooth water when dressed. Fourthly, the wind blowing from aft whistled through my cabin, creating no slight inconvenience to fingers and toes, already quite cold enough. Fifthly, I had not a dry shoe or slipper in the place. Somehow, none of these things seem to matter now; I was dressed soon and on deck, and sea-water never gives any one a cold. I tell you these little things, not as if I thought them worth telling, and you see I am writing in fun; but I know you will like to hear everything.

July 3.—Still at sea. As soon as we rounded the North Cape on Friday, June 29, a contrary wind sprang up, and we have been beating about, tacking between North Cape and Cape Brett ever since. Fine sunny weather and light winds, but always from the south. To me it is a matter of

entire indifference; I am quite ready to go ashore, but do not mind a few more days at sea. The climate is delightful, thermometer on deck 55° to 60°, and such glorious sunsets! There is really something peculiar in the delicacy of the colours here—faint pink and blue, and such an idea of distance is given by the great transparency of the air. It is full moon too now, and I walk the deck from eleven to twelve every night with no great-coat, thinking about you all and my future work. Last night the Bishop was with me, and told me definitely about my occupation for the time to come. All day we have been slowly, very slowly, passing along from the north headland of the Bay of Islands to Cape Brett, and along the land south of it. A fine coast it is, full of fine harbours and creeks, the bay itself like a large Torbay, only bolder. Due south of us is the Bream headland, then the Barrier Islands. We are only about a mile from the shore, and refreshing it is to look at it; but as yet we have seen no beach; the rock runs right into the sea. Such bustle and excitement on board! emigrants getting their things ready, carpenters making the old 'Duke' look smart, sailors scrubbing, but no painting going on, to our extreme delight. It is so calm, quite as smooth as a small lake; indeed there is less perceptible motion than I have felt on the Lake of Como. No backs, no bones aching, though here I speak for others more than for myself, for the Bishop began his talk last night by saying, 'One great point is decided, that you are a good sailor. So far you are qualified for Melanesia.' To this may be added that Patteson had been further preparing for this work by a diligent study of the Maori language, and likewise of navigation; and what an instructor he had in the

knowledge of the coasts may be gathered from the fact that an old sea captain living at Kohimarama, sent a note to St. John's College stating that he was sure that the Bishop had come, for he knew every vessel that had ever come into Auckland harbour, and was sure this barque had never been there before; yet she had come in the night through all the intricate passages, and was rounding the heads without a pilot on board. He therefore concluded that the Bishop must be on board, as there was no other man that could have taken command of her at such a time, and brought her into that harbour.

The Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn went on shore as soon as possible; Patteson waited till the next day. Indeed he wrote on July 5 that he was in no hurry to land, since he knew no one in the whole neighbourhood but Archdeacon Abraham. Then he describes the aspect of Auckland from the sea:—

It looks much like a small sea-side town, but not so substantially built, nor does it convey the same idea of comfort and wealth; rude warehouses, &c., being mixed up with private houses on the beach. The town already extends to a distance of perhaps half a mile on each side of this cove, on which the principal part of it is built. Just in the centre of the cove stands the Wesleyan chapel. On the rising ground on the east of the cove is the Roman Catholic chapel, and on the west side is St. Paul's Church, an Early English stone building, looking really ecclesiastical and homelike. The College, at a distance of about five miles from the town, on some higher ground, north-west of it, is reached from the harbour by a boat ascending a creek to within a mile of the buildings, so that we shall not go into the

town at all when we land. By water too will be our shortest, at all events our quickest way from the college to the town.

July 9, *St. John's College.*—Though we reached harbour on July 5, and landed the next day, I have scarcely found a minute to write a line. Imagine my feelings as I touched land and jumped ashore at a creek under Judge Martin's house, in the presence of Rota Waitoa, the only native clergyman in the diocese; Levi, who is perhaps to be ordained, and four or five other natives. *Tena na ko koa i noa?* 'How are you, my friends?' (the common New Zealand greeting), said I as I shook hands with them one by one. We walked up from the beach to the house. Roses in full flower, and mimosa with a delicate golden flower, and various other shrubs and flowers in full bloom. Midwinter, recollect. The fragrance of the air, the singing of the birds, the fresh smell (it was raining a little and the grass was steaming) were delicious, as you may suppose. Here I was, all at once, carrying up baggage, Maoris before and behind, and everything new and strange, and yet I felt as if it were all right and natural. The Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn had landed the day before, and we were heartily welcomed. Mr. Martin took me into his study. 'I am thankful to see you as a fresh labourer among us here; a man of your name needs no introduction to a lawyer.' Nothing could exceed his kindness. He began talking of you at once.

We dined at about 12.30. *Clean* mutton chops, potatoes and pumpkin (very good indeed), jam pudding, bread, and plenty of water (beer I refused). It did taste so good, I am quite ashamed of thinking about it. About two o'clock I started with the

Bishop for the College, nearly six miles from Auckland. The first three miles the soil is volcanic, the last three clay. The volcanic soil is very fertile and produces crops that realise large incomes. The clay is cold and very wet, but when drained very valuable. The College farm consists of about 1,500 acres: a large sheep range on the Auckland side of it, cattle (seventy-five) and horses on the flat meadows beyond it; very little is under the plough, labour being very dear . . . The clergy have been supplied by the College for a year with meat at 6*d.* per lb., and if only the students had done their duty, the College land would already have proved the Bishop's plan of rendering the clergy, through its agency, independent of colonial fluctuations of price. The harvest has failed in New South Wales, hence the enormous price of flour here. Partly on this account the College school has been broken up.

The Bishop is at a kind of collegiate establishment on the outskirts of Auckland, where Mr. Kissling, a clergyman, is the resident, and thither I go on Wednesday, to live till October 1, when we start, please God, in the 'Southern Cross' for the cruise around New Zealand. Here, at Mr. Kissling's, I shall have work with Maoris, learning each day, I trust, to speak more correctly and fluently. Young men for teachers, and it may be for clergymen, will form at once my companions and my pupils, a good proportion of them being nearly or quite of my own age. I am to be constantly at the Judge's, running in and out, working on Sundays anywhere as I may be sent. So much for myself.

The College is really all that is necessary for a thoroughly good and complete place of education: the hall all lined with kauri pine wood, a large

handsome room, collegiate, capable of holding two hundred persons; the school-room, eighty feet long, with admirable arrangements for holding classes separately. There are two very cosy rooms, which belong to the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn respectively, in one of which I am now sitting . . . On the walls are hanging about certain tokens of Melanesia in the shape of gourds, calabashes, &c., such as I shall send you one day; a spade on one side, just as a common horse halter hanging from Abraham's book-shelf, betokens colonial life. Our rooms are quite large enough, bigger than my room at Feniton, but no furniture, of course, beyond a bedstead, a table for writing, and an old bookcase; but it is never cold enough to care about furniture. . . . I clean, of course, my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, &c., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking. There is a weaving room, which used to be well worked, a printing press (from C. M. S.) which has done some good work, and is now at work again—English, Maori, Greek and Hebrew types. Separate groups of buildings, which once were filled with lads from different Melanesian isles—farm buildings, barns, &c. Last of all, the little chapel of kauri wood, stained desk, like the inside of a really good ecclesiastical building in England, porch S.W. angle, a semicircular apse at the west, containing a large handsome stone font, open seats of course. The east end very simple, semicircular apse, small windows all full of stained glass, raised one step, no rails, the Bishop's chair on the north side, bench on the south. Here my eye and my mind rested contentedly and peacefully. The little chapel, holding about seventy persons, is already dear to me. I

preached in it last night at the seven o'clock service. We chanted the Unity Psalms CXXII, CXXIII, CXXIV, and CL, heartily, all joining to a dear old double chant in parts. I felt my heart very full as I spoke to them of the blessedness of prayer and spiritual communion. I was at Tamaki in the morning, where I read prayers, the Archdeacon preaching. A little stone church, very rude and simple, but singing again good, and congregation of fifty-one, attentive. At Panmure, about three miles off, in the afternoon, a tiny wooden church—where Abraham took all the duty. In the evening, in the chapel, he read prayers, and I preached to about thirty-five or forty people. We left the chapel just as you were getting ready for breakfast, and so passed my first Sunday in New Zealand. To-day I have had hard work: I walked with Abraham to Auckland—six miles of rough work, I promise you, except the two last.

I believe it was in the course of this walk that Patteson experimented on his Maori, a native whom they visited, and who presently turned upon the Archdeacon, and demanded, 'Why do you not speak like Te Pattihana?' Such a compliment has seldom been paid on so early an attempt at colloquialism in a new language. Journal continues:—

Lugged down boxes, big empty ones, from the Judge's house to the beach. Went with the Bishop to the old ship, packed up books, brought away all our things almost, helped to pack them in a cart and drag, and then walked back to the College, which I reached in the dark at 7.30. It is delightful to see the delight of the natives when they see the Bishop. 'E—h te Pikopa!' and then they all come round

him like children, laughing and talking. Two common men we met on Friday from Rotoma, 150 miles off, who said that their tribe had heard that the Queen of England had taken away his salary, and they had been having subscriptions for him every Sunday. They are of various shades of colour, some light brown, some nearly black, and some so tattooed all over that you can't tell what colour they are. I was talking to-day to the best of my power with a native teacher upon whose face I could not see one spot as big as a shilling that was not tattooed, beautifully done in a regular pattern, one side corresponding to the other. Each tribe, as it is said (I know not how truly), has a pattern of its own; so they wear their coats-of-arms on their faces, that is all. The young Christian natives are not tattooed at all, and I have been to-day with Sydney, whose father was the great fighting man of Honghi (miscalled Shanghi) who was presented to George IV. This young man's father helped to exterminate a whole tribe who lived on a part of the College property (as it is now), and *he* is said to be perhaps the first New Zealander who was baptized as an infant. I find it hard to understand them; they speak very indistinctly—not fast, but their voices are thick in general. I hope to learn a good deal before October. My first letter from the ends of the world tells of my peace of mind, of one sound and hearty in body, and, I thank God, happy, calm, and cheerful in spirit.

July 11, 1855: St. John's College, Auckland.

My dear Fan,—I do not doubt that I am where I ought to be; I do think and trust that God has given me this work to do; but I need earnest prayers

for strength that I *may* do it. It is no light work to be suddenly transplanted from a quiet little country district, where every one knew me, and the prestige of dear Father's life and your active usefulness among the people made everything smooth for me, to a work exceeding in magnitude anything that falls to the lot of an ordinary parish priest in England —in a strange land, among a strange race of men, in a newly forming and worldly society, with no old familiar notions and customs to keep the machine moving; and then to be made acquainted with such a mass of information respecting Church government and discipline, educational schemes, conduct of clergy and teachers, etc., etc. It is well that I am hearty and sound in health, or I should be regularly overwhelmed with it. Two texts I think of constantly: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' 'Sufficient for the day,' etc. I hardly dare look forward to what my work may be on earth; I cannot see my way; but I feel sure that He is ordering it all, and I try to look on beyond the earth, when at length, by God's mercy, we may all find rest.

That I have been so well in body and so cheerful in mind ever since I left home—I mean cheerful on the whole, not without seasons of sadness, but so mercifully strengthened at all times—must, I think, without any foolish enthusiasm, be remembered by me as a special act of God's goodness and mercy. I was *not the least* weary of the sea. Another month or two would have made very little difference to me, I think. I am very fond of it, and I think of my voyages to come without any degree of dread from that cause, and I have no reason to expect any great discomfort from any other. I have my whole stock

of lemon syrup and lime juice, so that the salt meat on the 'Southern Cross' will be counteracted in that way; and going round those islands we shall be ashore every few days. But what most *surprises* me is this: that when I am alone, as here at night in a great (for it is large) cheerless, lonely room, as I should have thought it once; though I can't help thinking of my own comforts at home, and all dear faces around me, and Ferg coming in with tea, and Mrs. Hockey in the morning bringing all sorts of good things—though I feel my whole heart swelling with love to you all, still I am not at all sad or gloomy, or cast down. This *does* surprise me: I did not think it would or could be so. I have indeed prayed for it, but I had not faith to believe that my prayer would be so granted. The fact itself is most certain. I have at Alfington, when alone of an evening, experienced a greater sense of loneliness than I have once done out here. Of this hitherto I feel no doubt: it may be otherwise any day of course; and to what else can I attribute this fact, in all soberness of mind, but to the mercy of God in strengthening me for my work? Much of it may be the effect of a splendid climate upon my physique, that is true; for indeed to find flowers in full blossom, green meadows, hot suns, birds singing, etc., in midwinter, with a cool, steady breeze from the sea invigorating me all the while, is no doubt just what I require; but to-day we have a north-easter, which answers to your south-west wind, with pouring rain, and yet my spirits are not going down with the barometer. All the same, the said barometer will probably soon recover himself; for I believe these heavy storms seldom last long. There is no fire in the room where I sit, which is the Bishop's room

when he is here; no fire-*place* indeed, as it opens into Mrs. Selwyn's room. The thermometer is 58°, and it is midwinter.

To Miss Neill, on the same day, after repeating his conviction that he was in the right place, he says:—

> I have written to them at home what I ought not perhaps to have said of myself, but that it will give them comfort—that from all sides my being here as the Bishop's companion is hailed as likely to produce very beneficial results. But I must assure you that I fully know how your love for me and much too high opinion of me makes you fancy that I could be of use at home. But we must not, even taking this view, send our refuse men to the colonies. Newly forming societies must be moulded by men of energy, and power, and high character; in fact, churches must be organised, the Gospel must be preached by men of earnest zeal for God's glory in the salvation of souls. To lower the standard of Christian life by exhibiting a feeble faint glimmering instead of a burning shining light is to stamp upon the native mind a false impression, it may be for ever.
>
> Remember, we have no ancient customs nor time-hallowed usages to make up for personal indifference and apathy; we have no momentum to carry on the machine. We have to *start* it, and give it the first impulse, under the guidance of the Spirit of God; and oh! if it takes a wrong direction at first, who can calculate the evil that must follow? It is easy to steer a vessel in smooth water, with a fair breeze; but how are you to keep her head straight in a rolling sea with no way on her?

This letter, with two or three more, went by the first mail after his arrival. From that time he generally kept a journal-letter, and addressed it to one or other of his innermost home circle; while the arrival of each post from home produced a whole sheaf of answers, and comments on what was told, by each correspondent, of family, political or Church matters. Sometimes the letter is so full of the subject of immediate interest as absolutely to leave no room for personal details of his own actual life, and this became more the case as the residence in New Zealand or Norfolk Island lost its novelty, while it never absorbed him so as to narrow his interests. He never missed a mail in writing to his father and sisters, and a letter to his brother was equally regular, but these latter were generally too much concerned with James's own individual life to be as fully given as the letters, which were in fact a diary of facts, thoughts, and impressions.

July 12, *St. Stephen's, Mr. Kissling's School-house.*— You know I am to live here when not on the 'Southern Cross,' or journeying in the Bush; so I must describe, first, the place itself, then my room in it. The house is a large one-storied building of wood, no staircase in it, but only a succession of rooms. . . . There are at present fourteen or sixteen girls in the school, boarding here, besides Rota, who is a native deacon, spending a month here; Levi, who is preparing for ordination, and three other men. The house stands on table-land about four hundred yards from the sea, commanding glorious views of the harbour, sea, and islands, which form groups close round the coast. It is Church property all round, and the site of a future cathedral is within a stone's throw of it. . . . Now for my room. Plenty large enough to begin

with, not less than sixteen feet long by twelve wide, and at least eleven high, all wood, not papered or painted, which I like much, as the kauri is a darkish grained wood; no carpet, of course, but I am writing now at 10 P.M., with no fire, and quite warm. The east side of the room is one great window, latticed, in a wooden frame; outside it a verandah, and such a beautiful view of the harbour and bay beyond. I will tell you exactly what I have done to-day since two o'clock, as a sample of my life.

2 P.M., dinner, roast mutton; my seat between the Bishop and Rota. Fancy the long table with its double row of Maoris. After dinner, away with the Bishop to the hospital, a plain wooden building a mile off, capable of taking in about forty patients in all. I am to visit it regularly when here, taking that work off the parish clergyman's shoulders, and a great comfort it will be. I went through it to-day, and had a long talk with the physician and surgeon, and saw the male patients, two of them natives. One of them is dying, and so I am to be now talking as well as I can, but at all events reading and praying, with this poor fellow, and a great happiness it is to have such a privilege and so soon. Came back to tea, very pleasant. After tea made Rota, and Sydney, a young man who knows English pretty well, sit in my room (N.B., there is but one chair, in which I placed Rota), and then I made them read Maori to me, and read a good deal myself, and then we talked as well as we could. At 6.15, prayers, the whole party of Maoris assembled. Mr. Kissling read the first verse of the chapter (Joshua vi.), and we each read one verse in turn, and then he questioned them for perhaps fifteen minutes. They were very intelligent and answered well, and it was striking to

see grown-up men and young women sitting so patiently to be taught. Then the evening service prayers; and so I knelt with these good simple people and prayed with them for the first time. Very much I enjoyed all this. Soon after came supper, a little talking, and now here am I writing to you.

I wish you could see the tree-ferns; some are quite twenty feet high in the trunk, for trunk it is, and the great broad frond waves over it in a way that would make that child Pena clap her hands with delight. Then the geraniums and roses in blossom, the yellow mimosa flower, the wild moncha, with a white flower, growing everywhere, and the great variety of evergreen trees (none that I have seen being deciduous) make the country very pretty. The great bare volcanic hills, each with its well-defined crater, stand up from among the woodlands, and *now* from among pastures grazing hundreds of oxen; and this, with the grand sea views, and shipping in the harbour, make a very fine sight.

July 4.—I write to-night because you will like a line from me on the day when first I have in any way ministered to a native of the country. I was in the hospital to-day, talked a little, and read St. Luke xv. to one, and prayed with another Maori. The latter is dying. He was baptized by the Wesleyans, but is not visited by them, so I do not scruple to go to him. Rota, the native deacon, was with me, and he talked a long while with the poor fellow. It is a great comfort to me to have made a beginning. I did little more than read a few prayers from the Visitation Service, but the man understood me well, so I may be of use, I hope. He has never received the Lord's Supper; but if

there is time to prepare him, the Bishop wishes me to administer it to him.

July 20.—Yesterday in sailed the 'Southern Cross' with not a spar carried away or sail lost, perfectly sound, and in a fit state to be off again at once. She left England on the same day that we did, and arrived just a fortnight after us, and this is attributable to her having kept in low latitudes, not going higher than 39°; whereas we were in 51° 30', which diminished the distance and brought us in the way of more favourable winds. I saw from my windows about 9 A.M. a schooner in the distance, and told the Bishop I thought it might be the 'Southern Cross' (she has no figure-head and a very straight bow). Through the day, which was very rainy, we kept looking from time to time through our glasses. At 3 P.M. the Bishop came in: 'Come along, Coley; I do believe it is the "Southern Cross."' So I hurried on waterproofs, knowing that we were in for some mud-larking. Off we went, lugged down a borrowed boat to the water, tide being out. I took one oar, a Maori another, and off we went, Bishop steering. After twenty minutes' pull, or thereabouts, we met her, jumped on board, and then such a broadside of questions and answers. They had a capital passage. Two men who were invalided when they started died on the voyage—one of dysentery, I think—all the rest flourishing, the three women respectable and tidy-looking individuals, and two children very well. After a while the Bishop and I went off to shore, in one of *his* boats, pulled by two of the crew, Lowestoft fishermen, fine young fellows as you ever saw. Then we bought fresh meat, onions, bread, etc., for them, and so home by 7 P.M. 'Mud-larking' very slight on this occasion, only walking

over the flat swamp of low-water marsh for a quarter of a mile; but on Tuesday we had a rich scene. Bishop and I went to the 'Duke of Portland' and brought off the rest of our things; but it was low water, so the boats could not come within a long way of the beach, and the custom is for carts to go over the muddy sand, which is tolerably hard, as far into the water as they can, perhaps two and a half or three feet deep when it is quite calm, as it was on Tuesday. Well, in went our cart, which had come from the College, with three valuable horses, while the Bishop and I stood on the edge of the water. Presently one of the horses lost his footing, and then all at once all three slipped up, and the danger was of their struggling violently and hurting themselves. One of those in the shafts had his head under water, too, for a time. *Instanter* Bishop and I had our coats off, my trousers were rolled over my knees, and in we rushed to the horses. Such a plunging and splashing! but they were all got up safe. This was about 4 P.M., and I was busy about the packages and getting them into the carts, unloading at Mr. Kissling's till past 8; but I did not catch cold. Imagine an English Bishop with attending parson cutting into the water up to their knees to disentangle their cart-horses from the harness in full view of every person on the beach. 'This is your first lesson in mud-larking, Coley,' was the remark of the Bishop as we laughed over our respective appearance.

July 21.—I was finishing my sermon for the soldiers to-morrow at 11.30, when Mr. Kissling came in to say that the schooner just come into the harbour was the vessel which had been sent to bring Mr. and Mrs. Nihill from Nengonè or Marè

Island. He was in very bad health when he went there, and great doubts were entertained as to his coming back. I was deputed to go and see. I ran a good part of the way to the town on to the pier, and there heard that Mr. Nihill was dead. An old acquaintance of Mrs. Nihill was on the pier, so I thought I should be in the way, and came back, told Mrs. Kissling, and went on to the Judge's, and told Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Selwyn. Whilst there we saw a boat land a young lady and child on the beach just below the house, and they sent me down. Pouring with rain here on the beach, taking shelter in a boathouse with her brother, I found this poor young widow; and so, leaning on my arm, she walked up to the house. I just waited to see Mrs. Selwyn throw her arms round her neck, and then walked straight off, feeling that the furious rain and wind chimed in with a violent struggle which was just going on in my own mind. I go through such scenes firmly enough at the time, but when my part is over I feel just like a child, and I found the tears in my eyes; for the universal sympathy which has been expressed by every one here for the lonely situation of the Nihills at Nengonè made me feel almost a personal interest in them. He was a good linguist, and his loss will be severely felt by the Bishop.

August 14.—I marked out to-day some pretty places for the two wooden houses for the 'Southern Cross' sailors at Kohimarama (Focus of Light), a quiet retired spot, with a beautiful sparkling beach, the schooner lying just outside the little bay a third of a mile off. Forty or fifty acres of flat pasturage, but only sixteen properly cleared, and then an amphitheatre of low hills, covered with New Zealand

vegetation. I passed fine ferns to-day quite thirty feet in the stem, with great spreading fronds, like branches of the Norfolk Island pine almost.

On the 17th of August came the welcome mail from home. 'Oh what a delight it is to see your dear handwriting again!' is the cry in the reply. 'Father's I opened first, and read his letter, stopping often with tears of thankfulness in my eyes to thank God for enabling him not to be over-anxious about me, and for the blessing of knowing that he was as well as usual, and also because his work, so distasteful to him, was drawing to a close. Then I read Fan's, for I had a secret feeling that I should hear most from her about Alfington.'

On the evening of that day he wrote to Fanny. In answer to the expression of the pain of separation, he says:—

'There is One above who knows what a trial it is to you. For myself, hard as it is, and almost too hard sometimes, yet I have relief in the variety and unceasing multiplicity of my occupations. Not a moment of any day can I be said to be idle. Literally, I have not yet had a minute to untie my 'Guardians;' but for you, with more time for meditating, with no change of scene, with every object that meets you at home and in your daily walks reminding you of me, it must indeed be such a trial as angels love to look upon when it is borne patiently, and with a perfect assurance that God is ordering all things for our good; and so let us struggle on to the end. All good powers are on our side, and we shall meet by the infinite mercy one day when there shall be no separation for ever.

I read on in your letter till I came to 'Dear Coley, it is very hard to live without you,'—and I

broke down and cried like a child. I was quite alone out in the fields on a glorious bright day, and it was the relief I had longed for. The few simple words told me the whole story, and I prayed with my whole heart that you might find strength in the hour of sadness. Do (as you say you do) let your natural feelings work; do not force yourself to appear calm, do not get excited if you can help it; but if your mind is oppressed with the thought of my absence, do not try to drive it away by talking about something else, or taking up a book, etc.; follow it out, see what it ends in, trace out the spiritual help and comfort which have already, it may be, resulted from it, the growth of dependence upon God above; meditate upon the real idea of separation, and think of Mamma and Uncle Frank.

August 26, 1855, 10.40 P.M.: S. Stephen's, Auckland.

My dear Arthur,—I am tired with my Sunday work, which is heavy in a colony, but I just begin my note on the anniversary of your dear, dear father's death. How vividly I remember all the circumstances of the last ten days—the peaceful, holy, happy close of a pure and well-spent life! I do so think of him, not a day passing without my mind dwelling on him; I love to find myself calling up the image of his dear face, and my heart is very full when I recollect all his love for me, and the many, many tokens of his affection which he used to pour out from his warm, generous, loving heart. I can hardly tell you what an indescribable comfort it is to me now I think of these things, cut off from the society and sympathy of friends and the associations of home; the memory is very active in recalling such scenes, and I almost live in them again. I have very little time for indulging in fancies of any kind

now; I begin to get an idea of what work is; but in my walks out at night (if I am awake), I think of dear Mamma and your dear father, and others who are gone before, with unmixed joy and comfort. You may be quite sure that I am not likely to forget anybody or anything connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day or night when we are both awake and at our work! I turn out at 6.45, and think of them at dinner or tea; at 10, I think of them at evening prayers; and by my own bed-time they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I fancy I can almost see them.

So it goes on, and still I am calm and happy and very well; and I think I am in my place and hope to be made of some use some day. I like the natives in this school very much. The regular wild untamed fellow is not so pleasant at first—dirty, unclothed, always smoking, a mass of blankets, his wigwam sort of place filthy; his food ditto; but then he is probably intelligent, hospitable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about religion. It only wants a little practice to overcome one's English feelings about dress, civilisation, etc., and that will soon come.

But here the men are nice fellows, and the women and girls make capital servants; and so whereas many of the clergy and gentry do not keep a servant (wages being enormous), and ladies like your sisters and mine do the whole work of the housemaid, nursery-maid, and cook (which I have seen and chatted about with them), *I*, on the contrary, by Miss Maria (a wondrous curly-headed, black-eyed Maori damsel, arrayed in a 'smock,' *weiter nichts*), have my room swept, bed made, tub—yes, even in New

Zealand—daily filled and emptied, and indeed all the establishment will do anything for me. I did not care about it, as I did all for myself aboard ship; but still I take it with a very good grace.

In about six weeks I expect we shall sail all round the English settlement of New Zealand, and go to Chatham Island. This will occupy about three months, and the voyage will be about 4,000 miles. Then we start at once, upon our return, for four months in the Bush, among the native villages, on foot. Then, once again taking ship, away for Melanesia. So that, once off, I shall be roving about for nearly a year, and shall, if all goes well, begin the really missionary life.

It is late, and the post goes to morrow. Good-bye, my dear Arthur; write when you can.

Ever your affectionate
J. C. PATTESON.

August 27.—I have just been interrupted by Mrs. Kissling, who came to ask me to baptize privately the young son of poor Rota, the native deacon, and his wife Terena. Poor fellow! This child was born two or three days after he left this place for Taranaki with the Bishop, so he has not seen his son as yet. He has one boy about four, and has lost three or four others; and now this little one, about three weeks old, seems to be dying. I was almost glad that the first time I baptized a native child, using the native language, should be on Fan's birthday. It was striking to see the unaffected sympathy of the natives here. The poor mother came with the child in her arms to the large room. A table with a white cloth in the centre, and nearly the whole establishment assembled. I doubt if you would have seen in England grown-up

men and women more thoroughly in earnest. It was the most comforting private Baptism I ever witnessed.

Herni has been for an hour or more this morning asking me questions which you would seldom hear from farmers or tradesmen at home, showing a real acquaintance with the Bible, and such a desire, *hunger and thirst*, for knowledge. What was the manna in the wilderness? he began. He thought it was food that angels actually lived upon, and quoted the verse in the Psalm readily, 'So man did eat angel's food.' So I took him into the whole question of the spiritual body; the various passages, 'meats for the belly,' etc., our Lord's answer to the Sadducees, and so on to 1 Cor. xv. Very interesting to watch the earnestness of the man and his real pleasure in assenting to the general conclusion expressed in 1 John iii. 2 concerning our ignorance of what we shall be, not implying want of power on God's part to explain, but His divine will in not withdrawing the veil wholly from so great a mystery. '*E marama ane*,' (I see it clearly now): '*He mea ugaro*!' (a mystery). His mind had wholly passed from the carnal material view of life in heaven, and the idea of food for the support of the spiritual body, and the capacity for receiving the higher truths (as it were) of Christianity showed itself more clearly in the young New Zealander than you would find perhaps in the whole extent of a country parish. I think that when I know the language well enough to catechize freely, it will be far more interesting, and I shall have a far more intelligent set of catechumens, than in England. They seem especially fond of it, ask questions constantly, and will get to the bottom of the thing, and when the catechist is up to the mark and quick and

wily in both question and illustration, they get so eager and animated, all answering together, quoting texts, etc. I think that their knowledge of the Bible is in some sense attributable to its being almost the only book printed that they care much about. The 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Rocky Island,' are translated, but the first two not well, and they don't seem to read them. But when you take up a new lingo, Fan, don't take up Maori as an easy one. To get on in a desultory conversation may not require much time or trouble, but very few Europeans out here know it really well.

The 11th of September produced another long letter full of home feeling, drawn forth in response to his sister. Here are some extracts :—

Sometimes I cannot help wishing that I could say all this, but not often. There is One who understands, and in real great trials even, it is well to lean only on Him. But I must write freely. You will not think me moody and downhearted, because I show you that I do miss you, and often feel lonely and shut up in myself. This is exactly what I experience, and I think if I was ill, as you often are, I should break down under it; but God is very merciful to me in keeping me in very good health, so that I am always actively engaged every day, and when night comes I am weary in body, and sleep sound almost always, so that the time passes very rapidly indeed, and I am living in a kind of dream, hardly realizing the fact of my being at half the world's distance from you, but borne on from day to day, I scarcely know how. Indeed, when I do look back upon the past six months, I have abundant cause to be thankful. I never perhaps shall know fully how it is, but somehow, as a matter of fact, I am on the whole

cheerful, and always busy and calm in mind. I don't have tumultuous bursts of feeling and overwhelming floods of recollection that sweep right away all composure. Your first letters upset me more than once as I re-read them, but I think of you all habitually with real joy and peace of mind. And I am really happy, not in the sense that happiness presents itself always, or exactly in the way that I used to feel it when with you all, or as I should feel it if I were walking up to the lodge with my whole heart swelling within me. It is much more quiet and subdued, and does not perhaps come and go quite as much; but yet in the midst of all, I half doubt sometimes whether everything about and within me is real. I just move on like a man in a dream, but this again does not make me idle. I don't suppose I ever worked harder, on the whole, than I do now, and I have much anxious work at the hospital. *Such* cases, Fan! Only two hours ago, I left a poor sailor, by whose side I had been kneeling near three-quarters of an hour, holding his sinking head and moistening his mouth with wine, the dews of death on his forehead, and his poor emaciated frame heaving like one great pulse at each breath. For four days that he has been there (brought in a dying state from the 'Merchantman') I have been with him, and yesterday I administered to him the Holy Communion. He had spoken earnestly of his real desire to testify the sincerity of his repentance and faith and love.[1] I have been there daily for nine days, but I cannot always manage it, as it is nearly two miles off. The responsibility is great of dealing with such cases, but I trust that God will pardon all my sad mistakes.

[1] '*Sept. 14th.*—He died three hours and a half after I left him.'

I cannot withhold the Bread of Life when I see indications of real sorrow for sin, and the simple readiness to obey the command of Christ, even though there is great ignorance and but little time to train a soul for heaven. I cannot, as you may suppose, prepare for my Sunday work as I ought to do, from want of time. Last Sunday I had three whole services, besides reading the Communion Service and preaching at 11 A.M, and reading Prayers at 5 P.M. I should have preached five times if I had not left my sermon for the evening at Mr. T.'s, thinking to go back for it. . . . Mrs. K. gave me an old 'Woolmer'[1] the other day, which gladdened my eyes. Little bits of comfort come in, you see, in these ways. Nothing can be kinder than the people here, I mean in Auckland and its neighbourhood—real, simple, hearty kindness. Perhaps the work at Kohimarama is most irksome to me. It is no joke to keep sailors in good humour ashore, and I fear that our presence on board was much needed during the passage out.

With reference to his sister's reading, he continues:—

Take care of Maurice, Fan; I do not think it too much to say that he is simply and plainly "unsound" on the doctrine of the Atonement; I don't charge him with heresy from *his* stand-point, but remember that you have *not* been brought into contact with Quakers, Socinians, &c., and that he may conceive of a way of reconciling metaphysically difficulties which a far inferior but less inquisitive and *vorsehender Geist* pronounces *for itself* simply contrary to the word of God. There are two Greek prepositions which contain the gist of the whole matter,

[1] The Exeter paper.

ὑπὲρ (huper), *in behalf of*, and ἀντὶ (anti), *instead of, in the place of*. Maurice's doctrine goes far to do away with the truth of the *last*, as applied to the Sacrifice of Christ. I have an exceedingly high regard for him, and respect for his goodness no less than his ability. His position has exposed him to very great difficulties, and therefore, if he *is* decidedly wrong, it is not for us to judge him. Read his "Kingdom of Christ," and his early books; but he is on very slippery and dangerous ground now. It is indeed a great and noble task to propose to oneself, viz. to teach that God is our *Father*, and to expose the false and most unhappy idea that has at times prevailed of representing God as actuated by strong indignation, resentment, &c., against the human race, so that men turned from Him as from some fearful avenging power. This is the worst form of Anthropomorphism, but this is not the Scriptural idea of a *just* God. We cannot, perhaps, conceive of absolute justice; certainly we are no judges of God's own revealed scheme of reconciling Justice with Law, and so I call Maurice's, to a certain extent, *human* teaching, more philosophy than religion, more metaphysics than revelation.'

On the 22nd the Ordination took place, and the second Maori deacon was ordained, Levi (or according to Maori pronunciation, Rivata) Ahea, a man of about thirty-eight, whose character had long been tested. Immediately after, the Bishop, Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. Patteson, and the new Deacon, set forth on a coasting expedition in the new vessel.

The language of the journal becomes nautical, and strong in praise of the conduct of the little ship, which took the party first to Nelson, where Sunday, the 7th of October, was spent, the Bishop going ashore while

Patteson held a service for the sailors on board, first going round to the vessels anchored in the harbour to invite the men's attendance, but without much success. On the 10th he wrote :—

'Already I feel to a certain extent naturalized. I do not think I should despair of qualifying myself in three months for the charge of a native parish. I don't mean that I know the niceties of the language so as to speak it always correctly, but I should be able to communicate with them on ordinary subjects, and to preach and catechize. But, after all, Melanesia is becoming more and more a substantial reality.'

The history of Bishop Selwyn's visitation hardly belongs to Patteson's life; I therefore only give the more personal extracts from his letters. On Sunday evening, the 21st of October, when lying in Astrolabe Roads, he wrote to his sister Joanna the following affectionate meditations :—

'This afternoon I went ashore to walk about the beach, and sat on a rock reading the "Christian Year." The 20th Sunday after Trinity comes very *home* to me, for I had a noble landscape before me, of "earth, sea, and sky," and I was alone to meditate upon it all, and to think about my own lot and portion in God's great universe. I hardly know whether it is right to let my thoughts run so much upon home: not with reference to any probability of seeing it again, but merely for reproducing the happy memory of all that it has been to me. But it does make me feel so happy when I retrace my past time there, especially the last few months; and the thought of all your love is something so really delightful and soothing to dwell upon in the midst of these rough,

though good-natured, seamen, that I can hardly bring myself to struggle against it. I don't think it tends to unfit me for present work, and possibly may prepare me all the better for it, inasmuch as it is the only real relaxation I have that comes easily and without effort. All higher sources of comfort *do* require the exertion and employment of the mind, but here I have only to let the mind go, and there I am at Feniton. It would be a blessed thing if my mind did fly as instinctively to the contemplation of heavenly things; but I must not dare to expect that. It is more than sufficient cause for thankfulness that, when sometimes the prospect looks gloomy and my heart seems to fail, I do find then my mind suggesting as it were to itself, or having suggested to it, the only real ground of consolation and strength; and so I journey on from day to day.'

A day or two later the vessel was in Queen Charlotte's Sound, at Waitoki, where the Bishop walked inland, leaving Mr. Patteson with Levi to assist him in holding services. This is the account of these days:—

'I have had two rather interesting days since the 25th. Each has introduced me to a new phase of New Zealand life. On Thursday (25th) I turned out at 5 A.M. (having been up the day before at 3 A.M., breakfasted, and started with the Bishop on his walk to the Wairoa). We were delayed on shore as usual by people who wanted to talk about various matters, so we did not march till seven. By twelve we had reached a hill where Captain Wakefield is buried, who, with seventeen other Englishmen, was killed by the natives (1843) in a quarrel about land. The distance is only twelve miles, but the first ten took you through one continuous forest, and the remaining

two you cross through three swamps, and skirt the steep edges of several hills. Scarcely did we take three steps together without a slip on the dry fern which covered the steeply-sloping path, or without stumbling over stumps, getting over fallen trees, sinking in swamp, &c. We crossed two rivers: one I went through, but it was quite shallow and very pleasant, as it washed off some of the mud of the swamps. The other we crossed twice on the trunk of a tree thrown across at a height of a few feet above the water, said water about ten feet deep. The heat was oppressive. The tangled bush and high fern, higher than our heads, with the great flax bush, &c., prevented the circulation of air in the wood, and when we emerged from it, the heat of the sun was almost tropical. At noon we dined—biscuit and a slice of bacon, which the two Maoris cooked by sticking a piece of stick through the rasher, and putting it on the wood embers. Like a great light of old, we ate our dinners first, and our plates afterwards, the plate being of course a biscuit. The Bishop went on at 1 P.M., and I started back with a Maori guide, reaching the beach at 6.30. The people at the Waitoki were rather surprised when they heard I had been at Massacre Hill since seven, and it was a good walk. The wood was fine, some trees huge, the white pines especially. Small green parrots getting up actually in coveys, eight at a time, and perching close to me; large red ones in numbers, pigeons innumerable, ducks, &c., not to forget the sandflies and mosquitoes, which indeed take good care not to be forgotten, though several of the crew are suffering more from them than I am, and I hope to be mosquito-proof some day.'

'The next day (Friday), three natives were sent off in

a boat to go to the different native villages of Queen Charlotte's Sound to tell the people that there were two clergymen at the Waitoki, and that there would be school on Saturday to prepare them for the Sunday services. Well, on Saturday, several large boats arrived from different quarters, and about one hundred natives encamped just above the beach. I opened school with prayer, and then Levi catechized upon the Sacraments. We talked before of the subject, but he did it so well. Then we ended as we began, and after school stood talking about in groups. Sunday began with Litany, Communion service, and sermon, at 9 A.M., on board ship, while Levi read the Litany to the people on shore. At 10.15 I went ashore, and soon assembled in an unfinished log hut, with no doors or windows, and a very insecure roof in case rain had come on, twenty-five Englishmen, who are making the road between Waitoki and Nelson. They were very attentive, though they had no books, and for eighteen months had not seen a clergyman—a wild ignorant set. I read prayers and preached at length extempore, and of course very plainly. At 11.30 the Maori service began. The room was soon crowded; some planks I had had laid across, and many sat on the fern and rushes which were strewn on the floor. A few boards on four stumps, with a clean table cloth, and the Melanesian silver-gilt Communion service at one end, Levi on one side, J. C. P. on the other. I read the Communion service, Levi having read prayers and preached very well on the Holy Communion. Then I administered the Holy Communion to fifty-one natives. It was striking to see them, old men tattooed all over, every part of the face, and with no covering but a blanket; old women in every quaint extraordinary kind of

garments and head-dresses; young people who had half adopted English clothing.

'At 1.30 I went to the ship and dined. At 2.30 I was on shore again, and soon surrounded by some thirty or forty natives, with whom I talked a long while about the prospect of a clergyman being settled among them. "We want *you!* You speak so plainly, we can understand you!"

'"No, I am going to the islands, to the blacks there." (N.B. The Maoris speak of the *Blacks* with a little touch of contempt.)

'"You are wanted here! Never mind the blacks!"

'"Ought not the Gospel to be preached to them, too. They have no teacher. Is it not right they should be taught as you have been?"

'"*Ai ra e tika ana.* Yes, yes, that is right!"

'By this time my English congregation had assembled again, a good sign. So I read prayers, selecting those I thought most appropriate, and preached. Immediately afterwards followed the Maori service, which lasted from 4.15 to 6.5. Seven children were baptized by Levi. I read prayers, and churched four women, and Levi preached. At 8 P.M. I had the evening prayers on board the "Southern Cross," and so ended my Sunday. It was a fine day, the room crowded with natives, and many more sitting all about outside. I was saluted on every side, "E Patehana, the new minister from England."'

The settlements, then new, of Canterbury and Dunedin were visited, and then, the Bishop remaining on shore on other work, the 'Southern Cross' started for the Chatham Isles, gaining high commendation for all the good qualities of which a schooner could be supposed capable. 'It was pretty to see the little

vessel running away from the great broad-backed rollers which rolled over the shore far above. Every now and then she shipped a sea, and once her deck was quite full of water, up to the gunwale nearly.' And as for her future skipper, he says, 'I had plenty of work at navigation. It really is very puzzling at first; so much to remember—currents, compass, variation, sun's declination, equation of time, lee way, &c. But I think I have done my work pretty well up to now, and of course it is a great pleasure as well as a considerable advantage to be able to give out the true and magnetic course of the ship, and to be able from day to day to give out her position.'

The Chatham Isles are dependencies of New Zealand, inhabited by Maoris, and as it has fallen to the lot of few to visit them, here is this extract concerning them:—

'I buried a man there, a retired sea captain who had spent some twenty years of his life in China, and his widow was a Chinese woman, a little dot of a thing, rather nice looking. She spoke a little English and more Maori. We walked through the Pa to the burial ground, some twenty natives all dressed in black, *i.e.* something black about them, and many in a good suit, attending the funeral. Levi had spent the day before (Sunday) with them and had told them about me. As I approached the Pa before the funeral they all raised the native cry of welcome, the "Tangi." I advanced, speaking to them collectively, and then went through the ceremony of shaking hands with each one in order as they stood in a row, saying something, if I could think of it, to each. After the funeral they all (according to native custom) sat down in the open air, round a large cloth on the ground, on which were

spread tins of potatoes, fish, pork, &c. The leader came to me and said, "This is the Maori fashion. Come, my friend, and sit with us," and deposited three bottles of beer at my feet, while provisions enough for Dan Lambert were stored around—a sort of Homeric way of honouring me, and perhaps they made a Benjamin of me. However, I had already eaten a mouldy biscuit and had a glass of beer at the house of the Chinawoman, so I only said grace for them, and after talking a little while, I shook hands all round and went off. Their hands, being used as knives and forks, were not a little greasy; but of course one does not think of that. As I passed the end of the Pa I heard a cry, and saw a very old man with a perfectly white beard, too old to come to the feast, who had crawled out of his hut to see me. He had nothing on but a blanket, and I was sorry I had not known of his being there, that I might have gone to the old gentleman, so we talked and shook hands, and I set off for my eight miles walk back. The whole island is one vast peat field, in many places below in a state of ignition; then the earth crumbles away below and pits are formed, rank with vegetation, splendid soil for potatoes.'

Christmas Day was spent at Wellington, in services on shore, the Christmas dinner eaten on board, but the evening spent at the Governor's in blind man's buff and other games with the children, then evening prayers on board for the crew. The stay at Wellington was altogether enjoyable, and it ended by Mr. Patteson taking the command of the vessel, and returning with Mrs. Selwyn to Auckland, while the Bishop pursued his journey by land, no small proof of the confidence inspired by so recent a mariner. He was sorry to lose the sight of the

further visitation, and in his New Year's letter of 1856, written soon after receiving a budget from home, there is one little touch of home sickness.

'Really it is a fine land, with wonderful facilities for large manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests; worth visiting, too, merely for the scenery, but somehow enjoying scenery depends a good deal upon having one's own friends to enjoy it with. One thing I do enjoy thoroughly, and that is the splendid sunsets. I don't remember anywhere to have seen such fine soft golden sunsets; and they are not wanting in variety, for occasionally he goes to bed among red and crimson and purple clouds, with wild scuds flying above, which suggest to me the propriety of turning up my bed and looking out for a good roll in the night. But there is certainly a peculiar transparency in the air which makes the distances look distant indeed.'

This trip, so cheerfully described, was rather a pull on the frame which had yet to become seasoned to the heat of the southern midsummer, and there was a languor about the outward man, the last remnant of the original sluggishness, which, if ever a doubt arose of the fitness of the instrument for the work, awoke it during the voyage. There was depression likewise, in part, no doubt, from the spending the first Christmas away from home and friends, and partly from a secret disappointment at the arrangement which made him for a time acting master, not to say steward, of the ship, so that he had to live on board of her, and make himself useful on Sundays, according to need, in the churches on shore, a desultory life very trying to him, but which he bore with his usual quiet determination to do obediently and faithfully the duty laid on him, without picking or choosing.

To Mr. Edward Coleridge he writes :—

January 8, 1856 : 'Southern Cross,' Auckland Harbour.

My dear old Tutor,—Our 106 days' cruise among the settlements of New Zealand ended last night at twelve, when we dropped anchor just inside the north head of the harbour. It was anxious work from Wellington, because, the Bishop having left us there, I was in a certain sense responsible for the safe conduct of the vessel, and I was entirely so for the discipline of it. We had a regular thrashing match against head wind and sea all the way from the East Cape, and yet made the passage in nine days. She is a little beauty and no mistake. Nothing out here can touch her.

I find the steamer which takes the mail to Sydney just starting, so I have only a few minutes to write. At Kohimarama, in my solitary glory on board the schooner, I will write a regular despatch to you.

Enough to say now, that the scenery of New Zealand quite answers my expectations. The people at the various settlements are very kind and friendly. The work is wholly new, and in many ways quite different from what I expected, *e.g.* my duties as inspector of pots, pans, hammocks, &c., as purveyor of meat, bread and vegetables, as accountant general, and pacifier in ordinary of all quarrels, discontents, murmurings, &c., among sailors and officers, as tutor to two rough young colonial youths that the Bishop brought from the South, hoping the Archdeacon will lick them into shape at the College. All these things are new, and (I confess) rather distasteful to me, but I am getting more accustomed to the various duties that were at first

really hard, and hope to think nothing of them soon.

I have just heard that the south side of Sevastopol is deserted by the Russians in consequence of the French having taken the Malakhoff—gallant fellows. They say, too, that all the Russian shipping is destroyed. I trust this will speedily bring matters to an end. Day and night I think of L., and pray God to keep him safe and sound, and bring him back with honour and glory to his dear little wife. I quite dread to read the despatches, they are so full of horrors. But here I shall find a large heap of 'Guardians,' and I must read up the events of the last few months, while you are impatient if you have to wait two days.

Pray tell Mr. —— I found out his son's grave at Wellington. It is a beautiful situation, overlooking the north harbour, with other graves around, and the whole space was consecrated on Monday by the Bishop. I shall hope when I go again to plant a willow there.

Always your affectionate nephew,
J. C. PATTESON.

The journal-letters continue on the 17th of January.

'Wrote a Maori sermon this morning, not feeling able yet to preach extempore in the native language, though it is much better to do so as soon as I can.' Now I must stick to the vessel again. I have been quite frisky, really, for two days past, and have actually slept on shore, the fourth time since September 24. The sensation is exceedingly pleasant of firm ground underneath and *clean* water, a basin, &c., to wash in. And yet I almost like coming back to my ship, home: it is really very

comfortable, and you know I always liked being a good deal alone. I am reading, for lightish reading, the first part of the third volume of Neander's Church History, which is all about Missions. It is the fifth volume in the way his works are usually bound up, and came out in this box the other day. It is very interesting, especially to me now, and it is curious to observe how much the great men insisted upon the necessity of attending to the more secular part of missionary work,—agriculture, fishing, and other means of humanizing the social condition of the heathen among whom they lived. Columbanus and Boniface, and his pupil Gregory, and others (all the German Missionaries, almost) just went on the plan the Bishop wants to work out here.

'2. P.M. I am off to Otaki to see my native parishioners. What different work from calling in at S. W.'s and other good Alfingtonians! The walk will be pleasant, especially as I have been grinding away at navigation all the morning. My stupid head gets puzzled at that kind of work; and yet it is very good for me, just because it requires accuracy.

'*29th.* Just as I am beginning to get some hold of the Maori, so as to make real use of it, the Island languages are beginning to come into work. I have a curious collection here now—some given by the Judge, who is a great philologist, others belonging to the Bishop—a MS. grammar here, one chapter of St. Mark in another language, four Gospels in a third, a few chapters of Kings with the Lord's Prayer in a fourth, besides Marsden's Malay grammar and lexicon. Mrs. Nihill has given me some few sheets of the Nengonè language, and also lent me her husband's MS. grammar. One letter, written *x*, but pronounced a sort of *rg* in the throat, yet

not like an ordinary guttural, she declares took two years to learn. You may fancy I have enough to do, and then all my housekeeping affairs take up a deal of time, for I not only have to order things, but to weigh them out, help to cut out and weigh the meat, &c., and am quite learned in the mysteries of the store-room, which to be sure is a curious place on board ship. I hope you are well suited with a housekeeper: if I were at home I could fearlessly advertise for such a situation. I have passed through the preliminary steps of housemaid and scullery-maid, and now, having taken to serving out stores, am quite qualified for the post, especially after my last performance of making bread, and even a cake.'

This seems to be the right place for the description which the wife of Chief Justice Martin gives of Mr. Patteson at this period. The first meeting, she says, 'was the beginning of an intimate friendship, which has been one of the great blessings of our lives. After a short stay at St. John's College, he came into residence at St. Stephen's native institution, of which Archdeacon Kissling was then the Principal. He learned rapidly to read and speak Maori, and won all hearts there by his gentle unassuming manners. My husband was at that time a great invalid, and as our dear friend was living within five minutes' walk of our house he came in whenever he had a spare half hour. He used to bring Archer Butler's sermons to read with us, and I well remember the pleasant talks that ensued. The two minds were drawn together by common tasks and habits of thought. Both had great facility in acquiring languages, and interest in all questions of philology. Both were also readers of German

writers on Church history and of critical interpretation of the New Testament, and I think it was a help to the younger man to be able to discuss these and kindred subjects with an older and more trained mind. I had heard much of our dear friend before he arrived, and I remember feeling a little disappointed at first, though much drawn to him by his gentle affectionate thoughtfulness and goodness. He said little about his future work. He had come obedient to the call and was quietly waiting to do whatever should be set him to do. As my husband a few months later told Sir John Patteson, there was no sudden flame of enthusiasm which would die down, but a steady fire which would go on burning. To me he talked much of his home. He used to walk beside my pony, and tell me about "his dear father"—how lovingly his voice used to linger over those words!—of the struggle it had been to leave him, of the dreariness of the day of embarkation. Years after he could hardly bear to recall it to mind. I remember his bright look the first day it became certain that we must visit England. "Why, then you will see my dear father, and tell him all about me!" I knew all his people quite well before, and when I went to visit his little parish of Alfington I seemed to recognise each cottage and its humble inmates, so faithfully had he described his old people and haunts.

'One thing that specially impressed me was his reverent appreciation of the good he had gained from older friends. He certainly had not imbibed any of the indifference to the opinion of elders ascribed to the youth of this generation. "Dear old tutor," his uncles, Sir John Coleridge and Dr. Coleridge, to whom he looked up with almost filial rever-

ence, the beloved Uncle Frank, whose holy life and death he dwelt on with a sort of awe, how gratefully and humbly he spoke of the help he had got from them! He was full of enthusiasm about music, painting and art in general. He would flow on to willing listeners of Mendelssohn and other great composers, and when he found that we hoped to visit Italy he was just as eager about pictures. He owned that both at Dresden and at Rome he had weakened his eyes by constant study of his favourite masters.

'Altogether he gave me the impression of having had a very happy youth and having enjoyed it thoroughly. His Eton and Oxford life, the society of men of thought at his father's house, home interests, foreign travel, art, happy days with his brother Jem in the Tyrol, were all entertained as pleasant memories, and yet he was able without conscious effort or struggle to put them all aside for his work's sake.

'The Bishop kindly gave us a passage to Wellington in the "Southern Cross," and Mr. Patteson went with us in charge of the vessel. We were five days at sea. I used to lie on the deck, and watch with amused interest the struggle going on between his student habits and his practical duties, which were peculiarly distasteful to him. He was never quite well at sea, but was headachy and uncomfortable. He was scrupulously neat and clean, and the dirt and stuffiness displeased him—how much we never knew, till he spoke out one day when very ill at our house in 1870.[1] He was not apt at teaching, but he used conscientiously to hear a young lad spell and read daily. He would

[1] This was after some years of partially failing health, when these feelings had become habitual. I do not think they existed in his earlier voyages.

come up with some book of thought in his hand, and seemed buried in it, till he suddenly would remember he ought to be directing or overlooking in some way. This would happen half a dozen times in an afternoon.

'He shrank at this time from finding fault. It was a positive distress to him. At Wellington we parted. He seemed a little depressed, I remember, as to what use he would be. I said: "Why, you will be the son Timothy so long waited for." His face brightened up at the thought. "Yes, if I can release the Bishop of some of his anxieties, that will be enough.'"

No doubt he was depressed at parting with the Chief Justice and Mrs. Martin, who were thoroughly homelike friends, and whose return was then uncertain. His success as a sea-captain however encouraged him, and he wrote as follows on his return :—

Kohimarama : March 6, 1856. 'Southern Cross.'

My dear Miss Neill,—How kind of you to write to me, and such a nice long letter. It cost you a great effort, I am sure, and much pain, I fear; but I know it was a comfort to you that it was written, and indeed it was a great happiness to me to read it. Oh, these letters! The intense enjoyment of hearing about you all at home, I know no pleasure like it now. Fond as I always was of reading letters and papers, the real happiness of a mail from England now is quite beyond the conception of any but a wanderer in foreign parts. Our mail went out yesterday at 2 P.M., rather unluckily for me, as I only returned from a very rapid and prosperous voyage to Wellington yesterday morning.

I took the Chief Justice and Mrs. Martin (such dear, excellent people) to Wellington to meet the

'Seringapatam,' homeward bound from that port; and I brought back *from* Wellington the Governor's sick wife and suite. Only absent a fortnight for a voyage of 1,100 miles, including three days' stay at Wellington. The coast of New Zealand is so uncertain, and the corners so many in coasting from Auckland to Wellington, that the usual passage occupies seven or eight days; and when the 'Southern Cross' appeared yesterday morning in harbour, I was told by several of the officers and other residents that they feared we had *put back* from foul weather, or because the Judge could not bear the motion of the vessel. They scarcely thought we could actually have been to Wellington and returned.

Most thankful am I for such a fine passage, for I had two sets of invalids, the Judge being only now (as we trust) recovering from a severe illness, and Mrs. Martin very weakly; and I felt the responsibility of having the charge of them very much. This was my second trip as 'Commodore,' the Bishop still being on his land journey; but we expect him in Auckland at the end of the month. As you may suppose, I am getting on with my navigation, take sights, of course, and work out errors of watches, place of ship, &c.; it is pretty and interesting work, and though you know well enough that I have no turn for mathematics, yet this kind of thing is rendered so easy nowadays by the tables that are constructed for nautical purposes, that I do not think I should feel afraid of navigating a ship at all. The 'seamanship' is another thing, and that the master of the ship is responsible for. . . . .

You ask me, dear Miss Neill, where I am *settled.* Why, settled, I suppose I am never to be: I am a missionary, you know, not a 'stationary.' But, how-

ever, my home is the 'Southern Cross,' where I live always in harbour as well as at sea, highly compassionated by all my good friends here, from the Governor downwards, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a cosy little cabin nicely furnished with table, lots of books, and my dear father's photograph, which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. In harbour I live in the cabin. It is hung round with barometers (aneroids), sympiesometers, fixed chest for chronometers, charts, &c. Of course, wherever the 'Southern Cross' goes I go too, and I am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with a cricket bat. Then I do *rather* have good salt-water baths, and see glorious sunsets and sunrises, and star-light nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, lapping against my ear as I lie in my canvas bed, six feet by two and a half, and fall sound asleep and dream of home. Oh! there is much that is really enjoyable in this kind of life; and if the cares of the vessel, management of men, &c., do harass me sometimes, it is very good for me; security from such troubles having been anxiously and selfishly pursued by me at home.

If it please God to give success to our mission work, I may some day be 'settled' (if I live) on some one of the countless islands of the South Pacific, looking after a kind of Protestant Propaganda College for the education of teachers and missionaries from among the islanders, but this is all uncertain.

Now good-bye, my dear Miss Neill. I never doubt that in all your sufferings God does administer abundant sources of consolation to you. Even my life, so painless and easy, is teaching me that we judge of

these things by a relative standard only, and I can conceive of one duly trained and prepared for heaven that many most blessed anticipations of future rest may be vouchsafed in the midst of extreme bodily pain. It is in fact a kind of martyrdom, and truly so when borne patiently for the love of Christ.

Always, my dear Miss Neill,
Your very affectionate,
J. C. PATTESON.

The Sundays were days of little rest. Clergy were too scarce for one with no fixed cure not to be made available to the utmost, and the undeveloped state of the buildings and of all appliances of devotion fell heavily and coldly on one trained to beauty, both of architecture and music, though perhaps the variety of employment was the chief trial. His Good Friday and Easter Sunday's journal show the sort of work that came on him.

Taurarua, Good Friday.—I am tired, for walking about in a hot sun, with a Melanesian kit, as we call them, slung round the neck, with clothes and books, is really fatiguing. Yesterday and to-day are just samples of colonial work. Thursday, 7.30, prayers in chapel; 10.30, Communion service in chapel. Walked two miles to see a parishioner of the Archdeacon's. 1.30, dinner; 2.30, walked to Taurarua, five and a half miles, in a burning sun; walked on to Mr. T's and back, three miles and a half more. 7, tea, wrote a sermon, and went to bed. To-day, service and sermon for 600 soldiers at 9; Communion service and preached at 11. Back to Taurarua after three miles' walk, on to the College, and read prayers at 7. Not much work, it is true, but disjointed, and there-

fore more fatiguing. I do sometimes long almost for the *rest* of English life, the quiet evening after the busy day; but I must look on to a peaceful rest by and by; meanwhile work away, and to be sure I have a grand example in the Bishop.

Easter Day.—I was at Tamaki chapel, a cold, bare, barn-like building of scoria, all this country being of volcanic origin. Fifty persons present perhaps: two or three faint female voices, two or three rough most discordant male voices, all the attempt at singing. No instrument of any kind. The burthen of trying to raise the tone of the whole service to a really rejoicing thankful character wholly, I suppose, upon myself, and I so unequal to it. But the happy blessed services themselves, they gradually absorbed the mind, and withdrew it from all relative and comparative ideas of externals of worship. What a training it is here for the appreciation of the wondrous beauty of our Church services, calming all feeling of excitement and irrevent passionate zeal, and enabling one to give full scope to the joy and glory of one's heart, without, I hope, forgetting to rejoice with reverence and moderation. Here, at Tamaki, you have nothing but the help the services themselves give, and I suppose that is very good for one in reality, though at the time it makes one feel as if something was wanting in the hearty sympathy and support of earnest fellow-worshippers. The College chapel nicely decorated.

1st Sunday after Easter: Taurarua.—I walked in from the College yesterday afternoon, took the soldiers' service at 9.15 A.M., Communion service and sermon at St. Matthew's at 11, Hospital at 2.30. Preached at St. Paul's at 6 P.M., reminding me of my Sunday's work when I was living at St. Stephen's.

It is a comfort to have a Sunday in Auckland occasionally—more like a Sunday, with a real church, and people responding and singing.

So passed that first year, which many an intending missionary before Patteson has found a crucial test which he has not taken into his calculations. The soreness of the wrench from home is still fresh, and there is no settled or regular work to occupy the mind, while the hardships are exactly of the kind that have *not* been anticipated, and are most harassing, though unsatisfying to the imagination, and all this when the health is adapting itself to a new climate, and the spirits are least in tune, so that the temper is in the most likely condition to feel and resent any apparent slight or unexpected employment. No one knows how many high hopes have sunk, how many intended workers have been turned aside, by this ordeal of the first year.

Patteson, however, was accepting whatever was distasteful as wholesome training in the endurance of hardships, and soon felt the benefit he reaped from it. The fastidiousness of his nature was being conquered, his reluctance to rebuke forced out of being a hindrance, and no doubt the long-sought grace of humility was rendered far more attainable by the obedient fulfilment of these lowly tasks.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MELANESIAN ISLES.

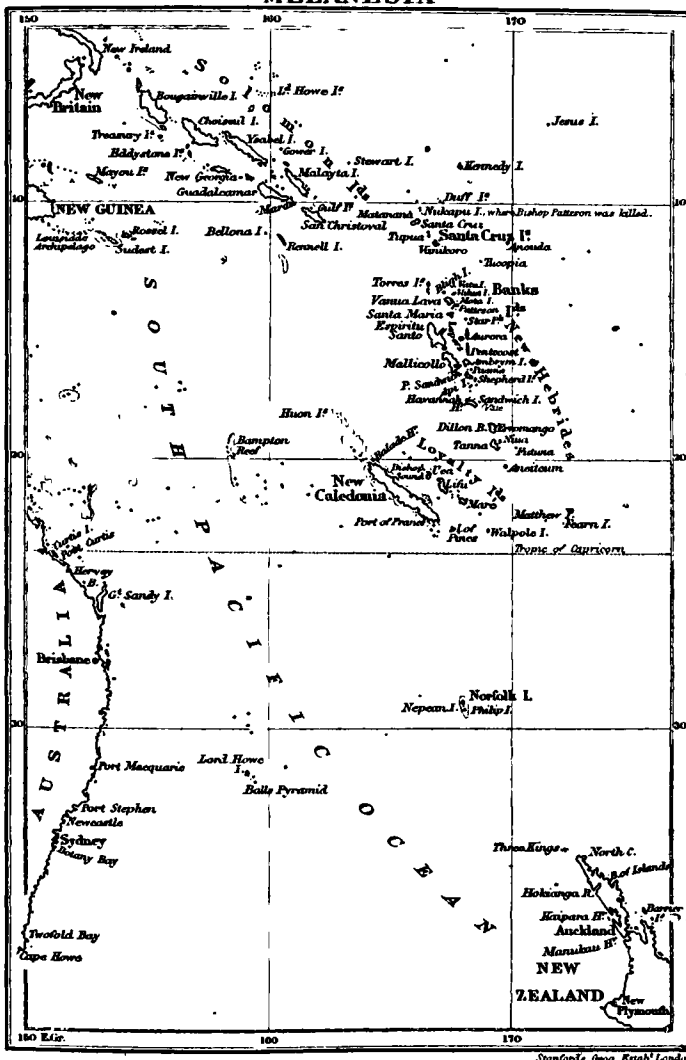
1856–1857.

AND now, in his twenty-ninth year, after all the unconscious preparation of his education, and the conscious preparation of two years, Coleridge Patteson began the definite work of his life. Bishop Selwyn was to sail with him in the 'Southern Cross,' making the voyage that had been intermitted during the expedition to England, introducing him to the Islands, and testing his adaptation to the work there. The first point was, however, to be Sydney, with the hope of obtaining leave to use Norfolk Island as the headquarters of the Mission. They meant to touch there, weather permitting, on their way northward.

Ascension Day was always Bishop Selwyn's favourite time for starting, so that the charge might be ringing freshly in his ears and those of his companions, 'Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

There was morning service and Holy Communion at the little College chapel on the 1st of May, Ascension Day of 1856; then the party went on board, but their first start was only to Coromandel Bay, in order that the Bishop might arrange a dispute with the Maoris, and they then returned to Auckland to take up Mrs. Selwyn. The crew were five in number,

MELANESIA



London. Macmillan & Co

and Mr. Leonard Harper, son of the future Bishop of Lyttelton, likewise accompanied them, and relieved Patteson of his onerous duties as steward.

The first adventure was such a storm as the little vessel had never yet encountered. The journal-letter thus describes it:—'On Saturday morning it began to blow from the north-east, and for the first time I experienced a circular gale or hurricane. Mrs. Somerville, I think, somewhere describes the nature of them in her "Physical Geography." The wind veered and hauled about a point or two, but blew from the north-east with great force, till about seven P.M. we could do no more with it and had to lie to. Ask old D. what that means, if you can't understand my description of it. The principle of it is to set two small sails, one fore and one aft, lash the rudder (wheel) amidships, make all snug, put on hatches, batten everything down, and trust to ride out the storm. As the vessel falls away from the wind by the action of one sail, it is brought up to it again by the other sail. Thus her head is always kept *to* the wind, and she meets the seas, which if they caught her on the beam or the quarter would very likely send her down at once. About midnight on Saturday the wind suddenly chopped round to W.S.W., so that we were near the focus of the gale; it blew harder and harder till we took down the one sail forward, as the ropes and spars were enough for the wind to act upon. From 1 P.M. to 7 P.M. on Sunday it blew furiously. The whole sea was one drift of foam, and the surface of the water beaten down almost flat by the excessive violence of the wind, which cut off the head of every wave as it strove to raise itself, and carried it in clouds of spray and great masses of water, driving and hurling

it against any obstacle, such as our little vessel, with inconceivable fury. As I stood on deck, gasping for breath, my eyes literally unable to keep themselves open, and only by glimpses getting a view of this most grand and terrible sight, it seemed as if a furious snow-storm was raging over a swelling, heaving, dark mass of waters. When anything could be seen beyond the first or second line of waves, the sky and sea appeared to meet in one cataract of rain and spray. A few birds were driving about like spirits of the storm. It was, as Shakspeare calls it, a regular hurly. Add to this the straining of the masts, the creaking of the planks, the shrill whistle of the wind in the ropes and cordage, the occasional crash of a heavy sea as it struck us with a sharp sound, and the rush of water over the decks, down the companion and hatches, that followed, and you have a notion of a gale of wind. And yet this was far from all the wind and sea can do, and we were never in any danger, I believe. That is, an unlucky sea at such a time may be fatal, and if anything about the schooner had been unsound it might have been awkward. At prayers, the Bishop read the prayer to be used in a storm, but I never myself entertained the idea of our being really in peril, nor did I suffer anything like the anxiety that I did when we were rounding Cape Palliser on our way to Wellington with the Judge. Here we had sea room and no fear of driving upon rocks. It is blowing a good deal now, as you see by my writing. I have a small ink-bottle of glass, made like an eel-pot (such as tax-gatherers use), tied to my buttonhole, and with this I can scribble away in almost any sea. Dear me! you could not sit still a minute, even now. I was qualmish on

Saturday, and for a minute sick, but pretty comfortable on Sunday, though wearied by the constant pitching and rolling.'

The day after this, namely May 16, the Bishop and Mr. Patteson rowed into Cascade Bay, Norfolk Island, amid a heavy surf, but they saw no cascade, as there had been no rain for a long time; and there were only rocks surmounted by pine trees, no living creature, no landing-place, as they coasted along. At last they saw a smooth-looking rock with an iron staple, and concluding that it was the way of approach, they watched their time, and through the surf which broke over it they leapt on it, and dashed ashore before the returning swell caught them. They walked inland, and met a man, one of twelve convicts who had been left behind to receive the Pitcairners, who had not yet arrived, but were on their way from their original island in H.M.S. 'Juno.' The vegetation and climate struck them as beautiful; there were oranges, lemons, sweet potatoes, and common potatoes, and English vegetables, and the Norfolk Island pine growing to a great height: 'but,' writes Coley, 'it is coarser in the leaf and less symmetrical in shape than I had expected. I thought to have seen the tree of Veitch's nursery garden on a scale three or four times as large, and so I might have done in any of the gardens; but as they grow wild in the forest, they are not so very different from the more common fir tribe.'

They saw one house, but had little time, and getting down to the smooth rock, stood there, barefooted, till the boat could back in between the rollers; the Bishop leapt in at the first, and the boat made off at once, and till it could return, Patteson had to cling to the clamps

to hinder himself from being washed off, as six or seven waves broke over him before the boat could come near enough for another spring. These difficulties in landing were one of the recommendations of the island, by isolating the future inhabitants from the demoralising visits of chance vessels.

Then followed some days of great enjoyment of the calm warmth of the semi-tropical winter, chiefly varied by catching a young shark, and contrasting him with his attendant pilot, as the ugliest and prettiest of fish. Patteson used the calm to write (May 30) one of his introspective letters, owning that he felt physical discomfort, and found it hard to banish 'recollections of clean water, dry clothes, and drink not tasting like medicine; but that he most of all missed the perfect unconstrained ease of home conversation.'

Then he continues:—

> But now, don't you see, Fan, how good this is for me?. If you think impartially of me, as you recollect me, you will see how soft and indolent I was, how easily I fell into self-indulgent habits, how little I cared to exert myself and try and exercise the influence, etc., a clergyman may be supposed to possess; there was nothing about me to indicate energy, to fit me for working out a scheme and stamping my own mind upon others who came in contact with me. Perhaps there is no one person who can trace any sensible influence to anything I ever did or said.
>
> Now I don't of course venture to say that this is otherwise now; but I think that this is the best training to make it so. I think that I *ought* to be gaining strength of purpose, resolution, energy of character, under these circumstances. And observe,

what should I be without some such change pressing on me? Just imagine me, such a one as I was at Alfington, alone on an island with twenty-five Melanesian boys, from half as many different islands, to be trained, clothed, brought into orderly habits, etc., the report of our proceedings made in some sort the test of the working of the Mission; and all this to be arranged, ordered, and worked out by me, who found H. B—— and W. P—— a care too great for me.

Don't you see that I must become very different from what I was—more of a man; to say nothing of the higher and religious side of this question. While then there is much that my carnal self-indulgent nature does not at all *like*, and while it is always trying to rebel, my better sense and the true voice within tells me that, independently of this particular work requiring such a discipline, the discipline itself is good for the formation of my own character. . . Oh! the month of June at Feniton! the rhododendrons, azaleas, and kalmias, the burst of flowers and trees, the song of thrush and blackbird (both unknown to New Zealand). The green meadows and cawing rooks, and church towers and Sunday bells, and the bright sparkling river and leaping trout: and the hedges with primrose and violet (I should like to see a hedge again); and I am afraid I must add the green peas and beans, and various other garden productions, which would make salt pork more palatable! Yes, I should like to see it all again; but it is of the earth after all, and I have the 'many-twinkling smile of Ocean,' though there is no soft woodland dell to make it more beautiful by its contrast. Well, I have had an happy hour scribbling away, and now to work.

'I am less distressed now,' he adds, a few days later, in the same strain, 'at the absence of all that is customary in England on these occasions (great festivals), though I dare not say how far the loss of all these privileges produces a bad effect upon my heart and character. One often loses the spirit when the form is withdrawn, and I still sorely long for the worship of God in the beauty of holiness, and my mind reverts to Ottery Church and College Chapels, and vast glorious Cathedrals.'

On the 10th of June the 'Southern Cross' was in Sydney harbour, and remained there a fortnight, Bishop Barker gladly welcoming the new arrivals, though in general Bishop Selwyn and his Chaplain announced themselves as like the man and woman in the weather-glass, only coming out by turns, since one or other had to be in charge of the ship; but later an arrangement was made which set them more at liberty. And the churches at Sydney were a great delight to Patteson; the architecture, music and all the arrangements being like those among which he had been trained.

'A Sunday worth a dozen gales of wind!' he exclaims, 'but you can hardly judge of the effect produced by all the good substantial concomitants of Divine worship upon one who for fourteen months has scarcely seen anything but a small wooden church, with almost all the warmth of devotion resting on himself. I feel roused to the core . . . I felt the blessing of worshipping the Lord with a full heart in the beauty of holiness. A very good organ well played, and my joy was great when we sang the long 78th Psalm to an old chant of itself almost enough to upset me, the congregation singing in parts with heart and voice.'

His exhilaration showed itself in a letter to his little cousin, Paulina Martin.

'Southern Cross,' Sydney Harbour: June 18, 1856.

My darling Pena,—*Are* you so anxious to have a letter from me, and *do* you think I am going to forget all about you? However, you have had long before this two or three letters from me, I hope, and when I write to grandpapa or grandmamma or mamma, you must always take it as if a good deal was meant for you, for I have not quite so much time for writing as you have, I dare say, in spite of music and French and history and geography and all the rest of it. But I do dearly love to write to you when I can, and you must be quite certain that I shall always do so as I have opportunity.

Don't you ever talk to me about any of your English watering places and sea-port towns! No one knows anything about what an harbour can be for perfect beauty of earth, air, and sea, for wooded banks and rocky heights, and fine shipping and handsome buildings, and all the bustle and stir of a town of 80,000 inhabitants somehow lost and hidden among gum trees and Norfolk Island pines and parks and gravel walks; and everywhere the magnificent sea view breaking in upon the eye. Don't be angry, darling, for I love Dawlish very much, and would sooner go and sail the 'Mary Jane' with you in some dear little basin among the rocks at low tide, and watch all the little crabs and other creatures with long Latin names, than walk about Sydney, arm-in-arm with the Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle, to call on the Governor. But I must say what I think about the natural scenery of places that I visit, and nowhere, even in New Zealand—no,

not even in Queen Charlotte's Sound, nor in Banks's Peninsula, have I seen anything so completely beautiful as this harbour—'*Thoni ano*,' 'that's enough.' The Governor told us yesterday that when he was at Hobart Town, he made the convicts cut a path through one of the deep gullies running down from a mountain 4,500 feet high to the sea. The path was two miles long, and all the way the tree-ferns, between twenty and thirty feet high, formed a natural roof arched and vaulted like the fretted roofs of our Tudor churches and chapels. There is a botanical garden here with a very good collection of all the Australian trees and shrubs, and with many New Zealand and many semi-tropical plants besides. All the English flowers and fruits grow here as well, so that in the warmer months it must look beautiful. It is close to the sea, which runs here in little creeks and bays close up among the public walks and buildings; and as the shore is all rocky and steep at low water, there is no mud or swamp or seaweed, but only clear green water quite deep and always calm and tranquil, because the harbour is so broken up and diversified by innumerable islets, gulfs, &c., that no wind can raise any sea of consequence in it.

Just now it is winter time—slight frost at night, but no appearance of it after the sun is up; bright hot days, and bracing cold nights, the very perfection of a climate in winter, but in summer very hot. It is so funny to me to see regular stone and brick houses, and shops, and carriages, and cabs, &c., all quite new to me.

To-night there is a great missionary meeting—Bishops of Sydney, New Zealand, and Newcastle present. Bishop of Newcastle and a Mr. King

advocate the cause of the Australian blacks, and the Bishop of New Zealand and unfortunate I have to speechify about Melanesia. What on earth to say I don't know, for of course the Bishop will exhaust the subject before me.

However, I must try and not be in a great fright; but I would sooner by half be going to have a talk with a parcel of Maoris. Now, you must get Fanny Patteson to tell you all about our voyage from New Zealand, our adventure at Norfolk Island, &c.

We sail on Monday, 23rd, for Norfolk Island again, as it is in our way to the Solomon group, because we shall get the S.E. trades just about there, and so run away in style to the Solomon Islands, and perhaps farther north still, but that is not probable this time.

Always, my darling,
Your affectionate cousin,
J. C. PATTESON.

This meeting was called by the Australian Board of Missions to receive information or propositions concerning the missions to the Australians and Melanesians. Bishop Barker of Sydney was in the chair, and the Bishop of Newcastle, who had made one Melanesian cruise in the 'Border Maid,' was likewise present. The room was crowded to excess, and from 900 to 1,000 were certainly present, many more failing to get in. Afterwards Patteson writes to his father:—

'The Bishop of New Zealand, in introducing me to the meeting, spoke before all these people of you and me in a way that almost unnerved me, and I had to speak next. What he said is not reported, or very badly—calling me his dear friend, with his voice quivering—I never saw him more, or so much

affected—"I ought to be most thankful to God for giving me so dear a companion, &c." But he spoke so of you, and people here seemed to know of you, coming up to me, and asking about you, after the meeting. The Bishop of Newcastle spoke of you most kindly, and really with very great feeling. An evening I had dreaded ended happily. Before I dined with the three Bishops; last night with Chief Justice Sir Alfred Stephen, and met the trio again, Bishop everywhere speaking of me as one of his family. "No, my boys are not with me; but we have my dear friend Mr. Patteson." Of course all this exhibition of feeling never comes out when we are alone, we know each other too well. And now the *romance* of Mission work is over, and the real *labour* is to begin. There has been bad work among the islands lately, but you know in whose hands we are.'

The collections both at the door and on the following Sunday were very large, and a strong warm feeling was excited in Sydney which has never since died away. Mr. Patteson was much beloved there, and always met with kind welcome and ready assistance from all classes. But there was one great disappointment. The Bishop of New Zealand, on formally setting before Sir William Denison, Governor-General of Australia, his plan for making Norfolk Island the site of a school for training Melanesian teachers, and eventually the seat of a Bishopric, received a refusal, and was not permitted even to place a chaplain there. Sir William, as he tells us in his published diary, had heard from some quarter or other rumours respecting the Melanesian scholars which made him suppose that their presence might have a bad effect upon the Pitcairners; and repeated that his instructions were that the islanders

should be left as much as possible to themselves. The request to be permitted to place Mr. Patteson there was refused on the ground that Norfolk Island belonged to the see of Tasmania, and not to that of New Zealand. But the Bishop of Tasmania could hardly visit it without great inconvenience, and he had therefore placed it under the care of his brother of New Zealand, full in whose track it lay. The matter was referred to the Colonial Secretary, and in the meantime Bishop Selwyn adhered to his purpose of visiting it on leaving Sydney, and though he could not place his chaplain there, leaving Mrs. Selwyn to assist in the work of training the new comers to the novelties of a more temperate climate and a more genial soil than they had known on the torrid rock of Pitcairn's Island.

Accordingly, on the 4th of July, the 'Southern Cross' again approached the island, and finding that the Pitcairners had come, and that their magistrate and Mr. Nobbs, their clergyman, would gladly welcome assistance, the Bishop brought Mrs. Selwyn on shore, and left her there to assist Mr. Nobbs in preparing the entire population to be confirmed on his return. But the Pitcairners have been amply written about, and as Coleridge Patteson's connection with them was only incidental, I shall not dwell on them or their history.

The 'Southern Cross' reached Anaiteum on the 14th of July. This island was occupied by Mr. Inglis and Mr. Geddie, of the Scottish Presbyterian Mission, who had done much towards improving the natives. Small canoes soon began to come off to the vessel, little craft consisting of no more than the trunk of a tree hollowed out, seldom more than a foot broad, and perhaps eighteen inches deep, all with outriggers—namely, a slight wooden frame or raft to balance them, and for the most part containing two men, or sometimes three

or four. Before long, not less than fifteen or twenty had come on board, with woolly hair and mahogany skins, generally wearing a small strip of calico, but some without even this. They were small men, but lithe and supple, and walked about the deck quite at ease, chattering in a language no one understood except the words 'Missy Inglis,' as they pointed to a house. Presently another canoe arrived with a Samoan teacher with whom the Bishop could converse, and who said that Mr. Geddie was at Marè. They were soon followed by a whale boat with a Tahitian native teacher, a Futuma man, and a crew of Anaiteans.

'The Futuma man had expended his energies upon his hair, which was elaborately dressed after a fashion that precluded the possibility of any attention being bestowed upon the rest of his person, which was accordingly wholly unencumbered with any clothing. The perfection of this art apparently consisted in gathering up about a dozen hairs and binding them firmly with grass or fine twine of cocoa-nut fibre plastered with coral lime. As the hair grows, the binding is lengthened also, and only about four or five inches are suffered to escape from this confinement, and are then frizzed and curled, like a mop or a poodle's coat. Leonard Harper and I returned in this boat, Tahitian steering, Samoan, Futuman, and Anaiteans making one motley crew. The brisk trade soon carried us to the beach in front of Mr. Inglis's house, and arrived at the reef I rode out pick-a-back on the Samoan, Leonard following on a half-naked Anaitean. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a number of men, women and children, standing round Mr. Inglis at the entrance of his garden. I explained to him the reason of the Bishop's being unable to land, that he alone

knew the harbour on the other side of island, and so could not leave the vessel.

Then, having delivered the boxes and letters we had brought for him from Auckland, we went into his house, gazing with delight at cocoa-nut trees, bananas, breadfruit trees, citrons, lemons, taro, &c., with bright tropical colouring thrown over all, lighting up the broad leaves and thick foliage of the trees around us.

The house itself is built, after the fashion of these islands, of wattle plastered with coral lime, the roof thatched with the leaves of the cocoa-nut and pandana; the fences of the garden were made of cane, prettily worked together into a cross pattern; the path neatly kept, and everything looking clean and tidy. We sat down in a small, well-furnished room, and looked out upon the garden, verandah, and groups of men and women standing outside. Presently Mrs. Inglis came into the room, and after some discussion I was persuaded to stay all night, since the schooner could not reach her anchorage before dark, and the next day the water-casks were to be filled.

An excellent dinner was provided: roast fowl with taro, a nutritious root somewhat like potato, rice and jam, bananas and delicious fruit, bread and Scotch cheese, with glasses of cocoa-nut milk.

Afterwards he showed us the arrangements for boarding young men and women—twelve of the former, and fourteen of the latter. Nothing could well exceed the cleanliness and order of their houses, sleeping rooms, and cooking rooms. The houses, wattled and plastered, had floors covered with native mats, beds laid upon a raised platform running round the inner room, mats and blankets for covering, and

bamboo cane for a pillow. The boys were, some writing, some making twine, some summing, when we went in; the girls just putting on their bonnets, of their own manufacture, for school.

They learn all household work—cooking, hemming, sewing, &c.; the boys tend the poultry, cows, cultivate taro, make arrowroot, &c. All of them could read fluently, and all looked happy, clean, and healthy. The girls wear their native petticoats of cocoa-nut leaves, with a calico body. Boys wear trousers, and some had shirts, some waistcoats, and a few jackets.

We walked about a small wood adjoining the house, through which a small fresh-water stream runs. In the wood we saw specimens of the various trees and shrubs, and flowers of the island, including those already noticed in Mr. Inglis's garden, and the bread-fruit tree and sugar-cane, and a beautiful bright flower of scarlet colour, a convolvulus, larger than any I had ever seen elsewhere; also a tree bearing a very beautiful yellow flower.

We then returned to the house, and shortly afterwards went to the church, which is at present used also as the school-house, though the uprights of a larger school-house are already fixed in the ground.

Men, women, and children to the number of ninety-four had assembled in a large oblong building, wattled and plastered, with open windows on all sides; mats arranged on the floor, and a raised platform or bench running round the building for persons who prefer to sit after the English, instead of the native fashion.

All that were called upon to read did so fluently; the singing was harsh and nasal enough, but in very good time; their counting very good, and their writing

on slates quite equal to the average performance, I am satisfied, of a good English parish school. They listened attentively when Mr. Inglis spoke to them, and when at his request I said a few words, which he translated. The most perfect order and quiet prevailed all the time we were in the school. At the end of the lessons they came forward, and each one shook hands with Leonard Harper and myself, smiling and laughing with their quick intelligent eyes, and apparently pleased to see strangers among them.

By this time it was dusk, and we went back to the Mission House, and spent a pleasant evening, asking and answering questions about Anaiteum and the world beyond it, until 8 P.M., when the boarders came to prayers, with two or three persons who live about the place. They read the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in turns, verse by verse, and then a prayer from Mr. Inglis followed. At 8.30 we had private family prayers, and at 9 went to bed.

July 16th.—We got up at four, and were soon ready for our walk to the south side of the island; Mr. Inglis came with us, and ten or twelve natives. For the first half-mile we walked along the beach among cocoa-nut trees, bananas and sugar-canes, the sun, not yet above the horizon, tinging the light clouds with faint pink and purple lines, the freshness of the early dawn, and the soft breeze playing about us, gladdening at once our eyes and our hearts. Soon we struck off to the south, and passing through taro plantations, began to ascend the slopes of the island. As we walked along we heard the sound of the logs beaten together, summoning the people to attend the various schools planted in every locality, under the

management of native teachers, and we had a good opportunity of observing the careful system of irrigation adopted by the natives for the cultivation of the taro plant. Following the course of a small mountain stream, we observed the labour with which the water was brought down from it upon causeways of earth, carried in baskets from very considerable distances; occasionally the watercourse is led round the head of various small ravines; at other times the trunk of a tree is hollowed out and converted into an aqueduct; but no pains have been wanting to make every provision for the growth of the staple food of the island.

The last school here on the north side of the island is about two miles from the coast, and from this point the path is very steep, stony, and slippery, and occasionally requires the use of hands as well as feet; but to our amusement, and advantage too, as it turned out, two natives attached themselves to us, and were always at hand to catch us if we slipped, and help us up a rock, or carry us across a stream—willing, good-natured fellows, laughing and chattering away, and waiting upon us in a style that I had hitherto supposed to be exclusively oriental.

The scenery of the uplands of this island is excessively beautiful; rich masses of forest with deep intersecting valleys, undulating slopes, brakes and woods, streams and torrents, and occasionally glimpses of the lower plains by the sea-side, the clearings for cultivation, the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, the lagoon and the coral reef, and the broad open sea beyond. We reached Mr. Geddie's station about eleven, and found the Bishop seated a quarter of a mile from the settlement, taking shore sights, to the amazement, no doubt, of the dozen natives who were grouped

around him; Hoari (George), the New Zealand boy, very happy in the possession of a good piece of sugar-cane, the men engaged in fetching water, the vessel lying in the lagoon, and all looking as comfortable as if this island had for centuries been the rendezvous of traders and missionaries. Scarcely could one credit the fact that eight years ago there was not one Christian upon it. Nonwhat, the principal chief of the island, came from his house to meet us, and with him some three or four Tanna men, their faces painted red. Nonwhat has lately been behaving very well, and showing a disposition to leave off native customs. Some of these people are going as pioneers to the two islands which can be seen from Anaiteum—Tanna with some 6,000 inhabitants perhaps, a volcano in active operation; and Futuma about 600.

From this scene of hope and encouragement the 'Southern Cross' sailed on the sixteenth, and passing Erromango, came in sight of Fatè, also called Sandwich, a wooded island beautiful beyond description, but with a bad character for cannibalism, and where the Samoan teachers had been murdered. So the approach was cautious, and the vessel kept a mile from the shore, and was soon surrounded with canoes, one of them containing a native who had been instructed in Samoa, and was now acting as teacher.

'The first canoe that came had five men on board. Girdles of beautifully plaited cocoa-nut fibre round their waists were their only clothing, but some had wreaths of flowers and green leaves round their heads, and most of them wore mother-of-pearl shells, beads, &c., round their necks and in their ears. They do not tattoo, but brand their skins. All five came, and presently three more, and then another; but seeing a

large double canoe with perhaps twenty men in her coming close, we stood away. Two of our visitors chose to stay, and we have them on board now: Alsoff, a man of perhaps forty-five, and Mospa, a very intelligent young man, from whom I am picking up words as fast as I can. F. would have laughed to have seen me rigging them out in calico shirts, buttoning them up. Mospa gave me his wooden comb, which they push through their hair, as you ladies do coral or gold pins at parties. Another fellow whose head was elaborately frizzled and plastered with coral lime, departed with one of my common calico pockethandkerchiefs with my name in Joan's marking. This is to adorn his head, and, for aught I know, is the first, and certainly the best specimen of hand-writing in the island. We hope to call at all these islands on our way back from the north, but at present we only dodge a few canoes, &c.,

July 20.—I suppose you like to know all little things, so I tell you that our Fatè friends, being presented each with a blanket, just wound themselves up on the cabin floor, one close to Leonard and me, and slept away in style; that I soon taught them to eat with a knife and fork, and to-day have almost succeeded in making them believe that plum-pudding (our Sunday dish) is a fine thing.

July 21.—All day we have been very slowly drifting along the west side of Espiritu Santo. A grand mountainous chain runs along the whole island, the peaks we estimate at 4,000 feet high. This alone is a fine sight—luxuriant vegetation to nearly the top of the peaks, clouds resting upon the summit of the range, from the evaporation caused by the vast amount of vegetable matter.

As we were lying to, about half way along the

coast, we espied a brig at anchor close on shore. Manned the boat and rowed about two miles to the brig, found it was under the command of a notorious man among the sandal-wood traders for many a dark deed of revenge and unscrupulous retaliation upon the natives. At Nengonè he shot three in cold blood who swam off to his ship, because the people of the place were said to be about to attempt to take his vessel. At Mallicolo but lately I fear he killed not less than eight, though here there was some scuffling and provocation. For the Nengonè affair he was tried for his life at Sydney, Captain Erskine and the Bishop having much to do with his prosecution. He is now dealing fairly (apparently) with these people, and is certainly on very friendly terms with them. The Bishop has known him many years, and baptized some years ago his only child, a son. We are glad to let these men see that we are about in these seas, watching what they do; and the Bishop said, 'Mr. Patteson is come from England on purpose to look after these islands,' as much as to say, Now there will be a regular visitation of them, and outrages committed on the natives will probably be discovered.

Well, on we rowed, half a mile to shore—such a lovely scene. A bend in the coral reef made a beautiful boat harbour, and into it we rowed. Clear as crystal was the water, bright as tropical sun at 2.30 P.M. could make it was the foliage on the shore. Numbers of children and boys were playing in the water or running about on the rocks and sands, and there were several men about, all of course naked, and as they lead an amphibious life they find it very convenient. They work little; breadfruit trees, cocoa-nut trees, and bananas grow naturally,

and the yam and taro cultivations are weeded and tended by the women. They have nothing to do but eat, drink and sleep, and lie on the warm coral rock, and bathe in the surf.

There was no shyness on the part of the children, dear little fellows from six to ten clustering round me, unable to understand my coat with pockets, and what my socks could be—I seemed to have two or three skins. The men came up and soon shook hands, but did not seem to know the custom. A Nengonè man was ashore, and with him I could talk a little. Soon I was walking on shore arm-in-arm with him, stark naked, and he was asking me about Mrs. Nihill and her child. A little boy of the island held the other hand, and so, leaving the boat, we walked inland into the bush to see a native village. Ten minutes' walk brought us to it—cottages all of bamboos tied together with cocoa-nut fibre, thatched with leaves, a ridge-pole and sloping roof on either side reaching to the ground. No upright poles or side-walls; they were quite open at the two ends, perhaps 20, 30, or even 40 feet long; the general appearance clean and healthy. Their food was kept on raised stages, as in New Zealand, and they had plenty of earthenware pots and basins, some of good shape, and all apparently strong and serviceable. Large wooden or earthenware platters are used for stirring up and pounding the yams with a heavy wooden pestle, and they have a peculiar way of scraping the yam, on a wooden board roughened like a grater, into a pulp, and then boiling it into a fine dough.

They have plenty of pigs and dogs, which they eat, and some fowls. Spears I saw none, but bows and arrows. I took a bow out of a man's hand, and then an arrow, and fitted it to the string; he made

signs that he shot birds with it. Clubs they have, but as far as I saw only used for killing pigs. There is a good deal of fighting on the island, however. Recollect with reference to all these places, that an island fifty or sixty miles long, one mass of forest with no path, is not like an English county. It may take months to get an accurate knowledge of one of them; we can only at present judge of the particular spots and bays we touch at. But there is every indication here of friendliness, of a gentle, soft disposition, and I hope we shall take away some of the boys when we return. I never saw children more thoroughly attractive in appearance and manner,—dear little fellows, I longed to bring off some of them. You would have liked to have seen them playing with me, laughing and jumping about. These people don't look half so well when they have any clothes on, they look shabby and *gent-ish*; but seeing them on shore, or just come out of a canoe, all glistening with water, and looking so lithe and free, they look very pleasant to the eye. The colour supplies the place of clothing. The chief and most of the men were unfortunately absent at a great feast held a few miles off, but there were several women and many children.

We went to their watering place, about a quarter or half a mile from the beach, a picturesque spot in a part of the wood to which the water from the hills is carried in canes of bamboo, supported on cross sticks. The water was very clear and sweet, and one of our little guides soon had a good shower-bath, standing under the shoot and then walking in the sun till in a few minutes his glistening skin was dry again. Coming back we met a man carrying water in cocoa-nut shells, six or eight hanging by

strings two feet long at each end of a bamboo cane slung across over his shoulder, nicely balanced and very pretty. One of our party carried perhaps two and a half gallons of water in a bamboo stuffed at the end with grass. About five P.M. we went back to the schooner and made sail for Bauro (San Cristoval).

At this place there was a great disappointment at first in the non-appearance of William Didimang, an old baptized scholar at St. John's; and though he came at last, and dined on board, he had evidently so far fallen away as to be unwilling to meet the Bishop. The canoes here were remarkably beautiful, built of several pieces, fastened with a kind of gum. The shape was light and elegant, the thwarts elaborately carved with figures of birds or fish, and the high prow inlaid with mother-of-pearl let into black wood.

As a Sunday at sea was preferable to one among curious visitors who must be entertained, the schooner put out to sea to visit one or two other neighbouring islets, and then to return again to Bauro.

Rennell Island, where she touched on the 27th, proved to be inhabited by Maoris. One man, who swam alone to the vessel, offered the salutation of rubbing noses, New Zealand fashion, and converse could be held in that language. Two more joined him, and spent the night on board in singing a *kaka* or song of love for their visitors. Next day the island was visited. 'Oh the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reef, lined with coral, purple, blue, scarlet, green, and white! the little blue fishes, the bright blue starfish, the little land-crabs walking away with other people's shells. But nothing of

this can be seen by you; the coral loses its colour, and who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the clear blue of this truly Pacific Ocean, and the tropical sun piercing through masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate. Our three friends, with two more men, their wives and children, form the whole population of the south end of the island at all events, perhaps twenty in all. I trod upon and broke flowering branches of coral that you would have wondered at.'

Bellona likewise had a Maori-speaking population. There was no passage through the reef, so the Bishop and Patteson took off their coats, one took two hatchets and the other two adzes, and with a good header, swam ashore. Walking up the beach, they found a place in the bush with nine beautiful canoes, with nets, and large wooden hooks in them, but at first no people; and they were leaving their presents in the canoes when Patteson spied two men, and advanced to them while the Bishop went back to fetch the goods. After a rubbing of noses and a Maori greeting, the men were reassured, and eleven more came up, one a chief with a spear in his hand. 'I had my straw hat fastened by a ribbon, which my friend coveted, so I let him take it, which he did by putting his adze (my gift) against it, close to my ear, and cutting it off—not the least occasion to be afraid of them.' A characteristic comment, certainly! But there was no foolhardiness. The Bishop was on the alert, and when presently he saw his companion linger for a moment, a quick 'Come along,' was a reminder that 'this was not the beach at Sidmouth.' The peculiar quickness of eye—verily circumspect, though without the least betrayal of alarm or want of

confidence, which was learnt from the need of being always as it were on guard, was soon learnt likewise by Patteson, while the air of suspicion or fear was most carefully avoided. The swim back to the boat was in water 'too warm, but refreshing,' and ended with a dive under the boat for the pure pleasure of the thing.

Then, as before arranged, Bauro was revisited on another part of the coast, where Iri was ready with a welcome, but Didimang appeared no more. He had returned to native habits, and had made no attempt at teaching, but the visits he had made to New Zealand were not lost, for the Bishop had acquired a knowledge of the language, and it was moreover established in the Bauro mind that a voyage in his ship was safe and desirable. This part of Bauro was exceedingly beautiful :—

> Here were coral crags, the masses of forest trees, the creepers literally hundreds of feet long, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the cocoa-nut trees and bananas, palms, &c., the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down upon us from among the trees, the people assembling on the bright beach—coral dust as it may be called, for it was worn as fine as white sand—cottages among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close by, winding away among the cliffs.

Here a visit was paid to Iri's boathouse, which contained three exquisite canoes, beautifully inlaid; then to his house, long, low, and open at the ends, like those formerly described, but with low wattled side walls. Along the ridge-pole were ranged twenty-seven skulls, not yet blackened with smoke, and bones were scattered outside, for a fight had recently taken place near at hand. 'In this Golgotha,' the Bishop, using

his little book of Bauro words, talked to the people, and plainly told them that the Great God hated wars and cruelty, and such ornaments were horrible in his sight. Iri took it all in good part, and five boys willingly accepted the invitation to New Zealand. One little fellow about eight years old had attached himself to Coley, clinging about his waist with his arms, but he was too young to be taken away. Iri came down to the beach, and waded up to his waist in the water as the boat put off.

In the night Gera, or Guadalcanar, was reached, a fine mountainous island with a detached reef. Numerous canoes surrounded the vessel, bringing yams for barter. Fish-hooks were of no account; it was small hatchets that were in request, and the Bauro boys could hold some sort of converse with the people, though theirs was quite another dialect. They were gaily decked out with armlets, frontlets, bracelets, and girdles of shell, and almost all of them wore, not only nose-rings, but plugs of wood or mother-of-pearl in the tip of the nose. One man in particular had a shell eyelet-hole let into his nose, into which he inserted his unicorn decoration. The Bishop amused himself and Coley by saying, as he hung a fish-hook on this man's nose-hook, '*Naso suspendis adunco.*' Others had six or eight pieces of wood sticking out from either side of the nose, like a cat's whiskers. Two young men were taken from hence, and more would have gone, but it was not thought well to take married men.

The isle of Mara or Malanta had a very shy population, who seemed to live inland, having probably been molested by the warlike Gera men. It had been supposed that there was a second islet here, but the 'Southern Cross' boat's crew found that what had been

taken for a strait was only the mouth of a large river, where the casks were filled.

> Oh! the wondrous beauty of the scene, sea and river alike fringed with the richest foliage, birds flying about (I saw a large blue bird, a parrot, I suppose), fish jumping, the perfectly still water, the mysterious smoke of a fire or two, the call of a man heard in the bush, just enough of novelty to quicken me to the full enjoyment of such a lovely bay as no English eyes save ours have ever seen.

No communication with the native inhabitants was here accomplished, but at four little flat, cocoa-nut-covered islets, named after Torres, were the head-quarters of an English dealer in cocoa-nut oil. The native race were Maori-speaking, but their intercourse with sailors had given them a knowledge of the worst part of the English language, and as usual it was mournfully plain how much harm our countrymen instil.

The next group, sighted on the 17th of August, had already a remarkable history, to which Patteson refers in his journal, with no foreboding of the association those reefs and bays were to acquire for him, and far more through him.

Alvaro de Mendana had, in 1567, gone forth from Peru on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific, and had then found, and named, most of the Solomon Isles. Gera and Bauro owed their names of Guadalcanar and San Cristoval to him. In 1594, he obtained permission to found a colony on San Cristoval, and set forth with his wife and four ships. But the Bauro people were spared that grievous misfortune of a Spanish settlement; Mendana missed his way, blundered into the Marquesas first, and then came upon a cluster of

islands, one large and beautiful, two small, and one a volcano in full action.

He called the large island Santa Cruz, and fancied the natives of the same race he had seen in Bauro, but they knew nothing of the language he had learnt there, and though courteous at first, presently discharged their arrows. However, he found a beautiful harbour on the other side of the island, and a friendly and dignified old chief called Malope, who in South Sea fashion exchanged names and presents with him. Mendana and his wife Doña Ysabel seem to have wished to be on good terms with the natives, and taught them to sign the cross, and say *amigos*, and they proceeded to found their intended city, but neither Mendana nor Malope could restrain his followers; there were musket-shots on one side and arrow-shots on the other, and at last, the chief Malope himself fell into the hands of some Spanish soldiers, who murdered him. Mendana punished them with death; but his own health was fast failing, he died in a few weeks, and his widow deserted the intended city, and returned home with the colonists, having probably bequeathed to the island a distrust of white men.

All this was in Patteson's mind, as he shows by his journal, as the lovely scenery of Santa Cruz rose on him. The people came out in canoes with quantities of yams and taro, of which they knew the full value; but the numbers were so large that no 'quiet work' could be done, and there was little to be done but to admire their costume, armlets, necklaces, plates of mother-of-pearl, but no nose ornaments. They had strips of a kind of cloth, woven of reed, and elaborate varieties of head-gear, some plastering their hair white with coral lime, others yellow, others red; others had shaved half the head with no better implement than a sharp

shell, and others had produced two lines of bristles, like hog manes, on a shaven crown. Their decorations made a great sensation among the Solomon Islanders, who made offers of exchange of necklaces, &c.

In the evening the schooner made for the volcano, about three miles off. It was a magnificent sight—a perfect cone, the base of the mountain and all except the actual cone being under water. The cone was apparently about 2,000 feet high, clouds hanging about it near the top, lurid and fiery, increasing the grandeur of the glow at the summit. Every minute streams of fire, falling from the top or sides, rushed down the mount, so that for a space of perhaps half a mile in breadth the whole cone was always streaked, and sometimes covered with burning masses of stones, cinders, &c. Rumbling noises were heard only a few times.

About 7 to 9 A.M. we sailed quite round the island, and saw there that the fiery appearance at night is not actually fire or flame, but caused by hot burning stones and masses of scoria, &c., constantly falling down the sides of the cone, which on the lee side are almost perpendicular. On the weather side are cocoa-nut trees, and one small house, but we could see no people. It was grand to see the great stones leaping and bounding down the sides of the cone, clearing 300 or 400 feet at a jump, and springing up many yards into the air, finally plunging into the sea with a roar, and the splash of the foam and steam combined.

This was on the 12th of August, and here is the ensuing note, how full *now* of significance, which it would be faithless to term melancholy :—'We then went on to Nukapu, an island completely encircled by a coral reef. The natives soon came off in canoes, and

brought bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts. They spoke a few words of Maori, but wore their hair like the people of Santa Cruz, and resembled them in the character of their ornaments and in their general appearance. They had bows and clubs of the same kind, tapa stained with turmeric, armlets, earrings and nose-rings of bone and tortoiseshell.'

Returning to Santa Cruz, a large supply of the produce was obtained by barter, but the people were still in such noisy crowds that nothing could be effected beyond these commercial transactions.

Tubua was the next ensuing island, a lovely spot within its encircling ring, over which the Bishop and Patteson waded, and found thirteen men on the beach. Patteson went up to the first, tied a bit of red tape round his head, and made signs that he wanted a cocoa-nut in exchange for a fish-hook. Plenty were forthcoming; but the Bishop, to his companion's surprise, made a sudden sign to come away, and when the boat was regained he said: 'I saw some young men running through the bush with bows and arrows, and these young gentry have not the sense to behave well like their parents.'

Vanikoro was the next stage. This too had its history, encircled as it is with a complete reef of coral, in some parts double. In the year 1785, two French vessels, which were commanded by Count La Pérouse, and named 'La Boussole' and 'L'Astrolabe,' had set forth from Brest on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific. They made a most discursive survey of that ocean, from Kamtschatka southwards, and at the end of 1787 were at the Samoan Isles, then unconverted, and where their two boat's crews were massacred, and the boats lost. The ships came to Port Jackson, in Australia, to build fresh boats, left it in

February 1788, and were never heard of more. One or two attempts were made to ascertain their fate, but none succeeded till, in 1826, a sandal-wood trader named Dillon found in the possession of a European, who had lived since 1813 in Ticopia, the silver guard of a sword, and ascertained from him that the natives had several articles, such as china, glass, and the handle of a silver fork, which evidently came from a ship. He had been told that these articles had been procured from another isle called Vanikoro, where two large ships had been wrecked.

His intelligence led to the fitting out of a vessel, in which he was sent to ascertain the fate of the Frenchmen, and by the help of the man who had been so long in Ticopia, he was able to examine a Vanikoran chief. It appeared that the two ships had run aground on the parallel reefs. One had sunk at once, and the crew while swimming out had been some of them eaten by the sharks, and others killed by the natives; indeed, there were sixty European skulls in a temple. The other vessel had drifted over the reef, and the crew entrenched themselves on shore, while building another vessel. They went out and foraged for themselves in the taro fields, but they made no friends; they were ship-spirits, with noses two hands long before their faces (their cocked hats). Articles were recovered that placed the fact beyond a doubt, and which were recognised by one of the expedition who had left it in Kamtschatka, the sole survivor. Of the fate of the two-masted vessel built by the shipwrecked crew, nothing was ever discovered.

The Mission party landed here, but saw nobody. They sent a black boy up a tree for cocoa-nuts, and left a tomahawk beneath it as payment. That

there were inhabitants somewhere there was horrible proof, for a frightful odour led to search being made, and the New Zealander Hoari turning up the ground, found human bones with flesh hanging to them. A little farther off was a native oven, namely, a pit lined with stones.

This was Patteson's nearest contact with cannibalism, and it left a deep impression of horror.

The Banks group of islands came next—Great Banks Isle, or in the native language Vanua Lava, Valua or Saddle Isle, a long narrow ridge of hills, Mota or Sugarloaf Island, an equally descriptive name; Star Island, and Santa Maria. These places were to become of great importance to the Mission, but little was seen of them at this time—the walls of coral round them were remarkably steep and difficult of access.

Valua had no beach and no canoes, and such swarms of natives clustering upon the cliffs that the Bishop did not think it prudent to land. In Mota, though the coast for the most part rises up in sheer crags, forty or fifty feet above the sea, with a great volcanic cone in the centre, a little cove was found with a good beach where a number of inhabitants had assembled. They were entirely without clothing or ornament, neither tattooed nor disfigured by betel-nut, and their bright honest faces greatly attracted Patteson, though not a word of their language could be then understood. He wanted to swim ashore among them, but the Bishop would not allow it, lest it should be difficult to escape from the embraces of so many without giving offence. Great numbers swam out to the boat, and canoes brought fruits of all kinds, and bamboos decked with leaves and flowers. 'I crammed native combs in my hair,' says Patteson,

'picked up what words I could, and made up the rest by a grand display of gesticulation.'

At Santa Maria, the next day, there was the like scene around the boat, only the sight of a bit of striped calico caused immense excitement. At other islands it had been unheeded, but here the people were mad to get it, and offered their largest yams for strips of it, and a pair of scarlet braces were purchased for two beautiful bows.

At Vanua Lava, or Great Banks Island, on the 20th, a large canoe with seven men came alongside, three-quarters of a mile from shore. They would not, however, venture on board till Patteson had gone into the water, and placed himself in their canoe, after which they were induced to come on deck, were 'decorated with the order of the tape,' and received axes. No weapon was seen among them, and there was reason to think them the tractable and hopeful race they have since proved.

Bligh Island, the next visited, plainly revealed itself as the cone of an enormous submerged volcano, the water forming a beautiful and extensive bay where numbers of people could be seen. There was a landing and a little trading for yams, and then, after the like intercourse with some of the inhabitants of the cluster of small islets named after Torres, the vessel steered for Espiritu Santo, but wind and time forbade a return to the part previously visited, nor was there time to do more than touch at Aurora, and exchange some fish-hooks for some bows.

At Malicolo, in 1851, the Bishop and his party, while fetching water, had been assailed with stones and arrows, and had only escaped by showing the utmost coolness. There was, therefore, much cau-

tion shown in approaching this bay, called Port Sandwich, and the boat stopped outside its break-water coral reef, where numerous canoes flocked round, the people with their bows and arrows, not attempting to barter. Their faces were painted some red, some black, or yellow. An old chief named Melanbico was recognised by the Bishop, and called by name into the boat. Another old acquaintance named Nipati joined him, and it was considered safe to row into the harbour. The Bishop had learnt a little of the language, and talked to these two, while Patteson examined Nipati's accoutrements—a club, a bow, arrows neatly made, handsomely feathered, and tipped with a deadly poison, tortoiseshell earrings, and a very handsome shell armlet covering the arm from the elbow eight or nine inches upward, his face painted red and black. The Bishop read out the list of names he had made on the former visit, and to several the answer was 'dead,' or 'shot,' and it appeared that a great mortality had taken place. Large numbers, however, were on the beach, and the Bishop and Patteson landed among them, and conversed with them; but they showed no disposition to trade, and though some of the lads seemed half disposed to come away with the party, they all changed their minds, and went back again. However, all had behaved well, and one little boy, when offered a fish-hook, at once showed that he had received one already. It was plain that a beginning had been made, which might lead to further results.

Two whales were seen while rowing back to the ship. One—about a third of a mile off—leapt several times fairly out of the water, and fell back on the sea 'with a regular crack,' dashing up the spray

in clouds. There was now very little time to spare, as the time of an ordination at Auckland was fixed, and two important visits had yet to be paid, so the two Fatè guests were sent ashore in the canoes of some of their friends, and the 'Southern Cross,' reached Nengonè on the 1st of September. The Bishop had left a boat there some years before, and the Samoan teacher, Mark, who had been Mrs. Nihill's best friend and comforter, came out in it with a joyful party full of welcome. The Bishop and Patteson went ashore, taking with them their two Bauro scholars, to whom the most wonderful sight was a cow, they never having seen any quadruped bigger than a pig. All the native teachers and their wives were assembled, and many of the people, in front of the house where Mr. Nihill had died. They talked of him with touching affection, as they told how diligently he had striven to bring young and old to a knowledge of his God; and they eagerly assisted in planting at his grave a cross, which the Bishop had brought from Auckland for the purpose, and which bore the words: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

The coral lime church and the houses of the teachers among the cocoa-nut trees gave the place a civilised look, and most of the people had some attempt at clothing. Here several passengers were taken in. The two girls, Caroline Wabisane and Sarah Wasitutru, were both married—Caroline to a Maori named Simeona, and Sarah to a man from her own isle called Nawiki. All these and two more men wished to go to St. John's for further instruction, and were taken on board, making up a party of fourteen Melanesians, besides Sarah's baby. 'Mrs. Nihill will

be glad to have the women,' writes Coley, 'and I am glad to have the others—not the baby, of course.'

Close quarters indeed, but not for very long, for on the 3rd of September the schooner again put into Norfolk Island, and on the next Sunday Coley was present at the confirmation of the whole population, excepting the younger children, and at the subsequent Communion. Strong hopes were then entertained that the Pitcairners, standing as it were between the English and the islanders, would greatly assist in the work of the Gospel, but this plan was found only capable of being very partially carried out.

Off Norfolk Island, he wrote to his brother an account of the way of life on the voyage, and of the people.

> They are generally gentle, and seem to cling to one, not with the very independent goodwill of New Zealanders, but with the soft yielding character of the child of the tropics. They are *fond*, that is the word for them. I have had boys and men in a few minutes after landing, follow me like a dog, holding their hands in mine as a little child does with its nurse.
>
> My manner of life on board is as I described it before I eschewed shoes and socks, rather liking to be paddling about all day, when not going on shore, or otherwise employed, which of course made up eight or ten out of the thirteen hours of daylight. When I went ashore (which I did whenever the boat went), then I put on shoes, and always swam in them, for the coral would cut my feet to pieces. Usual swimming and wading attire—flannel shirt, dark grey trousers, cap or straw hat, shoes, basket round my neck with fish-hooks, or perhaps an adze or two in

my hand. I enjoyed the tropical climate very much—really warm always in the water or out of it. On the reefs, when I waded in *shallow* water, the heat of it was literally unpleasant, more than a tepid bath.

On the 13th of September, the little missionary vessel came safe into harbour at Auckland, and Coley and his boys—they were considered especially as *his*—took up their quarters at St. John's College. All through the voyage he had written the journals here followed for the general benefit of his kindred, and at other leisure moments he had written more personal letters. On his sister Fanny's birthday, when the visit to Malicolo was just over, after his birthday wishes, he goes on:—

'And now, how will you be when this reaches Feniton? I think of all your daily occupations,—school, garden, driving, &c.—your Sunday reading, visiting the cottages, &c., and the very thought of it makes me feel like old times. When occasionally I dream, or fall into a kind of trance when awake, and fancy myself walking up from the lodge to the house, and old forms and faces rise up before me, I can scarcely contain the burst of joy and happiness, and then I give a shake and say, "Well, it would be very nice, but look about the horizon, and see how many islands you can count!" and then, instead of thoughts of home for myself, I am tempted to induce others to leave their homes, though I don't really think many men have such a home to leave, or remain so long as I did; one of the home fire-side.

'I have been reading one or two of the German books you sent out. "Friedrich der Grosse" is interesting, but henceforth I don't think I shall have

time for aught but a good German novel or two for wet days and jumping seas; or such a theological book as I may send for.

And now (he continues on September 5), what shall I say of myself? That I am glad the voyage is over almost? I can hardly say that, if at least we were to go back to the tropics; but here, even in latitude 28°50′ S., I feel the cold, and would not wish to prolong my sojourn on board unnecessarily unless I went into warmer climates. I do enjoy the tropical warmth. When it is 83° it is rather oppressive, but you know what a chilly body I am, and can guess what a comfort it must be to have the extreme tips of toes and fingers always warm for weeks together, day and night; and then the heat being sent to the extremities makes an equal distribution thereof all over, so I knew not what it was to feel my head hot all that time. For active exercise it is trying, and yet I used to pull a good sea oar in it.

'Can you draw yourself anything like a picture of my life, now putting together all the scraps that are scattered over so many sheets of paper? I think you four dear ones between you some day in February, over the fire after dinner, may puzzle out something. "I am glad the old fellow likes the hot weather," says dear Father. "Why, he almost lives in the water there, so no wonder he does." "And then the scenery is so beautiful, and there is so much novelty and excitement." "Fancy old Johnny," says Jem, "with a lot of those fellows pulling him about. I didn't expect he'd take it so coolly." "Oh, he always had the Bishop with him, he has not been tried much as yet." How I should like to drop in upon you in the midst of it, and tell my own tale, and hear all that you can tell me. But I have this

advantage over you that I can realize what you tell me more easily than you can imagine what I have to write about.' Then follow two pages of messages and recollections to friends, servants, Alfingtonians, of course not worth transcribing, but showing that Coley's heart had space for all from north to south.

The effect of the voyage seems to have shown itself in an inflamed leg, which was painful, but not disabled for some time. There was a welcome budget of letters awaiting him,—one from his uncle Dr. Coleridge, to which this is the reply.

September 15, 1856: St. John's College.

My dearest Uncle James,—You would be rewarded indeed for your *great* kindness in writing to me so constantly and so lovingly, if you could see the delight with which I read your letters; well may Sophy say that Thorverton comes next to Feniton. I believe it has always been so; and if one thing could make me more happy than I used to be, it would be the knowledge that you all see so very much of each other. I *love* to hear of it, and I think constantly of you all sitting together, and at church together, and talking together. Nothing is so thoroughly acceptable to my dear Father, I know well; he gets all he wants, your society and conversation and that of dear Aunt and Sophy; and then comes that darling child to make all light and cheerful, and my father does love her so dearly, and she has just that innocent fearlessness which enables her to be entirely at her ease with him. And you, dear Uncle, are so much better; just as usual *in* Church and *out* of it. What would I give sometimes to be kneeling again by your side in the reading desk!

Your letter of March 26 was awaiting my arrival

here. How thankful I am that (as Fan says) in little as in great things God is so good to us. Letters from me arriving on the anniversary of my departure! and all at Thorverton!

Thank you for the very happy account of my dear dear father: his letters (and he is always writing) are overflowing with love and resignation and peace of mind, bringing tears to my eyes, but *great* joy to my heart. The dear girls and Jem write naturally and happily; they say the bitterness is past, and the retrospect and the present sweet and pleasant. And what a mercy that coming back from a long voyage, counting the perpetual zig-zag course against the S.E. trade of I suppose upwards of 900 miles! I should have happy accounts of all most dear to me, of all at Feniton, of you and dear Aunt, and on the whole of Sophy too, while that sunbeam of your house is as bright as ever. May God ever keep her so, happy in her innocence, and pure and unstained in heart! You are clearly right in what you say about my post in the S. X. I did not *like* it at first, just as a schoolboy does not *like* going back to school; but that it was good for me I have no doubt; and now see! here I am on shore for seven or eight months, if I live so long—my occupations most interesting, working away with twelve Melanesians at languages, etc., with the highest of all incentives to perseverance, trying to form in them habits of cleanliness, order, decency, etc.

Last night (Sunday—their first Sunday in New Zealand), after explaining to the Solomon Islands boys, seven in number, the nature of the Lord's Prayer as far as my knowledge of their language would carry me, I thought myself justified in making them kneel down round me, and they

uttered with their lips after me (i.e. the five most intelligent) the first words of prayer to their Father in Heaven. I don't venture to say that they understood much—neither does the young child taught at his or her mother's knees—neither do many grown persons perhaps know much about the fulness of the Prayer of Prayers—(these scenes teach me my ignorance, which is one great gain)—yet they knew, I think, that they were praying to some great and mighty one—not an abstraction—a conscious loving Being, a Father, and they know at least the name of his Son, Jesus Christ.

Their first formula was: 'God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, only One God.' I can't yet explain that our Blessed Lord came from heaven and died *for our sins*; neither (as far as human thought may reach) does the power of God's Spirit as yet work in their hearts consciousness of sin, and with that the sense of the need of a Redeemer and Saviour. I asked in my sermon yesterday the prayers of the people for the grace of God's Holy Spirit to touch the hearts and enlighten the understandings of these heathen children of a common Father, and I added that greatly did their teachers need their prayers that God would make them apt to teach, and wise and simple in endeavouring to bring before their minds the things that belong unto their peace. You too, dear Uncle, will think I know of these things, for my trust is great. In this cold climate, 26° or 27° of latitude south of their own island, I have much anxiety about their bodily health, and more about their souls.

The four youngest, sixteen to eighteen, sleep in my room. One is now on my bed, wrapped up in a great opossum rug, with cold and slight fever; last night

his pulse was high, to-day he is better. I have to watch over them like a cat. Think of living till now in a constant temperature of 84°, and being suddenly brought to 56°. New Zealand is too cold for them, and the College is a cold place, wind *howling* round it now.

Norfolk Island is *the* place, and the Pitcairners themselves are most co-operative and hearty; I trust that in another year I may be there.

Thank you for all your kind wishes on my birthday. I ought to wish to live many years, perhaps, to try and be of use; especially as I am so unfit to go now, or rather I ought not to wish at all. Sometimes I feel almost faint-hearted, which is cowardly and forgetful of our calling 'to fight manfully under Christ's banner.' Ah! my Bishop is indeed a warrior of the Cross. I can't bear the things Sophy said in one of her letters about my having given up, etc. It seems mock humility to write it; but, dear Uncle, if *I* am conscious of a life so utterly unlike what all you dear ones fancy it to be, what must it be in the sight of God and His holy angels? What advantages I have always had, and have now! and not a day goes by and I can say I have done my duty. Good-bye, dear dear Uncle.

Always your affectionate and grateful nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

Love to dear Aunt.

Almost the first experience after settling in at St. John's College was a sharp attack of fever that fell on Kerearua, one of the Bauro lads. Such illnesses, it seemed, were frequent at home and generally fatal. His companion Hirika remarked, 'Kerearua like this in Bauro—ah! in a few days he would die; by and by

we go back to Bauro.' The sick boys were always lodged in Coley's own room to be more quiet and thoroughly nursed. Fastidiousness had been so entirely crushed that he really seemed to take pleasure in the arrangement, speaking with enthusiasm of the patient's obedience and gratitude, and adding, 'He looks quite nice in one of my night-shirts with my plaid counterpane, and the plaid Joan gave me over it, a blanket next to him.'

He soon recovered, and the next event was the first Melanesian baptism Mr. Patteson had performed, that of Sarah's five-months-old child. Mr. Nihill had translated part of the Baptismal Service into Nengonè, and the rest, except the exhortations, was now finished by Mrs. Nihill, and after several days' study of the language, Mr. Patteson christened the child in its vulgar tongue on the 12th of October in St. John's Chapel.

The Melanesians readily fell into the regular habits of short school, work out of doors, meals in hall and bed-time, and they were allowed a good deal of the free use of their limbs, needful to keep them happy and healthy. Now and then they would be taken into Auckland, as a great treat, to see the soldiers on parade, and of course the mere living with civilization was an immense education to them, besides the direct instruction they received.

The languages of Nengonè and Bauro were becoming sufficiently familiar to Mr. Patteson to enable him to understand much of what they said to him. 'He writes to Miss Neill (October 17) :—

> I talk with them about common things, and learn a great deal of their wild savage customs and habits, but I can do but little as yet in the way of

real instruction. Some ideas, I trust, they are beginning to acquire concerning our Blessed Lord. Is it not a significant fact that the god worshipped in Gera, and in one village of Bauro, is the Serpent, the very type of evil? I need not say that these dear boys have won their way to my heart, they are most docile and affectionate. I think some will really, if they live, leave their own island and live with me at Norfolk Island, or here, or wherever my dwelling may be whenever I am not in the 'Southern Cross.'

But of course I must not dwell on such notions. If it come to pass that for some years I can retain a hold upon them, they may be instructed sufficiently to make them teachers in their turn to their own people. But all this is in the hands of God. My home journal will tell you particulars of our voyage. Don't believe in the ferocity, &c., of the islanders. When their passions are excited, they do commit fearful deeds, and they are almost universally cannibals, i.e. after a battle there will be always a cannibal feast, not otherwise. But treat them well and prudently, and I apprehend that there is little danger in visiting them, meaning by visiting merely landing on the beach the first time, going perhaps to a native village the next time, sleeping on shore the third, spending ten days the fourth, &c., &c. The language once learnt from the pupils we bring away, all is clear. And now good-bye, my dear Miss Neill. That I think of you and pray for you, you know, and I need not add that I value most highly your prayers for me. When I think of my happiness and good spirits, I must attribute much, very much, to God's goodness in accepting the prayers of my friends.

After the old custom of telling the home party all his doings, the journal-letter of the 27th of November goes through the teaching to the Bauro boys :—

I really think they comprehend thus much, that God, who made all things, made man, Adam and Eve, very good and holy ; that Adam and Eve sinned, that they did not listen to the word of God, but to the Bad Spirit ; that God found them out, though they were afraid and tried to hide (for He sees and knows all things) ; that He drove them out of the beautiful garden, and said that they must die ; that they had two sons, Cain and Abel ; that Cain killed his brother, and that all fighting and killing people, and all other sins (I mention all for which I have names) came into the world because of sin ; that God and man were far apart, not living near, no peace between them because men were so evil. That God was so good that He loved men all the time, and that He promised to save all men who would believe in His Son Jesus Christ, who was to die for them (for I can't yet express, ' was to die that men might not go down to the fire, but live for ever with God ') ; that by and by He sent a flood and drowned all men except Noah and seven other people, because men would not be good ; that afterwards there was a very good man, named Abraham, who believed all about Jesus Christ, and God chose him, and his son Isaac, and his son Jacob, and his twelve sons, to be the fathers of a people called Jews ; that those people alone knew about God, and had teachers and praying men ; and that they killed lambs and offered them (gave them to God as a sign of Jesus Christ being one day slain and offered to God on a cross) but these very men became wicked too, and at last, when no man

knew how to be happy and good, Jesus Christ came down from heaven. His mother was Mary, but He had no father on earth, only God the Father in heaven was his Father: the Holy Ghost made Mary to be mother of Jesus Christ.

Then I take two books, or anything else, and say, This one is God, and this is man. They are far apart, because man is so bad and God is so good. But Jesus Christ came in the middle between them, and joins them together. He is God and He is Man too; so in(side) Him, God and Man meet, like the meeting of two men in one path; and He says Himself He is the true Way, the only true Path to God and heaven. God was angry with us because we sinned; but Jesus Christ died on the cross, and then God the Father forgave us because Jesus Christ gave His life that we might always live, and not die. By and by He will come to judge us; and He knows what we do, whether we steal and lie, or whether we pray and teach what is good. Men of Bauro and Gera and Santa Cruz don't know that yet, but you do, and you must remember, if you go on doing as they do after you know God's will, you will be sent down to the fire, and not see Jesus Christ, who died that you might live.

I think that they know all this, and much in the exactly equivalent words. Of course I find difficulty in rendering religious ideas in a language which contains scarcely any words adequate to express them, but I am hopeful enough to believe that they do know so much at all events. How far their hearts are affected, One alone knows. It is indeed but little after they have been with us four months; but till I had them on shore, I could get very little work done. The constant boat work took me away, and anywhere

in sight of islands, of course they were on deck in eagerness to see the strange country. Then I could not work with energy while my leg would not let me take exercise. But it is now beginning to be a real pleasure as well as duty to teach both Nengonè and Bauro people. Enough of the language to avoid most of the drudgery has been got over, I hope, though not near enough for purposes of exact and accurate translation.

I have given at length this account of Patteson's fundamental teaching, though to some it may seem to savour of the infant school, because, in spite of being hampered by imperfect knowledge of the language, he has thrown into it the great principle both of his action and teaching; namely, the restoration of the union of mankind with God through Christ. It never embraced that view of the heathen world which regards it as necessarily under God's displeasure, apart from actual evil, committed in wilful knowledge that it is evil. He held fast to the fact of man having been created in the image of God, and held that whatever good impulses and higher qualities still remained in the heathen, were the remnants of that Image, and to be hailed accordingly. Above all, he realised in his whole life the words to St. Peter: 'What God hath cleansed that call not thou common,' and not undervaluing for a moment Sacramental Grace, viewed human nature, while yet without the offer thereof, as still the object of fatherly and redeeming love, and full of fitful tokens of good coming from the only Giver of life and holiness, and needing to be brought nearer and strengthened by full union and light, instead of being left to be quenched in the surrounding flood of evil.

'And were by nature the children of wrath,' he did not hold to mean that men were objects of God's anger, lying under His deadly displeasure; but rather, children of wild impulse, creatures of passion, swayed resistlessly by their own desires, until made 'children of grace,' and thus obtaining the spiritual power needful to enable them to withstand these passions. An extract from the sermon he had preached at Sydney may perhaps best serve to illustrate his principle:—

> And this love once generated in the heart of man, must needs pass on to his brethren; that principle of life must needs grow and expand with its own inherent energy; the seed must be developed into the tree, and strike its roots deep and wide, and stretch out its branches unto the sea and its boughs unto the rivers. No artificial nor accidental circumstances can confine it, it recognises no human ideas of nationality, or place, or time, but embraces like the dome of heaven all the works of God. And love is the animating principle of all. In every star of the sky, in the sparkling, glittering waves of the sea, in every flower of the field, in every creature of God, most of all in every living soul of man, it adores and blesses the beauty and the love of the great Creator and Preserver of all.
>
> Viewed indeed from that position which was occupied by ancient philosophers, the existing contrarieties between nations might well appear inexplicable, and intellectual powers might seem to be the exclusive heritage of particular nations. But Christianity leads us to distinguish between the nature of man as he came fresh from the hands of his Creator, and that natural propensity to sin which he has inherited in consequence of his fall from

original innocence. It teaches that as God has 'made of one blood all nations to dwell together on the face of the whole earth,' and has given in virtue of this common origin one common nature, destined to be pure and holy and divine, so, by virtue of Redemption and Regeneration, the image of God may be restored in all, and whatever is the result of his depravity therefore may be overcome. And this seems to be the answer to all statements relating to the want of capacity in certain nations of the earth for the reception of Divine Truth, that every man, because he *is* a man, because he is a partaker of that very nature which has been taken into the Person of the Son of God, may by the grace of God be awakened to the sense of his true life, of his real dignity as a redeemed brother of Christ.

The spark of heavenly fire may indeed have been all but quenched by the unbridled indulgence of his passions; the natural wickedness of the heart of man may have exhibited itself with greater fearfulness where no laws and customs have introduced restraints against at least the outward expression of vice; but the *capacity* for the Christian life is there; though overlaid, it may be, with monstrous forms of superstition or cruelty or ignorance, the conscience can still respond to the voice of the Gospel of Truth.

And one who so entirely believed and acted upon these words found them true. The man who verily treated the lads he had gathered round him with a perfectly genuine sympathy, a love and a self-denial—nay more, an identification of self with them—awoke all that was best in their characters, and met with full response. Enthusiastic partiality of course there was in his estimate of them; but is it not one of

the absolute requisites of a good educator to feel that enthusiasm, like the parent for the child? And is it always the blind admiration at which outsiders smile; is it not rather indifference which is blind, and love which sees the truth?

I would not exchange my position with these lads and young men for anything (he wrote, on December 8, to his uncle, the Eton master). 'I wish you could see them and know them; I don't think *you* ever had pupils that could win their way into your heart more effectually than these fellows have attached themselves to me. It is no effort to love them heartily. Gariri, a dear boy from San Cristoval, is standing by me now, at my desk, in amazement at the pace that my pen is going, not knowing that I could write to you, my dear old tutor, for hours together if I had nothing else to do. He is, I suppose, about sixteen, a most loveable boy, gentle, affectionate, with all the tropical softness and kindliness.

We have seven Solomon Islanders—five from Mata, a village at the north-west of San Cristoval, and two from the south-east point of Guadalcanar, or Gera, a magnificent island about twenty-five or twenty miles to the north-west of San Cristoval. From frequent intercourse they are almost bilingual, a great 'lounge' for me, as one language does for both; the structure of the two island tongues is the same, but scarcely any words much alike. However, that is not much odds.

Then from Nengonè, where you remember Mr. Nihill died after eighteen months' residence on the island, we have four men and two women, both married. Of these, two men and both the women

have been baptized, some time ago, by the Bishop, in 1852, and one by the London Mission, who now occupy the island. These four I have, with full trust, admitted to the Holy Communion. Mr. Nihill had taught them well, and I am sure they could pass an examination in Scriptural history, simple doctrinal statements, &c., as well as most young English people of the middle class of life. The other two are well taught, and one of them knows a great deal, but, poor fellow, he misconducted himself at Nengonè, and hence I cannot recommend him to the Bishop for baptism without much talk about him.

But I think my love is more poured out upon my Bauro and Gera lads. They are such dear fellows, and I trust that already they begin to know something about religion. Certain it is that they answer readily questions and say with their mouths what amounts almost to a statement of the most important Christian truths. Of course I cannot tell what effect this may have on their hearts. They join in prayer morning and evening, they behave admirably, and really there is nothing in their conduct to find fault with. If it please God that any of them were at some future time to stay again with us, I have great hopes that they may learn enough to become teachers in their own country.

The Nengonè lads are quite in a different position. Their language has been reduced to writing, the Gospel of St. Mark translated, and they can all read a little English, so that at evening prayers we read a verse all round, and then I catechise and expound to them in Nengonè.

I really trust that by God's blessing some real opening into the great Solomon group has been

effected. There is every hope that many boys will join us this next voyage. No one can say what may be the result. As yet it is possible to get on without more help, but I do not for a moment doubt that should God really grant not only a wide field of labour, but some such hope of cultivating it, He will send forth plenty of men to share in this work. Men who have some means of their own—100*l.* a year is enough, or even less—or some aptitude for languages, surely will feel drawn in this direction. It is the happiest life a man can lead, full of enjoyment, physical and mental, exquisite scenery, famous warm climate, lots of bathing, yams and taro and cocoa-nut enough to make an alderman's mouth water, and such loving, gentle people. But of course something depends on the way in which a man looks at these things, and a fine gentleman who can't get on without his servant, and can't put his luggage for four months into a compass of six feet by one-and-a-half, won't like it. . . .

You know the kind of incidents that occur, so I need not repeat them to you. I have quite learnt to believe that there are no 'savages' anywhere, at least among black or coloured people. I'd like to see anyone call my Bauro boys savages! Why, the fellows on the reef that have never seen a white man will wade back to the boat and catch one's arms to prevent one falling into pits among the coral, just like an old nurse looking after her child. This they did at Santa Maria, where we two swam ashore to a party of forty or fifty men, and where our visit was evidently a very agreeable one on both sides, though we did not know one syllable of the language, and then . . . But I almost tremble to think of the immense amount of work opening upon one.

Whither will it lead? But I seldom find any time for speculations; and oh, my dear tutor, I am as happy as the day is long, though it never seems long to me! . . . My dear father writes in great anxiety about the Denison case. Oh dear! what a cause of thankfulness it is to be out of the din of controversy, and to find hundreds of thousands longing for crumbs which are shaken about so roughly in these angry disputes! It isn't High or Low or Broad Church, or any other special name, but the longing desire to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems naturally to result from the very sight of heathen people. Who thinks of anything but this: 'They have not heard the Name of the Saviour Who died for them,' when he is standing with crowds of naked fellows round him? I can't describe the intense happiness of this life. I suppose trials will come some day, and I almost dread the thought, for I surely shall not be prepared to bear them. I have no trials at all, even of a small kind, to teach me how to bear up under great ones.

In truth Coleridge Patteson had entered on the happiest period of his life. He had found his vocation, and his affections were fastening themselves upon his black flock, so that, without losing a particle of his home love, the yearnings homewards were appeased, and the fully employed time, and sense of success and capability, left no space for the self-contemplation and self-criticism of his earlier life. He gives amusing sketches of the scenes:—

The donkey here, a fatally stubborn brute, is an unceasing amusement to my boys. No one of them can retain his seat more than ten minutes, but they

all fall like cats on their legs amid cries of laughter. The donkey steers straight for some small scrubby trees, and then kicks and plunges, or else rubs their legs against the sides of the house, and all this time the boys are leaping about the unfortunate fellow who is mounted, and the fun is great.

Wadrokala, one of the Nengonè lads, who had recently made his first communion, became the prominent scholar at this time. He had thought a good deal. One night he said: 'I have heard all kinds of words used—faith, repentance, praise, prayer—and I don't clearly understand what is the real great *thing, the chief thing of all.* They used these words confusedly, and I feel puzzled. Then I read that the Pharisees knew a great deal of the law, and so did the Scribes, and yet they were not good. I am not doing anything good. Now *I* know something of the Bible, and *I* can write; and I fear very much, I often feel very much afraid, that I am not good, I am not doing anything good.'

He was talked to, and comforted with hopes of future work; but a day or two later his feelings were unconsciously hurt by being told in joke that he was wearing a shabby pair of trousers to save the good ones to take home to Nengonè. His remonstrance was poured out upon a slate:—

Mr. Patteson, this is my word:—I am unhappy because of the word you said to me that I wished for clothes. I have left my country. I do not seek clothes for the body. What is the use of clothes? Can my spirit be clothed with clothes for the body? Therefore my heart is greatly afraid; but you said I greatly wished for clothes, which I do not care for. One thing only I care for, that I may receive the

life for my spirit. Therefore I fear, I confess, and say to you, it is not the thing for the body I want, but the one thing I want is the clothing for the soul, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord.

Soon after a very happy Christmas, Wadrokala and Kainwhat expressed a desire, after a final visit to their native island, to return with Mr. Patteson, and be prepared to be sent as native teachers to any dark land, as the Samoans had come to them.

Wadrokala narrated something of the history of his island, a place with 6,000 inhabitants, with one tribe forming a priestly caste, the head of which was firmly believed by even these Christian Nengonese to possess the power of striking men dead by his curse. Caroline, Kainwhat and Kowine were the children of a terrible old chief named Bula, who had fifty-five wives, and whose power was almost absolute. If anyone offended him, he would send either a priest or one of his sons to kill the man, and bring the corpse, of which the thighs were always reserved for his special eating, the trunk being given to his slaves. If one of his wives offended him, he sent for the high priest, who cursed her—simply said, 'She has died,' and die she did. A young girl who refused to marry him was killed and eaten, or if any person omitted to come into his presence crouching, the penalty was to be devoured; in fact, he seems to have made excuses for executions in order to gratify his appetite for human flesh, which was considered as particularly dainty fare. Everyone dreaded him, and when at last he died a natural death, his chief wife was strangled by her own brother, as a matter of course. Such horrors as these had pretty well ceased by that time, though still many Nengonese were heathen, and the priests were firmly believed to have the power of producing death and disease at

will by a curse. Wadrokala, with entire conviction, declared that one of his father's wives had thus been made a cripple for life.

Nengonese had become almost as familiar to Coley as Maori, and his Sundays at this time were decidedly polyglot; since, besides a regular English service at Taranaki, he often took a Maori service, and preached extempore in that tongue, feeling that the people's understanding went along with him; and there were also, in early morning and late evening, prayers, partly in Nengonese, partly in Bauro, at the College chapel, and a sermon, first in one language, and then repeated in the other. The Nengonè lads, who had the question of adherence to the London Mission at home, or the Church in New Zealand, put to them, came deliberately to entreat to remain always with Mr. Patteson, saying that they saw that this teaching of the Church was right, and they wished to work in it. It was a difficult point, as the London Mission was reasserting a claim to the Loyalty Isles, and the hopes of making them a *point d'appui* were vanishing; but these men and their wives could not but be accepted, and Simeona was preparing for baptism. A long letter to Professor Max Müller on the languages will be found in the Appendix. The Bishop of New Zealand thus wrote to Sir John Patteson respecting Coley and his work.

Taurarua, Auckland: March 2, 1857.

My dear Judge,—Your letter of December 5 made me very happy, by assuring me of the satisfaction which you feel in your son's duties and position. I do indeed most thankfully acknowledge the goodness of God in thus giving me timely aid, when I was pledged to a great work, but without any steady force to carry it on. Coley is, as you say, the right

man in the right place, mentally and physically: the multiplicity of languages, which would try most men, is met by his peculiar gift; the heat of the climate suits his constitution; his mild and parental temper makes his black boys cling about him as their natural protection; and his freedom from fastidiousness makes all parts of the work easy to him; for when you have to teach boys how to wash themselves, and to wear clothes for the first time, the romance of missionary work disappears as completely as a great man's heroism before his valet de chambre.

On Sunday, February 22, we had a native baptism, an adult from Nengonè and his infant child. Coley used the Baptismal Service, which he had translated, and preached fluently in the Nengonè tongue, as he had done in the morning in New Zealand. The careful study which we had together of the latter on our voyage out will be of great use in many other dialects, and Mrs. Nihill has given him her husband's Nengonè manuscripts.

You know in what direction my wishes tend, viz.,. that Coley, when he has come to suitable age, and has developed, as I have no doubt he will, a fitness for the work, should be the first island Bishop, upon the foundation, of which you and your brother Judge, and Sir W. Farquhar, are trustees; that Norfolk Island should be the see of the Bishop, because the character of its population, the salubrity of its climate, and its insular position, make it the fittest place for the purpose.

Your affectionate and grateful friend,

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

By the same mail Patteson himself wrote to Miss Neill:—

If it please God to give us some few native teachers

from Bauro and Gera, not to be sent before, but to go with, or follow us (i.e. Bishop and me), in a short time the Word of God might be heard in many a grand wild island, resplendent with everything that a tropical climate and primeval forests, etc., can bestow, and thickly populated with an intelligent and, as I imagine, tolerably docile race, of whom some are already 'stretching out their hands unto God.'

All these Solomon Islanders here would answer questions about Christianity as well, perhaps, as children of nine or ten years old in England. Some seem to feel that there is a real connection between themselves and what they are taught, and speak of the love of God in giving Jesus Christ to die for them, and say that God's Holy Spirit alone can enlighten their dark hearts.

That beautiful image of light and darkness seems common to all nations. (The regular word used by the Nengonè people, who are far more advanced in Christian knowledge and practice, for all heathen places is 'the dark lands.')

On Sunday week, February 22, we had a deeply interesting service in the College chapel at 7.15 P.M., just as the English world was beginning its Sunday. Simeona and his infant boy of four weeks and three days old were baptized. The College chapel was nicely lighted, font decorated simply. I read the service in Nengonè, having had all hands at work setting the types and printing on Friday and Saturday. The Bishop took the part of the service which immediately precedes the actual baptism, and baptized them both—first the father, by the name of George Selwyn, then the baby, by the name of John Patteson. This was the special request of the parents, and as it is my dear Father's name, how

could I object? He is, of course, my godson, and a dear little fellow he is. At the end of my sermon, I added a few words to 'George,' and besought the prayers of the Nengonè people for him and his child. We have now four regular communicants among them—Wadrokala, Mark (Kainwhat), Carry and Sarah. George is baptized, and baby; and Sarah's child, Lizzy, I baptized long ago. In about two months (D. V.), we are off for a good spell of four or five months among the islands, taking back this party, though some of them will, by and by, rejoin us again, I hope.

The plan of starting in April for a four or five months' cruise was disconcerted, as regarded Bishop Selwyn, by the delay of Bishop Harper and the Archdeacons in arriving for the intended Synod, which was thus put off till May, too wintry a month for the Melanesians to spend in New Zealand. After some doubt, it was decided that Mr. Patteson should make a short voyage, for the mere purpose of returning his scholars to their homes, come back to Auckland, and make a fresh start when the Bishop was ready.

In prospect of the parting, Patteson writes to his beloved old governess (March 19, 1857):—

You will like a report of my pupils, especially as I can give most of them a good ticket, *little mark and all*, as we used to say of yours (though not as often as we ought to have done) to our dear mother. You never had such willing pupils, though you turned out some, I hope, eventually as good. In your hands these lads would be something indeed. Really they have no faults that I can detect, and when their previous state is considered, it is wonderful; for all this time they have been with us, the greatest fault

has been a fit of sulkiness, lasting about half a day, with three of them. Their affection, gentleness, unselfishness, cheerfulness, willingness to oblige, in some of them a natural gentlemanly way of doing things, and sometimes indications of what we should call high principle—all these things give one great hopes, not for them only, but for all these nations, that, refined by Christianity, they may be bright examples of manly virtues and Christian graces.

To some, no doubt, these expressions will seem exaggerated, but not to those who have had any experience of the peculiar suavity and grace that often is found in the high-bred men of native races, before they are debased by the corruptions brought in by white men. Moreover, in every case, the personal influence of the teacher when in immediate contact with a sufficiently small number, is quite enough to infuse good habits and obviate evil ones to an extent quite inconceivable to those who have not watched the unconscious exertion of this power. Patteson knew that too much reliance must not be placed on present appearance.

It is dangerous (he says), to have persons clinging to you too much. I feel that; but then these fellows, I take it, are very impulsive and no doubt the cocoanuts in their own land will exercise a counter-influence to mine, and so I shall soon be undeceived if I learn to think too much of their personal affection; but I never knew such dear lads, I don't know how I shall get on without them. My godson is growing a very fine boy, quite a young giant; he is quite heavy for his mother to carry. She is not above eighteen, but looks more, and she is such a nice good girl, quite able to do little needle-and-thread jobs for me.

You must be looking forward to your spring and

summer. How delicious some of those days are in England! We miss the freshness of a deciduous foliage, our evergreens look dull, and we have no deciduous trees as yet. A good scamper with Joan on the East Hill, or a drive with Fan in the pony carriage along a lane full of primroses and violets would be pleasant indeed, and so would a stroll with old Jem up the river be happy indeed, and I could almost quit the 'Southern Cross' for dear Father's quarter-deck in the 'Hermitage,' but that I am, I believe, sailing in the right vessel, and, as I trust, on the right course to the haven where we may all meet and rest for ever.

On Good Friday the three Nengonè young men who had been baptized were confirmed, and on the Wednesday in Easter week the 'Southern Cross' sailed, this time with a responsible sailing master. At Nengonè Mr. Patteson had a friendly interview with Mr. Craig, the London Society's missionary, and explained to him the state of things with regard to these individual pupils; then, after being overwhelmed with presents by the Christian population, shaped his course for Bauro.

On the way, he had the experience of a tropical thunderstorm, after having been well warned by the sinking of the barometer through the whole of the day, the 27th of April. 'At 7.30 the breeze came up, and the big drops began, when suddenly a bright forked flash so sustained that it held its place before our eyes like an immense white-hot crooked wire, seemed to fall on the deck, and be splintered there. But one moment and the tremendous crack of the thunder was alive and around us, making the masts tremble. For more than an hour the flashes were so continu-

ous that I think every three seconds we had a perfect view of the whole horizon. I especially remember the firmament between the lurid thunder clouds looking quite blue, so intense was the light. The thunder rolled on without cessation, but the tremendous claps occurred only at intervals. We have no lightning conductor, and I felt somewhat anxious ; went below and prayed God to preserve us from lightning and fire, read the magnificent chapter at the end of Job. As the storm went on, I thought that at that very hour you were praying " From lightning and tempest, good Lord deliver us." We had no wind; furious rain, repeated again from midnight to three this morning. About eleven the thunder had ceased, but the broad flashes of lightning were still frequent. The lightning was forked and jagged, and one remarkable thing was the length of time that the line of intense light was kept up, like a gigantic firework, so that the shape of the flash could be drawn with entire accuracy by any one that could handle a pencil. It was a grand and solemn sight and sound, and I am very thankful we were preserved from danger, for the storm was right upon us, and the danger must have been great.'

A ready welcome awaited the 'Southern Cross' at Bauro, in a lovely bay hitherto unvisited, where a perfect flotilla of canoes came off to greet her, and the two chiefs, Iri and Rimaniaka, came on board, and no less than fifty-five men with them. The chiefs and about a dozen men were invited to spend the night on board. The former lay on the floor of the inner cabin, talking and listening while their host set before them some of the plain truths of Christianity. He landed next day, and returned the visit by going to Iri's hut, where

he pointed to the skulls, discoursed on the hatefulness of such decorations, and recommended their burial. He also had an opportunity of showing a Christian's horror of unfilial conduct, when Rimaniaka struck his mother for being slow in handing yams; and when a man begged for a passage to Gera in direct opposition to his father's commands, he was dismissed with the words, 'I will have nothing to do with a man who does not obey his own father.'

At Gera there was also a great assembly of canoes, and as all hands were wanted on board, Patteson went ashore in a canoe with the brother of one of the scholars. He was told that he was the first white man who had ever landed there, and the people showed a good deal of surprise, but were quite peaceable, and the presence of women and children was a sign that there was no danger. When he tried to return to the ship, a heavy sea came on, and the canoes were forced to put back, and he thus found himself obliged to spend the night on the island. He was taken into a house with two rooms, in each of which numbers of men were lying on the ground, a small wood fire burning in the midst of each group of three or four. A grass mat was brought him, and a bit of wood for a pillow, and as he was wet through, cold, and very tired, he lay down; but sleep was impossible, from tormenting vermin, as well as because it seemed to be the custom of the people to be going backwards and forwards all night, sitting over the fire talking, then dropping asleep and waking to talk again. A yam was brought him after about an hour, and long before dawn he escaped into the open air, and sat over a fire there till at high tide, at six o'clock in the morning, he was able to put off again and reach the ship, where forty-five natives had slept, and behaved well.

'The sense of cold and dirt and weariness was not pleasing,' he confesses, and certainly the contrast to the Eton and Oxford habits was great. There was a grand exchange of presents: hatchets, adzes, hooks and empty bottles on one side, and a pig and yams on the other. Immediately after follows a perilous adventure, which, as we shall find, made a deep impression. It is thus related in a letter for the benefit of Thorverton Rectory.

At Sea: lat. 19° 50′ S.; long. 167° 41′ E.

My dearest Uncle,— . . . May is a month specially connected henceforward in my mind with a merciful deliverance from great peril, which God vouchsafed to us on May 2nd. We touched on a reef at the Isle of Guadalcanar, one of the Solomon Islands, in lat. 9° 50′, and but for God's mercy in blessing our exertions, we might have incurred fearful danger of losing the Mission vessel. As it was, in a couple of minutes we were off the reef and in deep safe water —to Him be the praise and the glory! I have written all particulars as usual to my father, and now that the danger has been averted, you will rejoice to hear how great a door is opened to us in that part of the world. Personal safety ensured, and, so far as can be judged of, no apparent obstacle in the way of the Mission in that quarter. Had this great peril not occurred—and it was to human eyes and in human language the mere 'chance' of a minute—I might have dwelt with too much satisfaction on the bright side of the picture. As it is, it is a lesson to me 'to think soberly.' I can hardly trust myself to write yet with my usual freedom of the scenery, natives, &c. One great thought is before me—'Is it all real that we touched on that reef in the sight of hundreds of natives?' It was

not a sense of personal danger—that could not occur at such a time; but the idea that the vessel might be lost, the missionary operations suspended, &c.; this shot through me in those two minutes! But I had no time for more than mental prayer, for I was pulling at ropes with all my strength; not till it was all over could I go below and fall on my knees in a burst of thanksgiving and praise. We suppose that there must be a very strong under-current near the reef at the mouth of the bay, for the vessel, instead of coming round as usual (and there was abundance of room), would not obey the helm, and we touched an outlying rock before we could alter the sails, when she rounded instantly on the other tack. Humanly speaking, she would have come off very soon, as the tide was flowing, and she received no damage, as we came very gently against the rock, which was only about the size of an ordinary table. But it is an event to be remembered by me with thankfulness all my life. I think the number of natives who had been on deck and about us in canoes that morning could not have been less than 450. They behaved very well. Of the five principal chiefs three could talk some Bauro language, so I could communicate with them, and this was one reason why I felt satisfied of their good will. They gave me two pigs, about 500 or 600 cocoa-nuts, and upwards of a ton of yams, though I told them I had only two small hatchets, five or six adzes, a few gimlets, and empty bottles to give in exchange. If I had not been satisfied of their being quite friendly, I would not have put ourselves so entirely into their power; but it is of the *greatest* consequence to let the natives of a place see that you are not suspicious, and where there is no evident hazard in so doing, I

think I ought to act upon it. Perhaps the Bishop, being an older hand at it, will think I was rash; but as far as the natives are concerned, the result shows I was quite right; the letting go a kedge in deepish water is another matter, that was a mistake I know now. But we could not work the vessel by reason of the crowds of natives, and what was I to do? Either not stand close in, as they all expected, or let go a kedge. If I did not go into the mouth of the bay, they would have said, 'He does not trust us,' and mutual suspicion would have been (possibly) the result, and I could not make them understand rightly the reason why I did not want to drop the kedge or small anchor.

I had slept on shore about three miles up the bay among a number of natives, twenty-five or twenty-six in the same room with me, on the previous evening: at least, I lay down in my things, which, by the by, were drenched through with salt and rain water. They said I was the first white person that had been ashore there. They treated me very well. How in the face of all this could I run the risk of letting them think I was unwilling to trust them? So I think still that I was right in all but one thing. I ought to have ascertained better the nature of the current and the bottom of the harbour, to see if there was good holding ground. But it is easier to do those things in an English port than in the sight of a number of natives, and especially when there is but one person able to communicate with the said natives. If I went off in the boat sounding, who was to look after the schooner? If I stayed on board, who was to explain to the natives what was being done in the boat? Besides, we have but five men on board, including the master and mate, and one of them was

disabled by a bad hand, so that if I had manned the boat, I should have left only three able-bodied men on board—it was a puzzle, you see, dear Uncle. Now I have entered into this long defence lest any of you dear ones should think me rash. Indeed, I don't want to run any risks at all. But there was no risk here, as I supposed, and had we chosen to go round on the other tack we should have known nothing of a risk now. As it was, we did run a great hazard of grounding on the reef, and therefore, *Laus Deo.*

Oh! dear little Pena, if you had only seen the village which, as yet, I alone of white people have been allowed to see—the great tall cocoa-nuts, so tall and slender at the top, that I was almost afraid when a boy was sent up to gather some nuts for me—the cottages of bamboo and cocoa-nut leaves—the great forest trees, the parrots flying about among the branches—the crowd of men and children and a few women all looking at, and some talking to the strange chief, 'who had spoken the truth and brought their kinsman as he promised,'—the sea in the harbour shut off by small islets and looking like a beautiful lake with high wooded and steep banks—the pretty canoes on the beach, and the great state canoe lying at its stone anchor about fifty yards off, about fifty feet long, and *inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl,* the spears leaning against the houses—men stalking about with a kind of club (the great chief Puruhanua gave me his);—I think your little head would have been almost turned crazy. . . .

June 4th, Auckland.—We reached harbour a week ago in a violent squall of wind and rain at 8.45 P.M. Anxious night after the anchor was dropped, lest the vessel should drag. Nine days

coming from Norfolk Island, very heavy weather—no accident, but jib-boom pitched away while lying to in a south-easter. . . .

Your loving nephew,
J. C. P.

The Rev. Benjamin Thornton Dudley, for several years a most valuable helper in the work, both at home and abroad, gives the following account of his own share in it, and his recollections of that first year.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Patteson was in the beginning of 1856, when you (this is a letter to Mrs. Selwyn) all visited Lyttelton in the newly arrived 'Southern Cross.' That indescribable charm of manner, calculated at once to take all hearts by storm, was not perhaps as fully developed in him then as afterwards, and my experience was then comparatively limited, yet his words in the sermon he preached on behalf of the Melanesian Mission (a kind of historical review of the growth and spread of the Gospel), although coming after the wonderful sermon of the Bishop in the morning, made a deep impression on several of us, myself among the number.

You came to Lyttelton at the end of 1856 again, this time without him, and the Bishop brought me up to St. John's College, and placed me under him there. I remember at first how puzzled I felt as to what my position was, and what I was expected to do. Not a single direction was given me by Mr. Patteson, nor did he invite me to take a class in the comparatively small Melanesian school. Gradually it dawned upon me that I was purposely left there, and that I was expected to offer myself for anything

I could do.[1] When I offered myself I was allowed to assist in this and that, until at length I fell into my regular place. Although the treatment I received in this respect puzzled me, I felt his great kindness from the first. How bright he was in those days, and how overflowing with spirits when among the Melanesians. What fun there used to be of a morning, when he would come and hunt the lazy ones out of bed, drive them down to the bath house, and there assist their ablutions with a few basins of water thrown at them; and what an amount of quiet 'chaff' used to go on at breakfast time about it as we sat with them in the great hall, without any of those restraints of the 'high table' which were introduced at dinner.

During the first voyage made that year to return our Melanesian party, I think Mr. Patteson was feeling very much out of sorts. I do not remember any time during the years in which I was permitted to see so much of him when he took things so easily. He spoke of himself as lazy, and I confess I used to wonder somewhat how it was that he retired so completely into the cabin, and did apparently so little in the way of study. He read the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' and other books of light reading in that voyage. I understood better afterwards what, raw youth as I was at the time, puzzled me in one for whom I was already beginning to entertain a feeling different from any previously experienced. That seems to me now to have been quite a necessary pause in his life after he had with wholeheartedness and full intention given himself to his work, but before he had fully faced all its requirements and

[1] Mr. Dudley's father had offered him to the Bishop as an assistant.

had learnt to map out his whole time with separate toil.

So concluded what may be called the first term of Coley Patteson's tutorship of his island boys. His work is perhaps best summed up in this sentence in a letter to me from Mrs. Abraham: 'Mr. Patteson's love for them, and his facility in communicating with them in their own tongue, make his dealing with the present set much more intimate and effective than it has ever been before, and their affections towards him are drawn out in a lively manner.'

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND LIFU.

1857–1859.

IT seems to me that the years between 1856 and 1861 were the very brightest of Coleridge Patteson's life. He had left all for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and was reaping the blessing in its freshness. His struggles with his defects had been successful, the more so because he was so full of occupation that the old besetting trouble, self-contemplation, had been expelled for lack of opportunity; and he had become far more simple, since humility was ceasing to be a conscious effort.

There is a light-heartedness about his letters like that of the old Eton times. Something might have been owing to the impulse of health, which was due to the tropical heat. Most probably this heat was what exhausted his constitution so early, but at first it was a delightful stimulus, and gave him exemption from all those discomforts with which cold had affected him at home. This exhilaration bore him over the many trials of close contact with uncivilized human nature so completely that his friends never even guessed at his natural fastidiousness. That which might have been

selfish in this fastidiousness was conquered, though the refinement remained. Even to the last, in his most solitary hours, this personal neatness never relaxed, but the victory over disgust was a real triumph over self, which no doubt was an element of happiness.

While the Bishop continued to go on the voyages with him, he had companionship, guidance, and comparatively no responsibility, while his success, that supreme joy, was wonderfully unalloyed, and he felt his own especial gifts coming constantly into play. His love for his scholars was one continual well of delight, and really seemed to be an absolute gift, enabling him to win them over, and compensating for what he had left, even while he did not cease to love his home with deep tenderness.

Another pair of New Zealand friends had to be absent for a time. Archdeacon Abraham's arm was so severely injured by an accident with a horse, that the effects were far more serious than those of a common fracture. The disaster took place in Patteson's presence. 'I shall never forget' writes his friend, 'his gentleness and consideration as he first laid me down in a room and then went to tell my wife.'

It was found necessary to have recourse to English advice; the Archdeacon and Mrs. Abraham went home, and were never again residents at Auckland.

A letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge was written in the interval between the voyages:—

Auckland: June 12, 1857.

My dear Uncle,—You will not give me credit for being a good correspondent, I fear; but the truth is that I seldom find time to do more than write long chatty letters to my dear father and sisters, occa-

sionally to Thorverton, and to Miss Neill and one or two others to cheer them in their sickness and weariness. Any news from afar may be a real relaxation.

Plenty of business letters I write, of course, but not many pleasure letters. Now, however, I have a few minutes. I have been ordering stores for our northern voyage now to begin, talking with captain about shipping men; then I visited a dying soldier with the clergyman of the parish, who administered to us the Holy Eucharist. Then to the Bank, make up the balance of Melanesian account, and now I am sitting in the little cottage of the military chief medical officer, a worthy friend of mine, Dr. P., who is displaying the wonders of an admirable microscope to the Bishop of Christ Church and Archdeacon William Williams.

I am a good deal on board, though the vessel is in harbour; but when on shore I can always get a bed, and such comfortable quarters, that I hardly know how to desert them, at Dr. P.'s house. People conspire to spoil and unfit for his work any missionary returning from a voyage, and I don't object to find myself on shore occasionally, I can promise you.

I need not recapitulate what I have written at length to my father of missionary operations. You will rejoice with us when you hear of the great door and effectual that seems opening to us in the Solomon Islands, and you will, I know, all of you, thank God for the deliverance of the Mission vessel from that reef at Guadalcanar.

For myself I need only say that I find these dear people most attractive and winning, that it is no effort to love them, that they display all natural gifts

in a remarkable way—good temper, affection, gentleness, obedience, gratitude, &c., occasionally real self-restraint. Dear Hirika's last words to me at San Cristoval were, 'Oh, I do love you so,' and his conduct showed it. He is a bright handsome lad, clever but inaccurate, of most sweet disposition. In matters of personal cleanliness, healthy appearance, &c., the change in seven months was that of a lad wholly savage becoming neat, tidy in dress, and of gentlemanly appearance. In some ways he was my pet of the whole party, though I have equally bright hopes of Gārĭrĭ, a sturdy, honest fellow with the best temper I almost ever found among lads of sixteen anywhere, and Kĕrĕarŭă is the most painstaking fellow of the lot; and a boy whose distinguishing features it would be hard to describe; but he may be summed up as a very *good* boy, and certainly a most loveable one. Sūmărŏ and Rĭmărūă older and less interesting.

Toto and Warumai belong to the next island of the group, Guadalcanar. They were not quite so painstaking as the three younger lads from San Cristoval, but intelligent and active in mind and body. I am satisfied that their people are highly enterprising and manly, not unlikely to take a lead in the civilisation of the neighbouring islands.

I printed short catechisms, a translation of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, General Confession, two or three other of the Common Prayer prayers, and one or two short missionary prayers in the dialect of both islands; but I can only speak at all fluently the language of San Cristoval.

Of the Nengonè people I could say much more. The two young women (married) and the two young

unmarried men had been under Mr. Nihill's instruction two or three years, baptized, and were regular communicants while at the College. Simeona was baptized on the same day as his infant son, after he had been with us five months. He and the other four were confirmed at the College chapel, and he afterwards received the Holy Communion with the rest.

Kowine, a lad of seventeen, is not baptized, though well instructed. We were not wholly satisfied about him. Of the knowledge of them all I can speak with the utmost confidence. They know more a great deal than most candidates for confirmation in a well-regulated English parish. It was delightful to work with them. We wrote Bible history, which has reached about fifty sheets in MS. in small hand-writing, bringing the history to the time of Joshua; very many questions and answers, and translated ninety pages of the Prayer Book, including Services for Infant and Adult Baptism, Catechism, Burial Service, &c.

It is most interesting work, though not easy, and much of it will no doubt be altered when we come to know the language thoroughly well. This island of Nengonè (called also Maro and Britannia Island) contains about 6,500 inhabitants, of whom some profess Christianity, while the remainder are still fighting and eating one another, though accessible to white people.

We hope to have time to see something of the heathen population, though the London Mission Society having reoccupied the island, we do not regularly visit it with the intention of establishing ourselves. . . . The language is confined to that island. I call it language, not dialect, for it is, I believe, really

distinct from any others we have or have heard of, very soft, like Italian, and capable of expressing accurately minute shades of meaning. Causative forms, &c., remind us of the oriental structure, one peculiarity (that of the chief's dialect, or almost language, running parallel to that of common life) I think I have before mentioned.

You will hear from Feniton of my late voyage to the Loyalty and Solomon Isles, a small supplementary affair, merely to return our scholars. It was very enjoyable, but I had great anxiety at Guadalcanar, where, but for God's great mercy, we might have been long enough on a reef to have sorely tried the temper and character of some four or five hundred natives. There is, I trust, good ground for hoping that a great opening for missionary effort is granted now in two places of the Solomon Islands.

In about a month I suppose we shall be off again for three or four months, and we long to get hold of pupils from the Banks Archipelago, Santa Cruz, Espiritu Santo, in which no ground is broken at present. We visited them last year, but did not get any pupils; lovely islands, very populous, and the natives very bright, intelligent looking. But how I long to see again some of my own dear boys, I do so think of them! It may be that two or three of them may come again to us, and then we may perhaps hope that they may learn enough to be really useful to their own people . . . Dear uncle, I should indeed rejoice much to see my dear dear father and sisters and Jem and all of you if it came in the way of one's business, but I think, so long as I am well, that the peculiar nature of this work must require the constant presence of one personally known to, and not only officially connected with, the natives.

While I feel very strongly that in many ways intercourse occasionally resumed with the home clergy must be very useful to us, yet if you can understand that there is no one to take one's place, you see how very unlikely it must be that I can move from this hemisphere. I say 'if you can understand,' for it does seem sad that one should really be in such a position that one's presence should be of any consequence; but, till it please God that the Bishop shall receive other men for this Mission, there is no other teacher for these lads, and so we must rub on and do the best we can. Of course I should be most thankful, most happy if, during his lifetime, I once more found myself at home, but I don't think much nor speculate about it, and I am very happy, as I am well and hearty. You won't suspect me of any lessening of strong affection for all that savours of home. I think that I know every face in Alfington and in Feniton, and very many in Ottery as of old; I believe I think of all with increasing affection, but while I wonder at it, I must also confess that I can and do live happy day after day without enjoying the sight of those dear faces.

Always your affectionate and grateful nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

As soon as the 'Southern Cross' had carried Bishop Harper back to Lyttelton, the Melanesian voyage was recommenced, this time with a valuable assistant in Mr. Benjamin Dudley. Mrs. Selwyn was again dropped at Norfolk Island, and five young Pitcairners were taken on board to serve as a boat's crew, and also to receive instruction.

This was a more extensive voyage than the first, as more time could be spent on it, but there is less full

description, as there was less time for writing; and besides, these coral islands are much alike.

Futuma was the first new island visited :—

The canoes did not venture to come off to us, so we went ashore in the boat, Bishop and I wading ankle-deep to the beach. Forty or fifty natives under a deep overhanging rock, crouching around a fire, plenty of lads and boys, no women. Some Tanna men in the group, with their faces painted red and black, hair (as you know) elaborately frizzled and dressed with coral lime. The Futuma people speak a different language from those of Anaiteum, and the Tanna people speak a third (having, moreover, four dialects of their own). These three islands are all in sight of each other. Tanna has an active volcano, now smoking away, and is like a hot-bed, wonderfully fertile. People estimate its population at 10,000, though it is not very large,—about thirty miles long. At Futuma, the process by which these coral islands have been upheaved is well seen. The volcanic rocks are lying under the coral, which has been gradually thrust upwards by them. As the coral emerged, the animal went on building under water, continually working lower and lower down upon and over the volcanic formation, as this heaved in its upward course the coral formation out of the sea.

A friendly visit was made to Anaiteum, where the good Scotch missionaries had acquired a vessel of their own, with the national name 'John Knox,' and were thus enabled to extend their operations to Tanna. This island was likewise visited. The Bishop had often been there before, and an Anaitean teacher was there located. The chief most earnestly

entreated Mr. Patteson to remain there, offering to build him a house, but this was impossible, as there was no one else to have the charge of the Melanesians at St. John's, since Archdeacon Abraham was soon about to move to his freshly formed diocese of Wellington. Besides, the Tannese were not destitute of all Christian teaching, and it would have been an interference with the Scottish mission.

Erromango was likewise occupied by this mission, and Mr. Gordon was then living there in peace and apparent security, when a visit was paid to him, and Patteson gathered some leaves in Dillon's Bay, the spot where John Williams met his death sixteen years before, not, as now was understood, because he was personally disliked, but because he was unconsciously interfering with a solemnity that was going on upon the beach.

At Fatè Isle, the people were said to be among the wildest in those seas, who, when the 'Royal Sovereign' was wrecked, had killed the whole crew, nineteen in number, eaten ten at once, and sent the other nine as presents to their friends. Very few appeared, but there was a good 'opening' exchange of presents.

A great number of small islets lie around Fatè, forming part of the cluster of the New Hebrides. The Bishop had been at most of them before, and with a boat's crew of three Pitcairners and one English sailor, starting early and spending all day in the boat, he and Patteson touched at eleven in three days, and established the first steps to communication by obtaining 127 names of persons present, and making gifts. These little volcanic coral isles were all much alike, and nothing remarkable occurred but the obtaining two lads from Mai, named Peterè and

Laurè, for a ten months' visit. Poor fellows, they were very sea-sick at first, and begged to go home again, but soon became very happy, and this connection with Peterè had important consequences in the end. These lads spoke a language approaching Maori, whereas the Fatè tongue prevailed in the other isles.

At Mallicolo, on August 20, a horrible sight presented itself to the eyes of the two explorers when they walked inland with about eighteen most obliging and courteous natives—an open space with four hollowed trunks of trees surrounding two stones, the trees carved into the shape of grotesque human heads, and among them a sort of temple, made of sloping bamboos and pandanus leaves meeting at the top, from whence hung a dead man, with his face painted in stripes of red and yellow, procured, it was thought, from the pollen of flowers. There was not enough comprehension of the language to make out the meaning of all this.

Ambrym, the next island, was more than usually lovely, and was destined to receive many more visits. The women made their approach crawling, some with babies on their backs. Whitsuntide, where the casks had to be filled with water, showed a great number of large, resolute-looking men, whose air demanded caution; 'but,' says the journal, 'Practice makes perfect, and we get the habit of landing among strangers, the knack of managing with signs and gesticulations, and the feeling of ease and confidence which engenders confidence and good will in the others. Quarrels usually arise from both parties being afraid and suspicious of each other.'

Leper's Isle owes its unpleasant name to its medicinal springs. It is a particularly beautiful place, containing

a population of good promise. Three landings were made there, and at the fourth place Patteson jumped ashore on a rock and spent some time in calming the fears of a party of natives who had been frightened in their canoe by the boat under sail overtaking them. 'They fingered bows and arrows, but only from nervousness,' he says. However, they seem to have suspected the visitors of designs on their load of fine taro, and it was some time before the owner would come out and resume it. On all these isles the plan could as yet only be to learn names and write them down, so as to enquire for acquaintance next time, either make presents, or barter them for provisions, discover the class of language, and invite scholars for another time.

So at Star Island three or four natives said, 'In ten moons you two come back; very good, then we go with you.' 'I think,' Patteson tells his sisters, 'You would have liked to have seen me, standing on a rock, with my two supporters, two fine young men, who will I trust go with us next time, my arms round their necks, and a fine background of some thirty or forty dark figures with bows and arrows, &c., and two or three little rogues, perched on a point of rock above me, just within reach, asking for fish-hooks.' He says it in all simplicity, but the picture presupposes some strength of mind in the sisters who were to appreciate it.

Few natives appeared at Espiritu Santo, and the vessel passed on to Oanuta or Cherry Island, where the Bishop had never been, and where a race of dull, good-natured giants was found. The chief was a noble-looking man with an aquiline nose, and seemed to have them well under command, and some of the younger men, who had limbs which might have been a model for a sculptor, could have lifted an ordinary sized

Englishman as easily as a child. They were unluckily already acquainted with whalers, whom they thought the right sort of fellows, since they brought tobacco and spirits, did not interfere with native habits, nor talk of learning, for which the giants saw no need. The national complexion here was of a lighter yellow, the costume a tattooed chest, the language akin to Maori; and it was the same at Tikopia, where four chiefs, one principal one immensely fat, received their visitors seated on a mat in the centre of a wide circle formed by natives, the innermost seated, the others looking over them. These, too, were accustomed to whalers, and when they found that pigs and yams in exchange for spirits and tobacco were not the object they were indifferent. They seemed to despise fish-hooks, and it was plain that they had even obtained muskets from the whalers, for there were six in the chief's house, and one was fired, not maliciously but out of display. The Bishop told them his object, and they understood his language, but were uninterested. The fat chief regaled the two guests with a cocoa-nut apiece, and then seemed anxious to be rid of them.

The Banks Islands, as usual, were much more hopeful, Santa Maria coming first. Canoes came round the vessel, and the honesty of the race showed itself, for one little boy, who had had a fish-hook given him, wished to exchange it for calico, and having forgotten to restore the hook at the moment, swam back with it as soon as he remembered it. There was a landing, and the usual friendly intercourse, but just as the boat had put off, a single arrow was suddenly shot out of the bush, and fell about ten yards short. It was curious that the Spanish discoverers had precisely the same experience. It was supposed to be an act of individual mischief or fun, and the place obtained the appropriate name of Cock Sparrow Point.

It was not possible to get into the one landing-place in the wall round Mota's sugar-loaf, but there was an exchange of civilities with the Saddle-ites, and in Vanua Lava, the largest member of the group, a beautiful harbour was discovered, which the Bishop named Port Patteson, after the Judge.

The Santa Cruz group was visited again on the 23rd of September. Nothing remarkable occurred; indeed, Patteson's journal does not mention these places, but that of the Bishop speaks of a first landing at Nukapu, and an exchange of names with the old chief Acenana; and the next day of going to the main island, where swarms of natives swam out, with cries of *Toki, toki*, and planks before them to float through the surf. About 250 assembled at the landing place, as before, chiefly eager for traffic. The Volcano Isle was also touched at, but the language of the few inhabitants was incomprehensible. The mountain was smoking, and red-hot cinders falling as before on the steep side. It was tempting to climb it and investigate what probably no white man had yet seen, but it was decided to be more prudent to abstain.

Some events of the visit to Bauro are related in the following letter to the young cousin whose Confirmation day had been notified to him in time to be thought of in his prayers.

Off San Cristoval: October 5, 1857.

My dearest Pena,—It was in a heathen land, among a heathen people that I passed the Sunday—a day most memorable in your life—on which I trust you received for the first time the blessed Sacrament of our Saviour's Body and Blood.

My darling, as I knelt in the chief's house, upon the mat which was also my bed—the only Christian in that large and beautiful island—my prayers were,

I hope, offered earnestly that the full blessedness of that heavenly Union with the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him with the Father and the Holy Ghost, might rest upon you for ever. I had reckoned upon being on board that Sunday, when the Holy Eucharist was administered on board our vessel; but as we reached Mwaata, our well-known village at San Cristoval, on Saturday, we both agreed that I had better go ashore while the vessel went away, to return for me on Monday. My day was now passed strangely enough, my first Sunday in a land where no Sunday is known.

It was about 3 P.M. on Saturday when I landed, and it was an effort to have to talk incessantly till dark. Then the chief Iri went with me to his house. It is only one oblong room, with a bamboo screen running half way across it about half way down the room. It is only made of bamboo at the sides, and leaves for the roof. Yams and other vegetables were placed along the sides. There is no floor, but one or two grass mats are placed on the ground to sleep on. Iri and his wife, and an orphan girl about fourteen or fifteen, I suppose, slept on the other side of the screen; and two lads, called Gariri and Parenga, slept on my side of it. I can't say I slept at all, for the rats were so very many, coming in through the bamboo on every side, and making such a noise I could not sleep, though tired. They were running all about me.

Well, at daylight I sent Gariri to fetch some water, and shaved and washed, to the great admiration of Iri and the ladies, and of others also, who crowded together at the hole which serves for door and windows. I lay down in my clothes, all but my coat, but I took a razor and some soap ashore.

Sunday was spent in going about to different neighbouring settlements, and climbing the coral rocks was hard work, the thermometer at sea being 85° in the cool cabin, as the Bishop told me to-day.

Of course many people were at work in the yam grounds, several of which I saw; but I found considerable parties at the different villages, and had, on the whole, satisfactory conversations with them. They listened and asked questions, and I told them as well as I could the simplest truths of Christianity.

I had a part of a yam and drank four cocoa-nuts during the day, besides eating some mixture of yam, taro, and cocoa-nut all pounded together.

People offered me food and nuts everywhere. Walked back with a boy called Tahi for my guide, and stopped at several plantations, and talked with the people.

Sat out in the cool evening on the beach at Mwaata, after much talk in a chief's house called Tarua; people came round me on the beach, and again I talked with them (a sort of half-preaching, half-conversing these talks were), till Iri said we must go to bed. Slept a little that night.

I can truly say that you were in my head all day. After my evening prayers, when I thought of you; for it was about 9 P.M. = 10.10 A.M. with you, and you were on your way to Church. I thought of you, kneeling between your dear mamma and grandmamma, and dear grandpapa administering to his three beloved ones the Bread of Life, and I was very happy as I thought of it, for I trust, through the mercy of God, and the merits of our Lord, that we shall be by Him raised at the Last Day to dwell with Him for ever. But indeed I must not write to

you how very unworthy I felt to belong to that little company.

This morning about eleven the vessel's boat came off for me, with the Bishop. I had arranged about some lads coming off with us, and it ended in seven joining our party. Only one of our old scholars has come again: he is that dear boy Gariri, whose name you will remember.

Now I have had a good change of shirts, etc., and feel clean and comfortable, though I think a good night's rest will do me no harm. I have written to you the first minute that I had time. What a blessed, happy day it must have been for you, and I am sure they thought of you at Feniton

Your loving cousin,

J. C. P.

Of the other three Bauro scholars, Hirika, to his teacher's great disappointment, proved to have gone away in a Sydney vessel. Kerearua was about to be married and could not come, and Sumaro was not well, and dreaded sea-sickness, but Gariri's mind was quite made up. 'I want to come back with you at once,' he said, and he kept close to his beloved tutor all through the visit. Hirika's elder brother was one of the other six.

This strange Sunday was spent in conversation with different sets of natives, and that some distinct ideas were conveyed was plain from what old Iri was overheard saying to a man who was asking him whether he had not a guest who spoke Bauro: 'Yes,' said Iri, adding that 'he said men were not like dogs, or pigs, or birds, or fishes, because these cannot speak or think. They all die, and no one knows anything more about them, but he says we shall not die like that, but rise up again.'

On Monday, the 7th of October, Gera was revisited, and Toto, a last year's scholar, came forth with his welcome in a canoe; but it was rather mixed success, for the danger of the vessel on her previous visit was a warning against bringing her into the harbour, where there was no safe anchorage, and this disappointed the people. Thirteen, indeed, slept on board, and the next morning sixty canoes surrounded the vessel, and some hundred and fifty came on deck at once; but they brought only one pig and a few yams, and refused to fetch more, saying it was too far—a considerable inconvenience, considering the necessity of providing the Melanesian passengers with vegetable food. Toto's brother tried to hinder him from returning, and he did not himself seem decided till after much persuasion, but he came at last, and eight more with him. The whole nine slept in the inner cabin, Gariri on Patteson's sofa, 'feet to feet, the others on the floor like herrings in a barrel.'

The great island of New Caledonia was next visited. The Bishop had been there before, and Basset, one of the chiefs, lamented that he had been so long absent, and pleaded hard to have an English missionary placed in his part of the country. It was very sad to have no means of complying with the entreaty, and the Bishop offered him a passage to Auckland, there to speak for himself. He would have come, but that it was the season for planting his yams; but he hoped to follow, and in the meantime sent a little orphan named Kanambat to be brought up at Auckland. The little fellow was pleased enough with the ship at first, but when his countrymen who had been visiting there left her, he jumped overboard and was swimming like a duck after them, when, at a sign from the Bishop, one of the Pitcairners leapt after him, and speedily brought

him back. He soon grew very happy and full of play and fun, and was well off in being away from home, for the French were occupying the island, and poor Basset shortly after was sent a prisoner to Tahiti for refusing to receive a Roman Catholic priest.

The Loyalty Isles were reached on October 23, and most of the old scholars were ready with a warm welcome; but Mr. Creagh, the London missionary, had taken Wadrokala away with him on an expedition, and of the others, only Kowine was ready to return, though the two married couples were going on well, and one previous scholar of the Bishop's and four new ones presented themselves as willing to go. Urgent letters from the neighbouring isle of Lifu entreated the Bishop to come thither, and, with a splendid supply of yams, the 'Southern Cross' again set sail, and arrived on the 26th. This island had entirely abandoned heathenism, under the guidance of the Samoans. The people felt that they had come to the end of the stock of teaching of these good men, and entreated for an Englishman from the Bishop, and thus, here was the third island in this one voyage begging for a shepherd, and only one English priest had been found to offer himself to that multitude of heathen!

The only thing that could be done was to take John Cho, a former St. John's scholar, to receive instruction to fit him for a teacher, and with him came his young wife Naranadune and their babe, whom the Bishop had just baptized in the coral-lime chapel, with three other children.

In Anaiteum the Bishop christened two children of the English store-keeper, and then all sail was made for Norfolk Island; but the next few days were spent in great anxiety for Wailumai, a youth from Gera, who

was taken ill immediately after dinner with a most distressing difficulty of breathing. He proved to have a piece of sugar-cane in his throat, which made every breath agony, and worked a small ulcer in the throat. All through the worst Patteson held him in his arms, with his hand on his chest: several times he seemed gone, and ammonia and sal volatile barely revived him. His first words after he was partially relieved were, 'I am Bishop! I am Patihana!' meaning that he exchanged names with them, the strongest possible proof of affection in Melanesian eyes. He still seemed at the point of death, and they made him say, 'God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost! Jesus Christ, Son of God.' At last a favourable change took place, but he continued so ill for several days that his two attendants never did more than lie down in their clothes; nor was it till the third day that he at length coughed up the piece of cane that had caused the mischief. He still required so much care that Patteson did not go on shore at Norfolk Island when the five Pitcairners were exchanged for Mrs. Selwyn.

On November 15 Auckland harbour was again reached after this signally prosperous voyage. It is thus summed up in a letter written two days later.

November 17, 1857: St. John's College.

My dear Miss Neill—Thanks for your 2*l.* 2*s.* and more thanks still for your prayers and constant interest in this part of the world. After nearly seventeen weeks at sea, we returned safely on Sunday morning the 15th, with thirty-three Melanesians, gathered from nine islands and speaking eight languages. Plenty of work for me: I can teach tolerably in three, and have a smattering of one or two more.

One is the wife of a young man, John Cho, an old scholar baptized. His half-brother is chief of Lifu Isle, a man of great influence. The London Mission (Independents) are leaving all their islands unprovided with missionaries, and these people having been much more frequently visited by the Bishop than by the 'John Williams,' turn to him for help. By and by I will explain all this: at present no time.

We visited sixty-six islands and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, &c.; all most friendly and delightful; only two arrows shot at us, and only one went near,—so much for *savages*. I wonder what people ought to call sandal-wood traders and slave masters if they call my Melanesians savages.

You will hear accounts of the voyage from Fanny. I have a long journal going to my father, but I can't make time to write at length any more. I am up before five and not in bed before eleven, and you know I must be lazy sometimes. It does me good. Oh! how great a trial sickness would be to me! In my health now all seems easy. Were I circumstanced like you, how much I should no doubt repine and murmur. God has given me hitherto a most merciful share of blessings, and my dear father's cordial approbation of and consent to my proceedings is among the greatest. . . .

The anniversary of my dear mother's death comes round in ten days. That is my polar star (humanly speaking), and whensoever it pleases God to take my dear dear father to his rest, how blessed to think of their waiting for us, if it be His merciful will to bring me too to dwell before Him with them for ever.

I must end, for I am very busy. The weather is cold, and my room full of lads and young men. If

I was not watching like a cat they would be standing about in all sorts of places and catching cold.

I send you, *in* a box, a box made by Pitcairners of Pitcairn woods.

Ever your loving old pupil,
J. C. PATTESON.

The little New Caledonian remained at Taurarua with the Bishop, and as there was no woman at St. John's to take the charge of Cho's wife, she was necessarily sent to Mrs. Kissling's school for Maori girls, while her husband pursued his studies at St. John's.

On Advent Sunday Mr. Patteson writes:—

You would have been interested in hearing my large gallery class of nine Guadalcanar, seven Bauro, and two Mai men reading in English from the black board the three first petitions of the Lord's Prayer, I standing stick and chalk in hand, and explaining and questioning by turns in the three languages, though fluently only in Bauro. I make English the basis, for otherwise, with so many languages—six here and two more spoken by the boys with the Bishop at Taurarua—how could I teach all?—5. P.M. After Melanesian service, meant to write a line, but a Bauro lad took up in my room a print of the Crucifixion, which led to a long and most happy talk to him about it. Really there does seem to be a great work of grace about to be accomplished in the hearts of some of these lads. Bauro boys are my favourites, I must say—so gentle, docile and good. Full of fun and occasionally quite capable of mischief, as of course all boys are if they are worth anything; but the material is good stuff—real honesty and steadiness of character.

December 4.—I see a Nengonè lad laughing at a Bauro boy's ignorance, mocking and worrying him. I make him tell me the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, which he does perfectly, question him upon it, and receive good answers, and yet after half an hour I have to put the question point blank, 'Now are you not acting like that Pharisee?' no idea of applying the lesson to himself having ever crossed his mind. That is a type of very many of them, but some are very promising. Bauro lads all seem good, three or four delightful; Gera less amusing, but jolly fellows. The two Mai young men are very intelligent pleasing fellows, the Espiritu Santo lad beginning at last. Lifu and Tokè lads alike. But I yet find that as boys learn reading and writing, they learn many bad things along with the good. The old story! Tree of knowledge of good and evil!

Patteson often gave his services at the Maori village of Oraki, where there was to be a central native school managed by Pirimona (Philemon), a well-trained man, a candidate for Holy Orders.

However, this did not satisfy his countrymen. 'As if I had not enough to do, old Wi comes with a request from the folks at Oraki that I would be their "minita," and take the management of the concern. Rather rich, is it not? I said, of course, that I was minita for the islanders. "O let the Bishop take another man for that, you are the minister for us." He is, you know, wonderfully tattooed, and a great object of curiosity to the boys.'

Before many days had passed, there had occurred the first case of that fatal tetanus, which became only too well known to those concerned in the Mission.

Of course all weapons were taken from the scholars, but one of the San Cristoval boys, named Tohehammai, fetched one of his own arrows out of Mr. Dudley's room to exchange with an English lad for a shirt, and as he was at play, carrying the arrow in his left hand behind his back and throwing a stick like a spear with the other, he sharply pricked his right arm, within the elbow, against the point of the arrow, but thinking nothing of the hurt, and knowing that the weapons were forbidden playthings, he said nothing for twelve days, but then complained of stiffness in the arm. Two doctors happened to be at the College that day; one thought it rheumatism, the other mentioned the word tetanus, but for three days more the arm was merely stiff, it was hung in a sling, and the boy went about as usual, until, on the fifteenth day, spasmodic twitchings in the arm came on.

Liniment of chloroform was rubbed in, and the boy was kept under chloroform, but in vain; the next day his whole body was perfectly rigid with occasional convulsions. About 4 P.M. his throat had become contracted, and the endeavour to give him nourishment brought on convulsive attacks. The Bishop came at 8 P.M., and after another attempt at giving him food, which produced a further spasm, he was lying quietly, when Patteson felt his pulse stop.

'He is dying!' the Bishop said. 'Father, into Thy hands we commend his spirit.'

Patteson's 'Amen' came from his heart. The poor fellow made no sound as he lay with his frame rigid, his back arched so that an arm could be thrust under it. He was gone in that moment, unbaptized. Patteson writes:—

I had much conflict with myself about it. He had

talked once with me in a very hopeful way, but during his illness I could not obtain from him any distinct profession of faith, anything to make me feel pretty sure that some conviction of the truth of what he had been taught, and not mere learning by rote, was the occasion of his saying what he did say. I did wish much that I might talk again with the Bishop about it, but his death took us by surprise. I pray God that all my omission and neglect of duty may be repaired, and that his very imperfect and unconscious yearnings after the truth may be accepted for Christ's sake.

The arrow was reported to have been poisoned, but by the time the cause of the injury had been discovered it had been thrown away, and could not be recovered for examination. Indeed, lockjaw seems to be so prevalent in the equatorial climates, and the natives so peculiarly liable to it, that poison did not seem needful to account for the catastrophe.

Altogether, these lads were exotics in New Zealand, and exceedingly fragile. In the very height of summer they had to wear corduroy trousers, blue serge shirts, red woollen comforters, and blue Scotch caps, and the more delicate a thick woollen jersey in addition; and with all these precautions they were continually catching cold, or getting disordered, and then the Bauro and Gera set could only support such treatment as young children generally need. The Loyalty Islanders were much tougher and stronger and easier to treat, but they, too, showed that the climate of Auckland was a hard trial to their constitutions.

A few days later the lost William Didimang reappeared. He said he had gone in a trading vessel with Iri's son, intending to work their way to New Zealand,

but they had been taken to China, and there the young chief had died; Didimang had then been taken to Sydney, and thence had worked his passage. There was a little doubt whether after two years among sailors he would be a safe companion for his countrymen, but he did no mischief, though, as he had always been, he was a slow, lazy, indifferent scholar.

On the fifth of February, six boys were baptized, among them Gariri.

On the last day of March came tidings of the sudden death of the much-beloved and honoured Dr. James Coleridge of Thorverton.

'It is a great shock,' says the letter written the same day; 'not that I feel unhappy exactly, nor low, but that many many memories are revived and keep freshening on my mind. . . . And since I left England, his warm, loving, almost too fond letters have bound me very closely to him, and sorely I shall miss the sight of his handwriting; though he may be nearer to me now than before, and his love for me is doubtless even more pure and fervent. . . .

'I confess I had thought sometimes that if it pleased God to take you first, the consciousness that he would be with you was a great comfort to me—not that any man is worth much then. God must be all in all. But yet he of all men was the one who would have been a real comfort to you, and even more so to others.'

To his cousin he writes:—

Wednesday in Passion Week, 1858: St. John's College.

My dearest Sophy,—Your letter with the deep black border was the first that I opened, with trembling hand, thinking: 'Is it dear dear Uncle gone to his eternal rest; or dear Aunty? not that dear child,

may God grant; for that would somehow seem to all most bitter of all—less, so to speak, reasonable and natural.' And he is really gone; that dear, loving, courageous, warm-hearted servant of Christ; the desire of our eyes taken away with a stroke. I read your letter wondering that I was not upset, knelt down and said the two prayers in the Burial Service, and then came the tears; for the memory of him rose up very vividly before me, and his deep love for me and the notes of comfort and encouragement he used to write were very fresh in my mind. I looked at the print of him, the one he sent out to me, with 'your loving old Uncle' in pencil on it. I have all his letters: when making a regular clearance some months ago, I could not tear up his, although dangerous ones for me to read unless used as a stimulant to become what he thought me. His 'Jacob' sermon, in his own handwriting, I have by me. But more than all, the memory of his holy life, and his example as a minister of Christ, have been left behind for us as a sweet, undying fragrance; his manner in the sick-room—I see him now, and hear that soft, steady, clear voice repeating verses over my dear mother's death-bed; his kindly, loving ways to his poor people; his voice and look in the pulpit, never to be forgotten. I knew I should never see him again in this world. May God of His mercy take me to be with him hereafter.

Thank you, dear Sophy, for writing to me: every word about him is precious. I make one or two extracts from his last letter to me:—

'You will believe how sweet it is to me every month now to give the Holy Eucharist to my *three* dear ones.'

'All complaints of old men must be serious.'

I wish I had more time to write, but I am too busy in the midst of school, and printing scripture histories and private prayers, and translations in Nengonè, Bauro, Lifu; and as all my time out of school is spent in working in the printing office, I really have not a minute unoccupied. With one exception, I have scarcely ever taken an hour's walk for some six weeks. A large proportion of the printing is actually set up by my own fingers; but now one Nengonè lad, the flower of my flock, can help me much—a young man about seventeen or eighteen, of whom I hope *very much*—Malo, baptized by the name of Harper, an excellent young man, and a great comfort to me. He was setting up in type a part of the little book of private prayers I am now printing for them. I had just pointed out to him the translation of what would be in English—'It is good that a man as he lies down to sleep should remember that that night he may hear the summons of the Angel of God; so then let him think of his death, and remember the words of St. Paul: "Awake, thou that sleepest,"' etc.; when in came the man whom the Archdeacon left in charge here with my letters. 'I hope, sir, there is no bad news for you;' and my eye lighted on the deep black border of your envelope.

. . . I have often been sorry that I asked for his Spinckes; it was very selfish of me. I fear you have already sent it, but to take from you the book of prayers used by him on the night of Christmas Day, the Eve of *his* Birthday into Life Everlasting, is too much. I know neither he nor you grudged me anything at any time; but yet, if not already sent, don't send *it*: some other book with his handwriting, and again put yours and Aunty's and

Pena's, as in dear Fanny's 'Thomas à Kempis.' And now I must end. It is past 7 P.M. and my room is full of boys come for evening school and prayers. To-morrow, if I live, I enter upon my thirty-second year—a solemn warning I have received to-day, as another year is passing from me. May some portion of his spirit rest on me to bless my poor attempt to do what he did so devotedly for more than forty years: his duty as a soldier and servant of his Lord and Master, into whose joy he has no doubt now entered.

Easter Day.—What an Easter for him! and doubtless we all who will by and by, as the world rolls round, receive the Holy Eucharist shall be in some way united to him as well as to all departed saints—members of His Mystical Body. It will be a severe trial to pass it without his bodily presence. And how you must miss him in Church. I *do* think of you all, indeed. Dear, patient Aunty. I can see her sweet face now—and I think something must have passed upon Pena, and giving a graver look sometimes to those bright laughing eyes. Perhaps it was good for her that her first trial should come as she was entering into life, and passing away from childish things. *First* trial I say, because she could not sympathize with you in your great bereavement.

11.30 P.M. April 11, Sunday.

Dear Sophy,—The eve of your birthday, on which five of my dear pupils, including a little infant of thirteen days old, have been baptized by the Bishop. We baptized a lad, James, two months ago, otherwise you know that would have been the first name. Andrew, Philip, and *Frank* (how I thought of dear Uncle F.); Margaret, and the baby Fanny. May

God grant that they may not disgrace their names. Frank is a noble-looking lad—clear, bright, honest eye; full of life and high spirits.

April 12.—Your birthday, dear Sophy. God bless you, and grant you many still happy years, for your dear child is a constant source of happiness and comfort; and there is much within to make life here not only supportable but happy even, I know.

Bishop came out yesterday afternoon from Auckland. After baptisms at 5, and evening service at 7, sat till past 11 settling plans: *thus*, God willing, start this day fortnight to return the boys—this will occupy about two months; as we come back from the far north, he will drop one at Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, with large population; he will go on to New Zealand, stay perhaps six weeks in New Zealand, or it may be two months; so that with the time occupied by his voyage from Lifu to New Zealand, 1,000 miles and back, he will be away from Lifu about two and a half or three months. Then, picking me up (say about September 12), we go on at once to the whole number of our islands, spending three months or so among them, getting back to New Zealand about the end of November. So that I shall be in Melanesia, D.V., from the beginning of May to the end of November. I shall be able to write once more before we start—letters which you will get by the June mail from Sydney—and of course I shall send letters by the Bishop when he leaves me at Lifu. But I shall not be able to hear again from England till the Bishop comes to pick me up in September. Never mind. I shall have plenty to do; and I can think of those dear ones at home, and of you all, in

God's keeping, with perfect comfort. The Lifu people are in a more critical state than any others just now, otherwise I should probably stop at San Cristoval. A few years ago they were very wild—cannibals of course; but they are now building chapels, and thirsting for the living waters. What a privilege and responsibility to go to them as Christ's minister, to a people longing for the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace. Samoan teachers have been for a good many years among them.

I cannot write now to dearest Aunty or Pena.

May God bless you and abundantly comfort you. . . . I think I see his dear face. I see him always.

Your loving cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

Cho's wife had arrived in a cart at the College when her baby was a day old, so rapid is recovery with mothers in those climates. 'I saw the baby,' observes the journal, 'quite strong, not dark,—but I don't care for them till they can talk; on the contrary, I think them a great bore, especially in wooden houses, where a child with good lungs may easily succeed in keeping all the inhabitants awake.'

'I should like,' he continues to his father, 'to write a line to the Rev. B. W. Dudley, Lyttelton, New Zealand. He and Mrs. Dudley have so heartily given up their son to the work which involves not seeing him for even years together, that his case bears a resemblance to yours.'

The Easter Sunday letter to Miss Neill, after describing Rota, the Maori deacon (from whom a letter was enclosed), and speaking of the disturbed state of New Zealand, proceeds:—

Meanwhile I live in peace and comfort among my

own people, with thirty-three Melanesians around me, gathered from nine islands, and speaking eight tongues. The last voyage was, I am thankful to say, most delightful and prosperous altogether. Sixty-six islands visited, eighty-one landings made, swimming, wading, &c., like two fellows at school or college, enjoying the lark of headers from coral rocks, with water disclosing in its purity its treasures of gold and scarlet and violet and blue, many fathoms below. We were everywhere well treated; I make no account of two arrows shot at us at Sta. Maria, as really it was only the act of two or three mischievous fellows, the greater number of the people being most friendly.

I hope to spend the three months that will intervene between the short voyage for returning the lads and the regular long missionary cruise, on Lifu, a large island now stretching out its hands, and much needing a missionary. If not there, very likely at Bauro. It is a matter of very small consequence where; everywhere there is plenty of work and plenty of enjoyment.

Meanwhile, my dear father's failing health, my dear dear Uncle James's sudden (yet to him not sudden) call to his rest—these things, I hope, tend to withdraw my mind somewhat from the temptations of good health and active enjoyment. I have very little time for assistance, none for study. My room and my time full from morning to night, printing, translating, teaching; but what a different lot is yours, far more difficult to bear, yet far more purifying, and affording, no doubt, moments when the soul is almost consciously nearer, very near to God.

A letter to his sister Fanny was being carried on, parallel as it were with this :—

March 25, 1858.

My dearest Fan,—I dare say you all are thinking, as I am, that this is the third anniversary of the last day I spent at home. It is the old story—great thankfulness that I can look back upon it with real thankfulness, with almost wonder that I am so free from regret and low spirits, and that I am so constantly and uninterruptedly happy. It is indeed more, much more than I ever dared to hope for, and I know that the trial may come any day, but as yet all has been bright. The utmost that I ever feel is some sensation of fatigue at the perpetual teaching boys to read. It is partly, honestly, because I do not yet feel sure that I have found the right way. I know the Bishop thinks more than I do about teaching English, which being about the hardest of all languages to learn, is, I feel almost sure, nearly useless in any attempt to convey instruction to them. They learn to talk as Englishmen make themselves so far understood on the Continent as to get food and to move about on railways, &c., but neither the one nor the other could learn all that is implied in the idea of education.

Now, as I find that even Didi, who has been already two years in an English vessel, can't get on in English, and always by preference talks Bauro to me, surely it is better to work them as well as I can in the language that is the best chance of communication between us. I do feel a little tried sometimes, for I have much of the printer's work on my hands. I have had to set up the last part of the Melanesian report myself—a long job, not less, I suppose, than 20,000 letters, nearly a week's work.' This I grudged, but setting up, Lifu, Bauro, Nengonè, &c., I like well

enough. I shall send by an early opportunity all my translations, as you like to see my hand in print as well as MS., I dare say. Just now we are printing a very small pocket-book, as it were, of private prayers for the Nengonè boys, to be followed by ditto in Lifu. This I shall give only to my own lads, because it might sorely offend the Independent missionaries in Nengonè. . . . .

Altogether your account of meeting with old friends seems . . . to read like an 'experience of life.' It made me realize that we are 'jogging up long,' though somehow I always fancy I am still a boy.

The music would have been a treat indeed. I do long sometimes to hear something like a chant or psalm, but all in good time.

April 12.—Sophy's birthday. What a blow has fallen upon them and you all! Dear, dear uncle! Never was a man more deserving of love, I am sure, and I did love him dearly. But I think more of the sad loss to dear Father especially—his most valued friend taken away. A very great grief indeed it must be to him, and this, just when his total retirement from Privy Council must have made him look forward with increasing delight to the frequent interchange of visits between Feniton and Thorverton.

Settled that I stop at Lifu in the interval between the two voyages. I think Lifu wants me more than any other island just now. Some 15,000 or 20,000 stretching out their hands to God. The London Mission (Independent) sent Samoan teachers long ago, but no missionary, even after frequent applications. At last they apply personally to the Bishop, he being well known to them of old. I can't go for

good, because I have of course to visit all these islands; but I shall try to spend all the time that I am not at sea or with boys in New Zealand, perhaps three months yearly, with them, till they can be provided with a regular clergyman.

So I shall have no letters from you till the return of the vessel to pick me up in September. But be sure you think of me as very happy and well cared for, though, I am glad to say, not a white man on the island; *lots* of work, but I shall take much exercise and see most of the inhabitants. The island is large, not so large as Bauro, but still large; you will see the position in the chart I sent home. I may write more perhaps by and by. Yesterday John Cho's and Naranadune's (now Margaret's) child of fifteen days was baptized Fanny; I thought indeed of you and dear Mamma. Her mother was baptized at the same time, and two lads from Nengonè, and one from Tokè who is called Frank. Dear Uncle Frank's loving face was clearly before me as the bright-eyed handsome dark lad of fourteen or so received a name which I pray God he may never disgrace. He will, I hope, continue to be with me in time to come. All your parish accounts are interesting to me, but I cannot write about them. Specially remember me to poor Anne ——.

Head full of languages, printing, translations, all day writing, like a wild fellow, for the mail. Norfolk Island we give up.

You will say all that is kind to all relations, Buckerell, etc. Thank the dear old vicar for the spurs, and tell him that I had a battle royal the other day with a colonial steed, which backed into the bush, and kicked, and played the fool amazingly,

till I considerably astonished him into a gallop, in the direction I wanted to go, by a vigorous application of the said spurs.

God bless and keep you all.

Your loving
J. C. PATTESON.

A few days later he writes :—

The 'Southern Cross,' returning to Lifu, will bring my letters ; but unless a stray whaler comes to Lifu while I am there, on its way to Sydney, that will be the only exchange of letters. I am afraid this will be an increase of the trial of separation to you all, but it is not sent until you have learnt to do pretty well without me, and you will be comforted by knowing that this island of Lifu, with many inhabitants, is in a very critical state ; that what it most wants is a missionary, and that as far as I am concerned, all the people will be very anxious to do all they can for me. I take a filter and some tea. We shall have yams, taro, cocoa-nuts, occasionally a bit of turtle, a fowl, or a bit of pork. So, you see, I shall live like an alderman ; I mean, if I am to go to every part of the island, heathen and all. Perhaps 20,000 people, scattered over many miles. I say heathen and all, because only a very small number of the people now refuse to admit the new teaching. Samoans have been for some time on the island, and though, I dare say, their teaching has been very imperfect and only perhaps ten or fifteen people are baptized, they have chapels, and are far advanced beyond any of the islands except Nengonè and Tokè, always excepting Anaiteum. Hence it is thought the leaven may work quietly in the Solomon Islands

without me, but that at Lifu they really *require* guidance. So now I have a parochial charge for three months of an island about twenty-five miles long and some sixteen or eighteen broad.

I feel that my letters, after so long an absence, may contain much to make me anxious, so that I shall not look with unmixed pleasure to my return to my great packet; yet I feel much less anxiety than you might imagine; I know well that you are in God's keeping, and that is enough. I wrote lately to dear old F. (his nurse). How she would like Margaret and her baby, and find her an apt pupil with her needle and thread! They all have a genius that way, and the young lady, albeit the daughter of the chief of one island, and the wife of the chief of another, has, unknown to me, been learning how to wash and starch, with a view to my shirts in Lifu.

On touching at Norfolk Island on May 8, to leave Mrs. Selwyn there, it appeared that the Bauro lad, Hirika, had been there in a whaler, and had said in broken English that he meant to stay in New Zealand, asking, 'Where is Mr. Patteson?' The whaler had gone on to New Zealand, and returning, reported the having left him on the Bay of Islands, about a hundred miles from Auckland. How would the poor fellow make his way thither, or bear the cold of a New Zealand winter, when left to shift for himself, when all possible care had scarcely helped his fellows to endure the chills even of summer?

After just touching at Nengonè, the vessel went on to Lifu, and on landing, the Bishop and Mr. Patteson found a number of people ready to receive them, and to conduct them to the village, where the chief and a

great number of people were drawn up in a half-circle to receive them. The young chief, Angadhohua, bowed and touched his hat, and taking Coley's hand, held it, and whispered, 'We will always live together.'

'By and by we will talk about it,' was the answer; and they were taken to a new house, belonging to one of the Samoans, built of lath plastered and thatch, with one large room and a lesser one at each of its angles. There the Bishop and Mr. Patteson sat on a chest, and seventy or eighty men squatted on mats, John Cho and the native teacher foremost. There was a five minutes' pause. Lifu was not yet familiar to Coley, who spoke it less well than he had spoken German, and John Cho said to him: 'Shall I tell them what you have said to me formerly?'

He then explained that Mr. Patteson could only offer them a visit of three or four months, and would then have the charge of lads from 'dark isles.'

Silence again; then Angadhohua asked: 'Cannot you stop always?'

'There are many difficulties which you cannot understand, which prevent me. Would you like me to shut the door which God has opened to so many dark lands?'

'No, no; but why not have the summer school here as well as the winter?'

'Because it does the lads good to see New Zealand, and because the Bishop, who knows better than I do, thinks it right.'

'And cannot we have a missionary?'

However, they were forced to content themselves with all that could be granted to them, and it was further explained that Mr. Patteson would not supersede the native teachers, nor assume the direction of

the Sunday services, only keep a school which any one might join who liked. This was felt to be only right in good faith to the London Mission, in order not to make dire confusion if they should be able to fill up the gap before the Church could.

After sleeping in the house, Patteson produced the books that had been printed for them at St. John's. 'Would that you could have seen their delight! About two pages, indifferently printed, was all they had hitherto. Now they saw thirty-two clearly printed 8vo pages of Bible History, sixteen of prayers, rubrics, &c., eight of questions and answers. "You see," said I, cunningly; "that we don't forget you during these months that I can't live among you."'

They began reading at once, and crying, 'Excellent, exactly right, the very thing.'

It was thought good that some one from Lifu should join the Mission party and testify to their work, and on the invitation, the chief Angadhohua, a bright youth of seventeen, volunteered to go. It was an unexampled thing that a chief should be permitted by his people to leave them, there was a public meeting about it, and a good deal of excitement, but it ended in Cho, as spokesman, coming forward with tears in his eyes, saying: 'Yes, it is right he should go, but bring him back soon. What shall we do?'

Patteson laid his hand on the young chief's shoulder, answering: 'God can guard him by sea as on land, and with His blessing we will bring him back safe to you. Let some of the chiefs go with him to protect him. I will watch over him, but you may choose whom you will to accompany him.'

So five chiefs were selected as a body-guard for the young Angadhohua, who was prince of all the isle, but

on an insecure tenure, for the French, in New Caledonia, were showing a manifest inclination to annex the Loyalty group.

The heavily loaded boat had a perilous strife with the surf before the ship was reached, and it was a very rough passage to Anaiteum, where some goods had to be left for Mr. Inglis, and he asked that four Fatè visitors might be taken home. This was done, and Mr. Gordon was visited at Erromango on the way, and found well and prosperous.

At Mai, the reception of Peterè and Laurè was ecstatic. There was a crowd on shore to meet them, and on the two miles' walk to the village parties met, hugged, and wept over them. At the village Mr. Patteson addressed the people for ten minutes, and Peterè made an animated exposition of what he had learnt, and his speeches evidently had great effect. His younger brother and two little boys all came in his stead, and would form part of the winter school at Lifu.

The Espiritu Santo boy, the dunce of the party, was set down at home, and the Banks Islanders were again found pleasant, honest, and courteous, thinking, as it appeared afterwards, that the white men were the departed spirits of deceased friends. A walk inland at Vanua Lava disclosed pretty villages nestling under banyan trees, one of them provided with a guest-chamber for visitors from other islands. Two boys, Sarawia and another, came away to be scholars at Lifu, as well as his masters in the language, of which he as yet scarcely knew anything, but which he afterwards found the most serviceable of all these various dialects.

The 26th of May brought the vessel to Bauro, where poor old Iri was told of the death of his son, and had a long talk with Mr. Patteson, beginning with, 'Do

you think I shall see him again?' It was a talk worth having, though it was purchased by spending a night in the house with the rats.

It seemed as though the time were come for calling on the Baurese to cease to be passive, and sixty or seventy men and women having come together, Mr. Patteson told them that he did not mean to go on merely taking their boys to return them with heaps of fish-hooks and knives, but that, unless they cared for good teaching, to make them good and happy here and hereafter, he should not come like a trader or a whaler. That their sons should go backwards and forwards and learn, but to teach at home; and that they ought to build a holy house, where they might meet to pray to God and learn His will.

Much of this was evidently distasteful, though they agreed to build a room.

'I think,' he writes, 'that the *trial stage* of the work has arrived. This has less to attract outwardly than the first beginning of all, and as here they must take a definite part, they (the great majority who are not yet disposed to decide for good) are made manifest, and the difficulty of displacing evil customs is more apparent.'

In fact, these amiable, docile Baurese seemed to have little manliness or resolution of character, and Sumaro, a scholar of 1857, was especially disappointing, for he pretended to wish to come and learn at Lifu, but only in order to get a passage to Gera, where he deserted, and was well lectured for his deceit.

The Gera people were much more warlike and turbulent, and seemed to have more substance in them, though less apt at learning. Patteson spent the night on shore at Perua, a subsidiary islet in the bay, sleeping

in a kind of shed, upon two boards, more comfortably than was usual on these occasions. Showing confidence was one great point, and the want of safe anchorage in the bay was much regretted, because the people could not understand why the vessel would not come in, and thought it betokened mistrust. Many lads wished to join the scholars, but of those who were chosen, two were forced violently overboard by their friends, and only two eventually remained, making a total of twelve pupils for the winter school at Lifu, with five languages between them—seven with the addition of the Nengonè and Lifu scholars.

'You see,' writes Coley on June 10, on the voyage, 'that our difficulty is in training and organising nations, raising them from heathenism to the life, morally and socially, of a Christian. This is what I find so hard. The communication of religious truth by word of mouth is but a small part of the work. The real difficulty is to do for them what parents do for their children, assist them to—nay, almost force upon them—the practical application of Christian doctrine. This descends to the smallest matters, washing, scrubbing, sweeping, all actions of personal cleanliness, introducing method and order, habits of industry, regularity, giving just notions of exchange, barter, trade, management of criminals, division of labour. To do all this and yet not interfere with the offices of the chief, and to be the model and pattern of it, who is sufficient for it?'

On June 16, Mr. Patteson was landed at Lifu, for his residence there, with the five chiefs, his twelve boys, and was hospitably welcomed to the large new house by the Samoan. He and four boys slept in one of the corner rooms, the other eight lads in another, the

Rarotongan teacher, Tutoo, and his wife in a third. The central room was parlour, school, and hall, and as it had four unglazed windows, and two doors opposite to each other, and the trade-wind always blowing, the state of affairs after daylight was much like that which prevailed in England when King Alfred invented lanterns, while in the latter end of June the days were, of course, as short as they could be on the tropic of Capricorn, so that Patteson got up in the dark at 5.30 in the morning.

At 7 the people around dropped in for prayers, which he thought it better not to conduct till his position was more defined. Then came breakfast upon yams cooked by being placed in a pit lined with heated stones, with earth heaped over the top. Mr. and Mrs. Tutoo, with their white guest, sat at the scrap of a table, 'which, with a small stool, was the only thing on four legs in the place, except an occasional visitor in the shape of a pig.' Then followed school. Two hundred Lifu people came, and it was necessary to hold it in the chapel. One o'clock, dinner on yams, and very rarely on pig or a fowl, baked or rather done by the same process; and in the afternoon some reading and slate work with the twelve Melanesians, and likewise some special instruction to a few of the more promising Lifuites. At 6.30, another meal of yams, but this time Patteson had recourse to his private store of biscuit; and the evening was spent in talk, till bedtime at 9 or 9.30. It was a thorough sharing the native life; but after a few more experiments, it was found that English strength could not be kept up on an exclusive diet of yams, and the Loyalty Isles are not fertile. They are nothing but rugged coral, in an early stage of development; great ridges, upheaved, bare and broken, and here and there with pits that have

become filled with soil enough to grow yams and cocoa-nuts.

The yams—except those for five of the lads, whose maintenance some of the inhabitants had undertaken —were matter of purchase, and formed the means of instruction in the rules of lawful exchange. A fixed weight of yams were to constitute prepayment for a pair of trousers, a piece of calico, a blanket, tomahawk, or the like, and all this was agreed to, Cho being a great assistance in explaining and dealing with his people. But it proved very difficult to keep them up to bringing a sufficient supply, and as they had a full share of the universal spirit of higgling, the commissariat was a very harassing and troublesome business, and as to the boys, it was evident that the experiment was not successful. Going to New Zealand was seeing the world. Horses, cows, sheep, a town, soldiers, &c., were to be seen there, whereas Lifu offered little that they could not see at home, and schooling without novelty was tedious. Indeed, the sight of civilised life, the being taken to church, the kindness of the friends around the College, were no slight engines in their education; but the Lifu people were not advanced enough to serve as an example—except that they had renounced the more horrible of their heathen habits. They were in that unsettled state which is peculiarly trying in the conversion of nations, when the old authoritative customs have been overthrown, and the Christian rules not established.

It was a good sign that the respect for the chief was not diminished. One evening an English sailor (for there turned out to be three whites on the island) who was employed in the sandal-wood trade was in the house conversing with Tutoo, when Angadhohua interrupted him, and he—in ignorance of the youth's rank

—pushed him aside out of the way. The excitement was great. A few years previously the offender would have been killed on the spot, and as it was, it was only after apology and explanation of his ignorance that he was allowed to go free; but an escort was sent with him to a place twenty miles off lest any one should endeavour to avenge the insult, not knowing it had been forgiven.

Many of the customs of these Loyalty Isles are very unhealthy, and the almost exclusive vegetable diet produced a low habit of body, that showed itself in all manner of scrofulous diseases, especially tumours, under which the sufferer wasted and died. Much of Patteson's time was taken up by applications from these poor creatures, who fancied him sure to heal them, and had hardly the power, certainly not the will, to follow his advice.

Nor had he any authority. He only felt himself there on sufferance till the promised deputation should come from Rarotonga from the London Mission, to decide whether the island should be reserved by them, or yielded to the Church. Meantime he says on Sunday:—

'Tutoo has had a pretty hard day's work of it, poor fellow, and he is anything but strong. At 9.30 we all went to the chapel, which began by a hymn sung as roughly as possible, but having rather a fine effect from the fact of some 400 or 500 voices all singing in unison. Then a long extemporary prayer, then another hymn, then a sermon nearly an hour long. It ought not to have taken more than a quarter of an hour, but it was delivered very slowly, with endless repetitions, otherwise there was some order and arrangement about it. Another hymn brought the service to an end about 11. But his work was not

done; school instantly succeeded in the same building, and though seven native teachers were working their classes, the burthen of it fell on him. School was concluded with a short extemporary prayer. At three, service again—hymn, prayer, another long sermon, hymn, and at last we were out of chapel, there being no more school.'

'To be sure,' is the entry on another Sunday, 'little thought I of old that Sunday after Sunday I should frequent an Independent chapel. As for extemporary prayer not being a form, that is absurd. These poor fellows just repeat their small stock of words over and over again, and but that they are evidently in earnest, it would seem shockingly irreverent sometimes. Most extravagant expressions! Tutoo is a very simple, humble-minded man, and I like him much. He would feel the help and blessing of a Prayer-book, poor fellow, to be a guide to him; but even the Lord's Prayer is never heard among them.'

So careful was Mr. Patteson not to offend the men who had first worked on these islands, that on one Sunday when Tutoo was ill, he merely gave a skeleton of a sermon to John Cho to preach. On the 27th of July, however, the deputation arrived in the 'John Williams,'—two ministers, and Mr. Creagh on his way back to Nengonè, and the upshot of the conference on board, after a dinner in the house of Apollo, the native teacher, was that as they had no missionary for Lifu, they made no objection to Mr. Patteson working there at present, and that if in another year they received no reinforcement from home, they would take into consideration the making over their teachers to him. 'My position is thus far less anomalous, my

responsibility much increased. God will, I pray and trust, strengthen me to help the people and build them up in the faith of Christ.'

August 2.—Yesterday I preached my two first Lifu sermons; rather nervous, but I knew I had command of the language enough to explain my meaning, and I thought over the plan of my sermons and selected texts. Fancy your worthy son stuck up in a pulpit, without any mark of the clergyman save white tie and black coat, commencing service with a hymn, then reading the second chapter of St. Matthew, quite new to them, then a prayer, extemporary, but practically working in, I hope, the principle and much of the actual language of the Prayer-book—i.e. Confession, prayer for pardon, expression of belief and praise—then another hymn, the sermon about forty minutes. Text: 'I am the Way,' &c. Afternoon: 'Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet.'

You can easily understand how it was simple work to point out that a man lost his way by his sin, and was sent out from dwelling with God; the recovery of the way by which we may again return to Paradise is practically the one great event which the whole Bible is concerned in teaching. The subject admitted of any amount of illustration and any amount of reference to the great facts of Scripture history, and everything converges to the Person of Christ. I wish them to see clearly the great points—first, God's infinite love, and the great facts by which He has manifested His Love from the very first, till the coming of Christ exhibited most clearly the infinite wisdom and love by which man's return to Paradise has been effected.

Significant is that one word to the thief on the

Cross, 'Paradise.' The way open again; the guardian angel no longer standing with flaming sword in the entrance; admission to the Tree of Life.

The services were much shorter than usual, chiefly because I don't stammer and bungle, and take half an hour to read twenty verses of the Bible, and also because I discarded all the endless repetitions and unmeaning phrases, which took up half the time of their unmeaning harangues. About an hour sufficed for the morning service; the evening one might have been a little longer. I feel quite at my ease while preaching, and John told me it was all very clear; but the prayers—oh! I did long for one of our Common Prayer-books.

One effect of the Independent system began to reveal itself strongly. How could definite doctrines be instilled into the converts by teachers with hardly any books, and no formula to commit to memory? What was the faith these good Samoans knew and taught?

No doctrinal belief exists among them,' writes Coley, in the third month of his stay. 'A man for years has been associated with those who are called "the people that seek Baptism." He comes to me:—

'*J. C. P.* Who instituted baptism?

'*A.* Jesus.

'*J. C. P.* And He sent His Apostles to baptize in the Name of Whom?

'Dead silence.

'"Why do you wish to be baptized?"

'"To live."

'"All that Jesus has done for us, and given to us, and taught us, is for that object. What is the particular benefit we receive in baptism?"

'No conception.

'Such is their state.

'I would not hesitate if I thought there was any implicit recognition of the doctrine of the Trinity; but I can't baptize people morally good who don't know the Name into which they are to be baptized, who can't tell me that Jesus is God and man. There is a lad who soon must die of consumption, whom I now daily examine. He has not a notion of any truth revealed from above, and to be embraced and believed as truth upon the authority of God's Word. A kind of vague morality is the substitute for the Creed of the Apostles. What am I to do? I did speak out for three days consecutively pretty well, but I am alone, and only here for four months, and yet, I fear, I am expecting too much from them, and that I ought to be content with something much less as the (so to speak) qualifications; but surely they ought to repent and believe. To say the word, "I believe," without a notion of what they believe, surely that won't do. They must be taught, and then baptized, according to our Lord's command, suited for adults.'

Constant private teaching to individuals was going on, and the 250 copies of the Lifu primer were dispersed where some thousands were wanted, and Mr. Patteson wrote a little book of sixteen pages, containing the statement of the outlines of the faith, and of Scripture history; but this could not be dispersed till it had been printed in New Zealand.

And in the meantime a fresh element of perplexity was arising. The French had been for some time past occupying New Caledonia, and a bishop had been sent thither about the same time as Bishop Selwyn had

gone to New Zealand; but though an earnest and hard-working man, he had never made much progress. He had the misfortune of being connected in the people's minds with French war ships and aggression, and, moreover, the South Sea race seem to have a peculiar distaste for the Roman Catholic branch of the Church, for which it is not easy to account.

The Loyalty Isles, as lying so near to New Caledonia, were tempting to the French Empire, and the Bishop at the same time felt it his duty to attempt their conversion.

Some priests had been placed at the north end of the island for about six months past, but the first communication was a letter on July 6, complaining, partly in French, partly in English, that since Mr. Patteson's arrival, the people had been making threatening reports.

Now Mr. Patteson had from the first warned them against showing any unkindness to the French priests, and he wrote a letter of explanation, and arranged to go and hold a conference. On the way, while supping with the English sailor, at the village where he was to sleep, he heard a noise, and found that the Frenchman, Père Montrouzier, had arrived. He was apparently about forty; intelligent, very experienced in mission work, and conversant with the habits and customs of French and English in the colonies; moreover, with plenty of firmness in putting forward his cause. He seems to have been supported by the State in a manner unusual with French missions.

> I had one point only that I was determined to press (Patteson says), namely, liberty to the people to follow any form of religion they might choose to adopt. I knew that they and I were completely in his power, yet that my line was to assume that we

were now about to arrange our plans for the future independently of any interference from the civil power.

He let me see that he knew he could force upon the Lifu people whatever he pleased, the French Government having promised him any number of soldiers he may send for to take possession, if necessary, of the island. They have 1,000 men in New Caledonia, steamers and frigates of war; and he told me plainly that this island and Nengonè are considered as natural appendages of New Caledonia, and practically French possessions already, so that, of course, to attempt doing more than secure for the people a religious liberty is out of the question. He promised me that if the people behaved properly to him and his people, he would not send for the soldiers, nor would he do anything to interfere with the existing state of the island.

He will not himself remain here long, being commissioned, in consequence of his fourteen years' experience, to prepare the way for the French mission here. He told me that twenty missionaries are coming out for this group, about seven or eight of whom will be placed on Lifu, others on Nengonè, &c.; that the French Government is determined to support them; that the Commandant of Nimia in New Caledonia had sent word to him that any number of men should be sent to him at an instant's notice, in a war steamer, to do what he might wish in Lifu, but that honestly he would do nothing to compel the people here to embrace Romanism; but that if necessary he would use force to establish the missionaries in houses in different parts of the island, if the chiefs refused to sell them parcels of land, for instance, one acre. The captain

of the 'Iris,' an English frigate, called on him on Monday, and sent me a letter by him, making it quite clear that the French will meet with no opposition from the English Government. He too knew this, and of course knew his power; but he behaved, I must say, well, and if he is really sincere about the liberty of religion question, I must be satisfied with the result of our talk. I was much tired. We slept together on a kind of bed in an unfurnished house, where I was so cold that I could not sleep; besides, my head ached much; so my night was not a very pleasant one. In the morning we resumed our talk, but the business was over really. The question that we had discussed the evening before was brought to an issue, however, by his requiring from John Cho, who was with us, permission to buy about an acre of land in his territory. John was much staggered at this. It looked to him like a surrender of his rights. I told him, at great length, why I though the must consent; but finally it was settled, that as John is not the real chief, I should act as interpreter for the Frenchmen; and send him from Mu an answer to a letter which he addresses to me, but which is, in fact, intended for the chief.

It is, I suppose, true, that civilised nations do not acknowledge the right of a chief to prevent any one of his subjects from selling a plot of his land to a foreigner unless they may be at war with that particular nation.

He said that France would not allow a savage chief to say, 'My custom in this respect is different from yours;' and again, 'This is not a taking possession. It is merely requiring the right to put up a cottage for which I pay the just price.' He told me plainly, if the chiefs did not allow him to do so,

he would send for soldiers and put it up by force; but not use the soldiers for any other purpose. Of course I shall relate all this to Angadhohua at Mu, and make them consent.

He told me that at New Caledonia they had reserved inalienably one tenth of the land for the natives, that the rest would be sold to French colonists of the poor class, no one possessing more than ten acres; that 5,000 convicts would be sent there, and the ticket-of-leave system adopted, and that he thought the worst and most incorrigible characters would be sent to Lifu. Poor John! But I can't help him; he must make such terms as he can, for he and his people are wholly in their power.

Our talk being ended, I found a great circle of men assembled on the outside with a pile of yams as usual in the centre for me. I was glad to see a small pile also for the Frenchman. I made my speech in his presence, but he knows not Lifu. 'Be kind to the French, give them food and lodging. This is a duty which you are bound to pay to all men; but if they try to persuade you to change the teaching which you have received, don't listen to them. Who taught you to leave off war and evil habits, to build chapels, to pray? Remember that. Trust the teachers who have taught you the word of God.'

This was the kind of thing I said. Then off we set—two miles of loose sand at a rattling pace, as I wanted to shake off some 200 people who were crowding about me. Then turning to the west, climbed some coral rocks very quickly, and found myself with only half my own attendants, and no strangers. Sat down, drank a cocoa-nut, and waited

a long time for John, who can't walk well, and then quietly went on the remaining eight or nine miles to Zebedee's place, a Samoan teacher. They were very attentive, and gave me some supper. They had a bed, which was of course given up to me in spite of opposition. They regard a missionary as something superhuman almost. Sometimes I can't make them eat and drink with me; they think it would be presumptuous. Large meeting of people in the afternoon, and again the following morning, to whom I said much what I had already said at We. Then fifteen miles over to Apollo's place on the west coast, a grand bay, with perfectly calm water, delicious in the winter months. Comfortable quarters; Apollo a cleverish, free-spoken fellow.

I went, on the same afternoon, two miles of very bad road to visit the French priest, who is living here. More talk and of a very friendly nature. He has been eighteen months at San Cristoval, but knows not the language; at Woodlark Island, New Caledonia, &c. We talked in French and English. He knows English fairly, but preferred to talk French. This day's work was nineteen miles.

Slept at Apollo's. Next morning went a little way in canoes, and walked six miles to Toma's place; meeting held, speech as usual, present of yams, pig, &c. Walked back the six miles, started in double canoe for Gaicha, the other side of the bay; wind foul, some difficulty in getting ashore. Walked by the bad path to Apollo's and slept there again; Frenchman came in during the evening. Next day, Friday, meeting in the chapel. Walked twenty miles back to We, where I am now writing. Went the twenty miles with no socks; feet sore and shoes worn to pieces, cutting off leather as I came

along. Nothing but broken bottles equals jagged coral. Paths went so that you never take three steps in the same direction, and every minute trip against logs, coral hidden by long leaves, and weeds trailing over the path. Often for half a mile you jump from one bit of coral to another. No shoes can stand it, and I was tired, I assure you! Indeed, for the last two days, if I stopped for a minute to drink a nut, my legs were so stiff that they did not get into play for five minutes or so.

July 16th.—The captain of the 'Iris' frigate passing Lifu dropped me a line which satisfied me that the French will meet with no impediment from the English Government in the prosecution of their plans out here. Well, this makes one's own past just as easy, because all these things, great and small, are ordered for us, but yet I grieve to think that we might be occupying these groups with missionaries. Even ten good men would do for a few years; and is it unreasonable to think that ten men might be found willing to engage in such a happy work in such a beautiful part of the world—no yellow fever, no snakes, &c.? I think of the Banks Islands, Vanua Lava with its harbour and streams, and abundance of food, and with eight or nine small islands round it, speaking the same language, few dialectic differences of consequence, as I believe.

Even one good man might introduce religion here as we have received it, pure and undefiled. Oh! that there were men who could believe this, and come out unconditionally, placing themselves in the Bishop's hands unreservedly. He must know the wants and circumstances of the islands far better than they can, and therefore no man ought to stipulate as to his location, &c. Did the early teachers

do so? Did Titus ever think of saying to St. Paul, 'Mind I must be an elder, or bishop, or whatever he was, of Crete'? Just as if that frame of mind was compatible with a real desire to do what little one can by God's help to bring the heathen to a knowledge of Christ.

At this moment, one man for the Banks group and another for Mai and the neighbouring islands would be invaluable. If anything occurs to make me leave these Loyalty Islands as my residence during a part of the year, I am off to Banks, or Mai, or Solomon Isles. But what am I? In many respects not so well qualified for the work as many men who yet, perhaps, have had a less complete education. I know nothing of mechanics, and can't teach common things; I am not apt to teach anything, I fear, having so long deferred to learn the art of teaching, but of course exposing one's own shortcomings is easy enough. How to get the right sort of men? First qualification is common-sense guided, of course, by religious principle. Some aptitude for languages, but that is of so little consequence that I would almost say no *one* was sufficient by itself as a qualification. Of course the mission work tends immensely to improve all earnest men; the eccentricities and superfluities disappear by degrees as the necessary work approves itself to the affection and intellect.

The French question resulted in a reply in Angadhohua's name, that the people should be permitted to sell ground where the mission required it; and that in the one place specified about which there was contention, the land should be ceded as a gift from the chiefs. 'This,' observes Mr. Patteson, 'is the first

negotiation which has been thrust upon me. I more than suspect I have made considerable blunders.'

By the 13th of August, he had to walk over the coral jags for another consultation with Père Montrouzier, whose negotiation with Cho had resulted in thorough misunderstanding, each thinking the other was deceiving him, and not dealing according to promise to Mr. Patteson. The Père had, in his fourteen years' experience, imbibed a great distrust of the natives, and thought Mr. Patteson placed too much confidence in them, while the latter thought him inclined to err the other way; however, matters were accommodated, at heavy cost to poor Coley's feet. A second pair of shoes were entirely cut to pieces and he could not put any on the next day, his feet were so blistered.

The troubles were not ended, for when the ground was granted, there followed a stipulation that the chiefs should not hinder the men from working at the building; and when the men would not work, the chiefs were suspected of preventing it, and a note from Père Montrouzier greatly wounded Patteson's feelings by calling John Cho *faux et artificieux.*

However, after another note, he retracted this, and a day or two after came the ninety miles over the coral to make a visit to the English clergyman. 'There is much to like in him: a gentleman, thoroughly well informed, anxious of course to discuss controversial points, and uncommonly well suited for that kind of work, he puts his case well and clearly, and, of course, it is easy to make their system appear most admirably adapted for carrying out all the different duties of a Church, as it is consistent in all, or nearly all, particulars, *given the one or two leading points on which all depend.* The Church of England here is

very much in the position of any one of those other bodies, Wesleyan, Independent, or Presbyterian; and though we have a Bishop at the head—of what, however? Of one individual clergyman! Oh, that we had now a good working force—twenty or thirty men with some stuff in them; and there are plenty if they would only come. Meanwhile, France sends plenty of men; steamers bring them houses, cows for themselves and as presents for natives—supports the missionary in every way. New Caledonia is handy for the central school, everything almost that can be requisite. Never mind; work on, one small life is a mighty trifling thing considered with reference to those great schemes overruled by God to bring out of them great ultimate good, no doubt.'

There was an interchange of books between the French and English priest. Père Montrouzier lent, and finally gave, Martinet's '*Solution de Grands Problèmes*,' which Patteson calls 'a very interesting book, with a great deal of dry humour about it, not unlike Newman's more recent publications. "It is," he (Montrouzier) says, "thought very highly of in France." He is a well-read man, I should imagine, in his line; and that is pretty extensive, for he is a really scientific naturalist, something of a geologist, a good botanist, besides having a good acquaintance with ecclesiastical literature.'

There was the more time for recreation with the Père's French books, and the serious work of translating, St. Mark's Gospel and part of the Litany into Lifu, as the inhabitants were all called off from school in the middle of August 'by a whale being washed ashore over a barrier reef—not far from me. All the adjacent population turned out in grass kilts, with

knives and tomahawks to hack off chunks of flesh to be eaten, and of blubber to be boiled into oil; and in the meantime the neighbourhood was by no means agreeable to anyone possessing a nose.'

Meanwhile Sarawia, the best of the Banks pupils, had a swelling on the knee, and required care and treatment, but soon got better. Medical knowledge, as usual, Patteson felt one of the great needs of missionary life. Cases of consumption and scrofula were often brought to him, and terrible abscesses, under which the whole body wasted away. 'Poor people,' he writes,

'a consumptive hospital looms in the far perspective of my mind; a necessary accompaniment, I feel now, of the church and the school in early times. I wish I could contrive some remedy for the dry food, everything being placed between leaves and being baked on the ground, losing all the gravy; and when you get a chicken it is a collection of dry strings. If I could manage boiling; but there is nothing like a bit of iron for fire-place on the island, and to keep up the wood fire in the bush under the saucepan is hard work. I must commence a more practical study than hitherto of "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Swiss Family." Why does no missionary put down hints on the subject? My three months here will teach me more than anything that has happened to me, and I dare say I shall get together the things I want most when next I set forth from New Zealand. . . . I find it a good plan to look on from short periods to short periods, and always ask, what next? And at last it brings one to the real answer:—Work as hard as you can, and that rest which lacks no ingredient of perfect enjoyment and peace will come at last.'

Among the needs he discovered was this :—By the by, good cheap Bible prints would be very useful; large so as to be seen by a large class, illustrating just the leading ideas. Schnorr's Bible prints by Rose and Bingen are something of the kind that I mean, something quite rude will do. Twenty-four subjects, comprising nothing either conventional or symbolical, would be an endless treasure for teachers; the intervening history would be filled up and illustrated by smaller pictures, but these would be pegs on which to hang the great events these lads ought to know. Each should be at least twenty-four inches by ten.

Try to remember, in the choice of any other picture books for them, that anything that introduces European customs is no use yet. Pictures of animals are the best things. One or two of a railway, a great bridge, a view of the Thames with steamers rushing up and down, would all do; but all our habits of social life are so strange that they don't interest them yet.

When I next reach Auckland, I suppose my eyes will rejoice at seeing your dear old likenesses. When we build our permanent central school-house at Kohimarama, I shall try to get a little snuggery, and then furnish it with a few things comfortably; I shall then invest in a chest of drawers, as I dare say my clothes are getting tired of living in boxes since March, 1855.

I can hardly tell you how much I regret not knowing something about the treatment of simple surgical cases. If when with W—— I had studied the practical—bled, drawn teeth, mixed medicines, rolled legs perpetually, it would have been worth something. Surely I might have foreseen all this!

I really don't know how to find the time or the opportunity for learning. How true it is that men require to be trained for their particular work! I am now just in a position to know what to learn were I once more in England. Spend one day with old Fry (mason), another with John Venn (carpenter), and two every week at the Exeter hospital, and not look on and see others work—there's the mischief, do it oneself. Make a chair, a table, a box; fit everything; help in every part of making and furnishing a house, that is, a cottage. Do enough of every part to be able to do the whole. Begin by felling a tree; saw it into planks, mix the lime, see the right proportion of sand, &c., know how to choose a good lot of timber, fit handles for tools, &c.

Many trades need not be attempted; but every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook. Suppose yourself without a servant, and nothing for dinner to-morrow but some potatoes in the barn, and a fowl running about in the yard. That's the kind of thing for a young fellow going into a new country to imagine to himself. If a little knowledge of glazing could be added, it would be a grand thing, just enough to fit in panes to window-frames, which last, of course, he ought to make himself. Much of this cannot be done for you. I can buy window-frames in Auckland and glass; but I can't carry a man a thousand miles in my pocket to put that glass into these frames; and if it is done in New Zealand, ten to one it gets broken on the voyage; whereas, glass by itself will pack well. Besides, a pane gets broken, and then I am in a nice fix. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing; else your only saucepan or tea-kettle may be lying by you

useless for months. In fact, if I had known all this before, I should be just ten times as useful as I am now. If anyone you know thinks of emigrating or becoming a missionary, just let him remember this.

To these humble requisites, it appears that a missionary ought on occasion to be able to add those of a prime minister and lawgiver. Angadhohua, a bright, clever lad, only too easily led, was to be instructed in the duties of a chief; Mr. Patteson scrupulously trying in vain to make him understand that he was a person of far more consideration and responsibility than his white visitor would be in his own country. The point was to bring the Christian faith into connection with life and government. 'Much talk have I had with John in order that we may try to put before them the true grounds on which they ought to embrace Christianity,' writes Mr. Patteson, when about to visit a heathen district which had shown an inclination to abandon their old customs, 'and also the consequences to which they pledge themselves by the profession of a religion requiring purity, regularity, industry, &c., but I have little doubt that our visit now will result in the nominal profession of Christianity by many heathen. Angadhohua, John, and I go together, and Isaka, a Samoan teacher who has been a good deal among them. I shall make an arrangement for taking one of their leading men to New Zealand with me, that he may get some notion of what is meant by undertaking to become a Christian. It is in many respects a great benefit to be driven back upon the very first origin of a Christian society, one sees more than ever the necessity of what our Lord has provided,

a living organised community into which the baptized convert being introduced falls into his place, as it were, naturally; sees around him everything at all times to remind him that he is a regenerate man, that all things are become new. A man in apostolic times had the lessons of the Apostles and disciples practically illustrated in the life of those with whom he associated. The church was an expression of the verbal teaching committed to its ministers. How clearly the beauty of this comes out when one is forced to feel the horrible blank occasioned by the absence of the living teacher, influencing, moulding, building up each individual professor of Christianity by a process always going on, though oftentimes unconsciously to him on whom it operates.

'But how is the social life to be fashioned here in Lifu according to the rule of Christ? There is no organised body exemplifying in daily actions the teaching of the Bible. A man goes to chapel and hears something most vague and unmeaning. He has never been taught to grasp anything distinctly —to represent any truth to his mind as a settled resting-place for his faith. Who is to teach him? What does he see around him to make him imperceptibly acquire new habits in conformity with the Bible? Is the Christian community distinguished by any habits of social order and intercourse different from non-Christians?

'True, they don't fight and eat one another now, but beyond that are they elevated as men? The same dirt, the same houses, the same idle vicious habits; in most cases no sense of decency, or but very little. Where is the expression of the Scriptural life?' Is it not a most lamentable state of

things? And whence has it arisen? From not connecting Christian teaching in church with the improvement in social life in the hut and village, which is the necessary corollary and complement of such teaching.

'By God's grace, I trust that some little simple books in Lifu will soon be in their houses, which may be useful. It is even a cause for thankfulness that in a few days (for the "Southern Cross" ought to be here in a week with 500 more copies) some 600 or more copies, in large type, of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments will be in circulation; but they won't use them yet. They won't be taught to learn them by heart, and be questioned upon them; yet they may follow by and by. Hope on is the rule. Give them the Bible, is the cry; but you must give them the forms of faith and prayer which Christendom has accepted, to guide them; and oh! that we were so united that we could baptize them into a real living exemplification, and expression—an embodiment of Christian truth, walking, sleeping, eating and drinking before their eyes. Christ Himself was that on earth, and His Church ought to be now. These men saw, to accept His teaching was to bind themselves to a certain course of life which was exhibited before their own eyes. Hence, multitudes approved His teaching, but would not accept it—would not profess it, because they saw what was involved in that profession. But now men don't count the cost; they forget that "If any man come to Me" is followed by "Which of you intending to build a tower," &c. Hence the great and exceeding difficulty in these latter days when Christianity is popular!'

In this state of things it was impossible to baptize adults till they had come to a much clearer understanding of what a Christian ought to do and to believe; and therefore Coley's only christenings in Lifu were of a few dying children, whom he named after his brother and sisters, as he baptized them with water, brought in cocoa-nut shells, having taught himself to say by heart his own translation of the baptismal form.

He wrote the following letter towards the end of his stay :—

September 6, 1858 : Lifu, Loyalty Islands.

My dear Miss Neill,—The delay of four or five days in the arrival of the 'Southern Cross' gives me a chance of writing you a line. The Bishop dropped me here this day three months, and told me to look out for him on September 1. As New Zealand is 1,000 miles off, and he can't command winds and waves, of course I allow him a wide margin; and I begged him not to hurry over any important business in New Zealand in order to keep his appointment exactly. But his wont is to be very punctual. I have here twelve lads from the north-west islands: from seven islands, speaking six languages. The plan of bringing them to a winter school in some tropical isle is now being tried. The only difficulty here is that Lifu is so large and populous; and just now (what with French priests on it, and the most misty vague kind of teaching from Independents the only thing to oppose to the complete machinery of the Romish system) demands so much time, that it is difficult to do justice to one's lads from the distant lands that are living with one here. The Bishop had an exaggerated notion of the population here. I imagine it to be somewhere about 8,000. The language is not very hard, but has quite enough

difficulty to make it more than a play-thing. The people in that state when they *venerate* a missionary —a very dangerous state ; I do my best to turn the reverence into the right channel and towards its proper object.

You will see by the last Melanesian report of which I desired a copy to be sent to you, that our work is very rapidly increasing ; that openings are being made in all directions ; and that had we *men of trust*, we could occupy them at once. As it is, we keep up a communication with some seventy-four islands, waiting, if it may be, that men may be sent, trying to educate picked men to be teachers ; but I am not very sanguine about that. At all events, the first flush of savage customs, &c., is being, I trust, removed, so that for some other body of Christians, if not the Church of England, the door may be laid open.

Of course, the interest of the work is becoming more and more absorbing ; so that, much as there is indeed going on in your world to distract and grieve one, it comes to me so weakened by time and distance that I don't sympathise as I ought with those who are suffering so dreadfully from the Indian Mutiny, or the commercial failure, or the great excitement and agitation of the country. You can understand how this can be, perhaps ; for my actual present *work* leaves me small leisure for reflecting, and for placing myself in the position of others at a distance ; and when I have a moment's time surely it is right that I should be in heart at Feniton, with those dear ones, and especially my dear dear father, of whom I have not heard for five months, so that I am very anxious as to what account of him the 'Southern Cross' may

bring, and try to prepare myself for news of increased illness, &c.

You, I imagine, my dear Miss Neill, are not much changed to those who see you day by day; but I should find you much weaker in body than when I saw you last, and yet it did not seem then as if you had much strength to lose; I don't hear of any sudden changes, or any forms of illness; the gradual exhausting process is going on, but accompanied, I fear, with even greater active pain than of old; your sufferings are indeed very severe and very protracted, a great lesson to us all. Yet you have much, even speaking only of worldly comfort, which makes your position a much happier one than that of the poor suffering souls whom I see here. Their house is one round room, a log burning in the centre, no chimney, the room full of smoke, common receptacle of men, women, boys, girls, pigs, and fowls. In the corner a dying woman or child. No water in the island that is fresh, a few holes in the coral where water accumulates, more or less brackish; no cleanliness, no quiet, no cool fresh air, hot smoky atmosphere, no proper food, a dry bit of yam, and *no knowledge of a life to come*: such is the picture of the invalided or dying South Sea Islander. All dying children under years of discretion I baptize, and all the infants brought to the chapel by parents who themselves are seeking baptism; but I have not baptized any adults yet, they must be examined and taught for some time, for the Samoan and Rarotongan teachers sent by the Independent missionaries are very imperfectly instructed and quite incapable of conveying definite teaching to them.

I don't see, humanly speaking, how this island is

to be kept from becoming purely Roman Catholic. They have a large staff of men, and are backed up by the presence of a complete government establishment in New Caledonia, only two or three days distant, while what have we? Four months a year of the time, partially otherwise occupied by Melanesian schools, of one missionary, and while here these four months, I have my lads from many islands to teach, so that I can't *lay myself out* to learn this one language, &c. I am writing this on September 16. 'Southern Cross' not yet come, and my lads very anxious; I confess I should like to see it, not only (as you will believe) because all my stores are gone. I have not a morsel of biscuit or grain of sugar left, and am reduced to native fare, which does not suit my English constitution for very long. Yams and taro, and a fowl now and then, will be my food until the ship comes. Hitherto I have had coffee and biscuits in addition.

My very kind love to Mrs. S——, and many thanks for the letters, which I much enjoy.

Your very affectionate old pupil,

J. C. P.

The whole of September passed without the arrival of the 'Southern Cross.' The fact was that after Mr. Patteson had been left at Lifu, the vessel when entering Port-au-France, New Caledonia, had come upon a coral reef, and the damage done to her sheathing was so serious that though she returned to Auckland from that trip, she could not sail again without fresh coppering; and as copper had to be brought from Sydney for the purpose, there was considerable delay before she could set forth again, so that it was not till the last day of September that she

gladdened Patteson's eyes and brought the long-desired tidings from home.

This voyage was necessarily short, as there were appointments to be kept by the Bishop in New Zealand in November, and all that could be aimed at was the touching at the more familiar islands for fresh instalments of scholars. The grand comet of 1858 was one feature of this expedition—which resulted in bringing home forty-seven Melanesians, two being old Bauro scholars; while from the Loyalty Isles came John Cho, his wife and child, her newly-married sister with her husband, and five more Lifu men, Frank from Tokè, also Simeona, Carry and their child, Wadrokala, and several more from Nengonè. With the crew, there were sixty-three souls on board during the homeward voyage!

As you may suppose, the little 'Southern Cross' is cram full, but the Bishop's excellent arrangements in the construction of the vessel for securing ventilation, preserve us from harm by God's blessing. Every day a thorough cleaning and sweeping goes on, and frequent washing, and as all beds turn up like the flap of a table, and some thirty lads sleep on the floor on mats and blankets, by 7 A.M. all traces of the night arrangements have vanished. The cabin looks and feels airy; meals go on regularly; the boys living chiefly on yams, puddings and cocoa-nuts, and plenty of excellent biscuit. We laid in so many cocoa-nuts that they have daily one apiece, a great treat to them. A vessel of this size, unless arranged with special reference to such objects, could not carry safely so large a party, but we have nothing on board to create, conceal or accumulate dirt; no hold, no storeroom, no place where a mixed mess

of spilt flour, and sugar, and treacle, and old rotten potatoes, and cocoa-nut parings and bits of candle, can all be washed together into a dark foul hold; hence the whole ship, fore and aft, is sweet and clean. Stores are kept in zinc lockers puttied down, and in cedar boxes lined with zinc. We of course distribute them ourselves; a hired steward would be fatal, because you can't get a servant to see the importance of care in such details.

Mr. Dudley thus sums up the stay at Lifu.

Although the first part of the time was very easy, there being only the few scholars who were left with him at the winter school, before long all his energies were taxed, physical and mental. When the 'John Williams' arrived, in order to meet the deputation of missionaries, and settle matters with them before he sailed again, he started off and walked night and day a journey of thirty-eight miles, across a country the greater part of which was little better than a bare coral reef, sharp to a degree, and progress over which was less walking than jumping from crag to crag. As he came in at the end of his journey, he kicked the sole fairly finally off one of the new English shoes he had started in. He had also a delicate negotiation to conduct with the French Abbé stationed at the other end of the island, but he did succeed in clearing the character of John Cho, his friend, as he called him, throughout his discussion with the priest, and in preventing any such disaster as the threatened banishment of him to Tahiti.

Mr. Patteson always, in the most careful manner, paid respect both to the chief's person and his dicta. He declined more than once to give directions which he said ought to issue from the chief, although on one

of these occasions he was asked by the chief himself. He foresaw clearly the evils that might follow if the people's respect for recognised authority were weakened, instead of being, as it might be, turned to useful account. And so he always accorded to John Cho, and to other persons of rank when they were with us in the Mission school, just such respect as they were accustomed to receive at the hands of their own people. For instance, he would always use to a moderate extent the chief's language in addressing John Cho or any other of the Loyalty chiefs; and it being a rule of theirs that no one in the presence of the chiefs should ever presume to sit down higher than the chiefs, he would always make a point of attending to it as regarded himself; and once or twice when, on shore in the islands, the chief had chosen to squat down on the ground among the people, he would jocularly leave the seat that had been provided for him, and place himself by the chief's side on the ground. All this was keenly appreciated as significant, but alas! the Loyalty Islanders were not long to remain under his charge.

The ensuing letter was written to Sir John Taylor Coleridge, after learning the tidings of his retirement from the Bench in the packet of intelligence brought by the vessel:—

November 10, 1858: Lat. 31° 29′ S.; Long. 171° 12′ E.

My dear Uncle John,—I see by the papers that you have actually resigned, and keep your connection with the judges only as a Privy Councillor. I am of course on my own account heartily glad that you will be near my dear father for so many months of the year, and you are very little likely to miss your old occupation much, with your study at

Heath's Court, so I shall often think of you in summer sitting out on the lawn, by John's *Pinus excelsa*, and in winter in your armchair by the fire, and no doubt you will often find your way over to Feniton. And then you have a glorious church! . . . Oh! I do long for a venerable building and for the sound of ancient chants and psalms. At times, the Sunday is specially a day on which my mind *will* go back to the old country, but never with any wish to return. I have never experienced that desire, and think nothing but absolute inability to help on a Melanesian or a Maori will ever make a change in that respect. I feel as certain as I can be of anything that I should not be half as happy in England as I am in New Zealand, or in Lifu, in the Banks or Solomon Islands, &c. I like the life and the people, everything about it and them. . . .

Coppering the schooner caused delay, so that he (the Bishop) could give but two months instead of three to the Island voyage, for he starts on November 25 for a three months' Confirmation tour (1,000 miles) among the New Zealanders, which will bring him to Wellington by March 1, for the commencement of the first synod. Consequently we have only revisited some of our seventy and odd islands, but we have no less than forty-seven Melanesians from twelve islands on board, of whom three are young married women, while two are babies.

This makes our whole number on board sixty, viz., four Pitcairners + forty-seven Melanesians + sélves + crew = sixty-three, a number too great for so small a vessel, but for the excellent plan adopted by the Bishop in the internal arrangement of the vessel when she was built, and the scrupulous attention to cleanliness in every place fore and aft. As

it is, we are not only healthy but comfortable, able to have all meals regularly, school, prayers, just as if we had but twenty on board. Nevertheless, I think, if you could drop suddenly on our lower deck at 9 P.M. and visit unbeknown to us the two cabins, you would be rather surprised at the number of the sleepers—twelve in our after-cabin, and forty-five in the larger one, which occupies two-thirds of the vessel.

Of course we make no invasion upon the quarters forward of the four men before the mast—common seamen, and take good care that master and mate shall have proper accommodation.

One gets so used to this sort of thing that I sleep just as well as I used to do in my own room at home, and by 6.30 or 7 A.M. all vestiges of anything connected with sleeping arrangements have vanished, and the cabins look like what they are,—large and roomy. We have, you know, no separate cabins filled with bunks, &c., abominations specially contrived to conceal dirt and prevent ventilation. Light calico curtains answer all purposes of dividing off a cabin into compartments, but we agree to live together, and no one has found it unpleasant as yet. We turn a part of our cabin into a *γυναικεῖον* at night for the three women and two babies by means of a canvas screen. Bishop looks after them, washes the babies, tends the women when sick, &c., while I, by virtue of being a bachelor, shirk all the trouble. One of these women is now coming for the second time to the college; her name is Carry. Margaret Cho is on her second visit, and Hrarore is the young bride of Kapua, now coming for his third time, and baptized last year.

We wish to make both husbands and wives

capable of imparting better notions to their people. We have, I think, a very nice set on board. . . .

I think every thing points to Vanua Lava, the principal island of the Banks group, becoming our centre of operations, *i.e.*, that it would be the place where winter school would be carried on with natives from many islands, from Solomon Islands groups to the north-west, and Santa Cruz group to north, New Hebrides to south, and Loyalty Islands south-west, and also the depôt among the islands, a splendid harbour, safe both from trade and hurricane winds, plenty of water, abundantly supplied with provisions, being indeed like a hot-house, with its hot springs constantly sending up clouds of vapour on the high hills, a population wholly uninjured by intercourse with traders and whalers, it being certain that our vessel was the first at all events that has ever been seen by the eyes of any member of this generation on the islands; I could prove this to you easily if I had time.

They are most simple, gentle and docile, unwarlike, not cannibals, I verily believe as good a specimen of the natural fallen man as can be met with, wholly naked, yet with no sense of shame in consequence; timid, yet soon learning to confide in one; intelligent, and gleaming with plenty of spirit and fun. As the island, though 440 miles north of the Loyalty Isles, is not to leeward of them, it would only take us about eight days more to run down, and a week more to return to it from New Zealand, than would be the case if we had our winter school on one of the Loyalty Islands. So I hope now we may get a missionary for Lifu, and so I may be free to spend all my time, when not in New Zealand, at Vanua Lava. Temperature in winter something under 80° in the

shade, being in lat. 13° 45′ 5″. The only thing against Vanua Lava is the fact that elephantiasis abounds among the natives, and they say that the mortality is very considerable there, so it might not be desirable to bring many lads to it from other islands; but the neighbouring islands of Mota and Valua, and Uvaparapara are in sight and are certainly healthy, and our buildings are not so substantial as to cause much difficulty in shifting our quarters if necessary. The language is very hard, but when it is one's business to learn a thing, it is done after a while as a matter of course.

We have quite made up our mind that New Zealand itself is the right place for the head-quarters of the Mission. True, the voyage is long, and lads can only be kept there five or six months of the year, but the advantages of a tolerably settled state of society are so great, and the opportunities of showing the Melanesians the working of an English system are so many, that I think now with the Bishop that New Zealand should be the place for the summer school in preference to any other. I did not think so at one time, and was inclined to advocate the plan of never bringing the lads out of the tropics, but I think now that there are so many good reasons for bringing the lads to New Zealand that we must hope to keep them by good food and clothing safe from colds and coughs. Norfolk Island would have been in some ways a very good place, but there is no hope now of our being settled there. . . .

I can hardly have *quite* the same control over lads brought to an island itself wholly uncivilised as I can have over them in New Zealand, but as a rule, Melanesians are very tractable. *Certainly* I

would sooner have my present school to manage, forty-five of all ages from nine to perhaps twenty-seven or eight, from twelve or thirteen islands, speaking at least eight languages, than half the number of English boys, up to all sorts of mischief. . . .

Thank you, dear uncle, for the Xavier; a little portable book is very nice for taking on board ship, and I dare say I may read some of his letters in sight of many a heathen island. . . .

Good-bye, my dear Uncle.

Your affectionate and grateful nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

'Savages are all Fridays, if you know how to treat them' is a saying of Patteson's in one of his letters, and a true one. In truth, there was no word that he so entirely repudiated as this of savage, and the courtesy and untutored dignity of many of his native friends fully justified his view, since it was sure to be called forth by his own conduct towards them.

The chiefs, having a great idea of their own importance, and being used to be treated like something sacred, and never opposed, were the most difficult people to deal with, and in the present voyage there was a time of great anxiety respecting a young chief named Aroana, from the great isle of Malanta. He fell into an agony of nervous excitement lest he should never see his island again, an attack of temporary insanity came on, and he was so strong that Mr. Patteson could not hold him down without the help of the Bishop and another, and it was necessary to tie him down, as he attempted to injure himself. He soon recovered, and the cooler latitudes had a beneficial effect on him, but there was reason to fear that in Malanta the restraint might be regarded as an outrage on the person of a chief.

The voyage safely ended on the night of the 16th of November. Here is part of a letter to Mr. Edward Coleridge, written immediately after reading the letters that had been waiting in Auckland:—

My father writes:—'My tutor says that there must be a Melanesian Bishop soon, and that you will be the man,' a sentence which amused me not a little.

The plan is that the Bishop should gradually take more and more time for the islands, as he transfers to the General Synod all deeds, documents, everything for which he was corporation sole, and as he passes over to various other Bishops portions of New Zealand. Finally, retaining only the north part of the northern island, to take the Melanesian Bishopric.

I urged this plan upon him very strongly one day, when somewhere about lat. 12° S. (I fancy) he pressed me to talk freely about the matter. I said: 'One condition only I think should be present to your mind, viz., that you must not give up the native population in New Zealand,' and to this he assented.

If, dear tutor, you really were not in joke, just try to find some good man who would come and place himself under the Bishop's direction unreservedly, and in fact be to him much what I am + the ability and earnestness, &c. Seriously, I am not at all fitted to do anything but work under a good man. Of course, should I survive the Bishop, and no other man come out, why it is better that the ensign should assume the command than to give up the struggle altogether. But this of course is pure speculation. The Bishop is hearty, and, I pray God, may be Bishop of Melanesia for twenty years to come, and by that time there will be many more competent men

than I ever shall be to succeed him, to say nothing of possible casualties, climate, &c.

Good-bye, my dear Uncle; kind love to all.

Your loving nephew and pupil,

J. C. PATTESON.

The three women and the two babies were disposed of in separate houses, but their husbands, with thirty-nine other Melanesians, four Norfolk Islanders, two printers, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Patteson, made up the dinner-party every day in the hall of St. John's College. 'Not a little happy I feel at the head of my board, with two rows of merry, happy-looking Melanesians on either side of me!'

The coughs, colds, and feverish attacks of these scholars were the only drawback; the slightest chill made them droop; and it was a subject of joy to have any day the full number in hall, instead of one or two lying ill in their tutor's own bed-chamber. Poor Hirika had worked his way back, but only to die under the care of his kindest friends.

On the 29th of December came the exceeding joy of the arrival of the Judge and Mrs. Martin, almost straight from Feniton, ready to talk untiringly of everyone there. On the New Year's day of 1859 there was a joyful thanksgiving service at Taurarua for their safe return, at which all the best Church people near were present, and when John Cho made his first Communion.

On the 20th these much-loved friends came to make a long stay at the College, and the recollections they preserved of that time have thus been recorded by Lady Martin. It will be remembered that she had parted from him during the year of waiting and irregular employment:—

We were away from New Zealand nearly three years. We had heard at Feniton dear Coley's first happy letters telling of his voyages to the islands in 1856–7, letters all aglow with enthusiasm about these places and people. One phrase I well remember, his kindly regret expressed for those whose lot is not cast among the Melanesian islands. On our return we went to live for some months at St. John's College, where Mr. Patteson was then settled with a large party of scholars.

We soon found that a great change had passed over our dear friend. His whole mind was absorbed in his work. He was always ready, indeed, to listen to anything there was to tell about his dear father; but about our foreign travels, his favourite pictures, the scenes of which we had heard so much from him, he would listen for a few minutes, but was sure in a little while to have worked round to Melanesia in general, or to his boys in particular, or to some discussion with my husband on the structure of their many languages and dialects. It was then that Bishop Abraham said that when the two came to their ninth meaning of a particle, he used to go to sleep.

There were a very fine intelligent set of young men from the Loyalty Islands, some sleepy, lazy ones from Mai, some fierce, wild-looking lads from the Solomon Islands who had long slits in their ears and bone horns stuck in their frizzly hair. Mr. Patteson could communicate with all more or less easily, and his readily delicate hearing enabled him to distinguish accurately sounds which others could not catch—wonderful *mp* and *pw* and *mbw* which he was trying to get hold of for practical purposes.

He was in comfortable quarters, in one long low room, with a sunny aspect. It looked fit for a student, with books all about, and pictures, and photos of loved friends and places on the walls, but he had no mind to enjoy it alone. There was sure to be some sick lad there, wrapped up in his best rugs, in the warmest nook by the fire. He had morning and afternoon school daily in the large schoolroom, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Lask assisting him. School-keeping, in its ordinary sense, was a drudgery to him, and very distasteful. He had none of that bright lively way and readiness in catechising which made some so successful in managing a large class of pupils at once, but every person in the place loved to come to the evening classes in his own room, where, in their own language, he opened to them the Scriptures and spoke to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. It was in those private classes that he exercised such wonderful influence; his musical voice, his holy face, his gentle manner, all helping doubtless to impress and draw even the dullest. Long after this he told me once how after these evening classes, one by one, some young fellow or small boy would come back with a gentle tap at the door, 'I want to talk to you,' and then and there the heart would be laid open, and counsel asked of the beloved teacher.

It was very pleasant to see him among his boys. They all used to go off for a walk on Saturday with him, sometimes to town, and he as full of fun with them as if they had been a party of Eton boys. He had none of the conventional talk, so fatal to all true influence, about degraded heathen. They were brethren, ignorant indeed, but capable of acquiring the highest wisdom. It was a joke among some of us, that when asked the meaning of a Nengonè term

of endearment, he answered naïvely, 'Oh, it means old fellow.' He brought his fresh, happy, kindly feelings towards English lads and young men into constant play among Melanesians, and so they loved and trusted him.

I think that *exclusiveness* of interest which Lady Martin describes, and which his own family felt, and which is apt to grow upon missionaries, as indeed on every one who is very earnestly engaged in any work, diminished as he became more familiar with his work, and had a mind more at liberty for thought.

Mr. Dudley thus describes the same period :—

It was during the summers of 1857–8 and 1858–9 that the Loyalty Islanders mustered in such numbers at St. John's College, as it was supposed that they, at least Lifu, would be left in the hands of the Church of England. Mr. Patteson worked very hard these years at translations, and there was an immense enthusiasm about printing, the Lifuites and Nengonese striving each to get the most in their own language.

Never shall I forget the evening service during those years held in the College chapel, consisting of one or two prayers in Bauro, Gera, and other languages, and the rest in Nengonese, occasionally changing to Lifu, when Mr. Patteson used to expound the passage of Scripture that had been translated in school during the day. Usually the Loyalty Islanders would take notes of the sermon while it went on, but now and then it was simply impossible, for although his knowledge of Nengonese at that time, as compared with what it was afterwards, was very limited, and his vocabulary a small one from which to choose his expressions, he would sometimes speak

with such intense earnestness and show himself so thoroughly *en rapport* with the most intelligent of his hearers, that they were compelled to drop their papers and pencils, and simply to listen. I remember one evening in particular. For some little time past the conduct of the men, especially the married men, had not been at all satisfactory. The married couples had the upper house, and John Cho, Simeona and Kapua had obtained a draught-board, and had regularly given themselves up to draught-playing, night and day, neglecting all the household duties they were expected to perform, to the great annoyance of their wives, who had to carry the water, and do their husbands' work in other ways as well as their own. This became soon known to Mr. Patteson, and without saying anything directly to the men, he took one evening as his subject in chapel those words of our Lord, 'If thy hand or thy foot offend thee,' &c., and spoke as you know he did sometimes speak, and evidently was entirely carried out of himself, using the Nengonese with a freedom which showed him to be thinking in it as he went on, and with a face only to be described as 'the face of an angel.' We all sat spellbound. John Cho, Simeona, and the other walked quietly away without saying a word, and a day or two afterwards I learnt from John that he had lain awake that night thinking over the matter, that fear had come upon him, lest he might be tempted again, and jumping up instantly, he had taken the draught-board from the place where he had left it and had cast it into the embers of their fire.

Many and many a time was I the recipient of his thoughts, walking with him up and down the lawn in front of the cottage buildings of an evening, when he would try to talk himself clear. You may imagine

what a willing listener I was, whatever he chose to talk upon, and he often spoke very freely to me, I being, for a long time, his only resident white companion. It was not long before I felt I knew his father well, and reverenced him deeply. He never was tired of talking of his home, and of former days at Eton and Oxford, and then while travelling on the Continent. Often and often during those early voyages have I stood or sat by his side on the deck of the 'Southern Cross,' as in the evening, after prayers, he stood there for hours, dressed in his clerical attire, all but the grey tweed cap, one hand holding the shrouds, and looking out to windward like a man who sees afar off all the scenes he was describing.

Thinking over those times since, one understands better far than one did at the time the reality of the sacrifice he had made in devoting himself for life to a work so far away from those he loved best on earth.

What the enjoyment was of talking over home with those who had lately visited it appears in this letter to Sir John, begun on January 25, 1859:—

Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Martin are staying here, so I hear much of you all, not in any one history, but in the many incidental references to Feniton, and this is very natural and pleasant. It makes me know, perhaps, little more than I did before, but the little touches help to make up the picture, and little things are observed by others which, perhaps, you don't think worth mentioning yourselves.

What they specially speak of is the perfectly natural, simple way in which you all talk of New Zealand

and of me, the absence of all effort, almost the pleasurable feelings which accompany any allusion to this part of the world. And most of all they say, at Feniton, the feeling is not merely personal, regarding only the particular individual, but New Zealand and Melanesia are real living objects of interest.

This is what does so rejoice and delight me always, that you always have written with the firm conviction that not only am I usefully employed, but that New Zealand and Melanesia are real scenes of active labour as present to your mind as Bethnal Green or Manchester. And so it does make me thoroughly happy to see how you are spared all that I know tries others.

To-day I am going to baptize four young men from Lifu—David, William Martin, Matthew and Henry. On Sunday last ten Melanesians were present at the Holy Communion. Is not all this enough to make me very happy?

The Bishop of Wellington, for to that see Archdeacon Abraham had been consecrated while in England, arrived early in March, and made a short stay at the College, during which he confirmed eleven and baptized one of Patteson's flock, according to the desire of the Primate, who was absent on one of his visitations. Mrs. Abraham and her little boy remained at the College, while her husband went on to prepare for her at Wellington, and thus there was much to make the summer a very pleasant one, only chequered by frequent anxieties about the health of the pupils, as repeated experiments made it apparent that the climate of St. John's was too cold for them. Another anxiety was respecting Lifu; for the London Mis-

sionary Society, had, after all, undertaken to supply two missionaries from England, and it was a most doubtful and delicate question whether the wishes of the natives or the established principle of non-interference with pre-occupied ground, ought to have most weight. The Primate was so occupied by New Zealand affairs that he wrote to Mr. Patteson to decide it himself, and he could but wait to be guided by circumstances on the spot.

To Mr. Edward Coleridge he writes on the 18th of March:—

> How much this work engrosses my mind you see, and yet how small by comparison it becomes when viewed with reference to India, and the great nations now opening their arms to Christianity as we trust. The more one thinks and reads of India, the more one is horrified at the greatness of our national sin towards God and that land. Indifference and ignorance at home, oppression and cruelty in the land, money the standard of all virtue, that servant the best who sent home most money; hill tribes goaded to desperation, and then decimated for rebellion; the religion of the country mocked by drunkards and profligates; as if, poor souls, their guilt was not the greater guilt in the sight of God; and all perpetrated by us. I declare it makes me tremble to think of it. I suppose no one book can give a really impartial view of the question; it is difficult to write quite dispassionately on such subjects, but the general result that is arrived at is a very fearful one, any way.
>
> How one longs to see some real effort by the Church of England to do something for India. This dilatory grudging gift of a few Bishops! . . .

I have many and delightful talks with Mr. Martin on our languages. We see already how strong an infusion of Polynesian elements exists in the Melanesian islands. With the language of four groups we are fairly acquainted now, besides some of the distinguishing dialects, which differ very much from one another; nevertheless, I think that by-and-by we shall connect them all if we live; but as some dialects may have dropped out altogether, we may want a few links in the chain to demonstrate the connection fully to people at a distance. It is a great refreshment to me to work out these matters, and the Judge kindly looked up the best books that exist in all the Polynesian languages, so that we can found our induction upon a comparison of all the dialects now from the Solomon Islands to the Marquesas, with the exception of the Santa Cruz archipelago. We have been there two or three times, but the people are so very numerous and noisy, that we never have had a chance as yet of getting into a quiet talk (by signs, &c.) with any of the people.

Still, as we know some Polynesian inhabitants of a neighbouring isle who have large sea canoes, and go to Santa Cruz, we may soon get one of them to go with us, and so have an interpreter, get a lad or two, and learn the language.

We are sadly in want of men; yet we cannot write to ask persons to come out for this work who may be indisposed, when they arrive in New Zealand, to carry out the particular system on which the Bishop proceeds. Any man who would come out and consent to spend a summer at the Melanesian school in New Zealand in order to learn his work, and would give up any preconceived notions of his

own about the way to conduct missionary work that might militate against the Bishop's plan—such a man would be, of course, the very person we want; but we must try to make people understand that half-educated men will not do for this work. Men sent out as clergymen to the mission-field who would not have been thought fit to receive Holy Orders at home, are not at all the men we want. It is not at all probable that such men would really understand the natives, love them, and live with them; but they would be great dons, keeping the natives at a distance, assuming that they could have little in common, &c.—ideas wholly destructive of success in missionary, or in any work. That pride of race which prompts a white man to regard coloured people as inferior to himself, is strongly ingrained in most men's minds, and must be wholly eradicated before they will ever win the hearts, and thus the souls of the heathen.

What a preachment, as usual, about Melanesia. . . .

Your loving old Pupil and Nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

Next follows a retrospective letter.

April 1, 1859: St. John's College.

My dearest Father,—Thirty-two years old to-day! Well, it is a solemn thing to think that one has so many days and months and years to account for. Looking back, I see how fearfully I wasted opportunities which I enjoyed, of which, I fancy, I should now avail myself gladly; but I don't know that I fancy what is true, for my work now, though there is plenty of it, is desultory, and I dare say hard application, continuously kept up, would be as irksome to me as ever.

It seems very strange to me that I never found any *pleasure* in classical studies formerly. Now, the study of the languages for its own sake even is so attractive to me that I should enjoy working out the exact and delicate powers of Greek particles, &c.; but I never cared for it till it was too late, and the whole thing was drudgery to me. I had no appreciation, again, of Historians, or *historians*; only thought Thucydides difficult and Herodotus prosy (!!), and Tacitus dull and Livy apparently easy and really very hard. So, again, with the poets; and most of all I found no interest (fancy!) in Plato and Aristotle. They were presented to me as merely school books; not as the great effort of the cultivated heathen mind to solve the riddle of man's being; and I, in those days, never thought of comparing the heathen and Christian ethics, and the great writers had no charm for me.

Then my French. If I had really taken any pains with old Tarver in old days—and it was your special wish that I should do so—how useful it would be to me now; whereas, though I get on after a sort, I don't speak at all as I ought to do, and might have learnt to do. It is sad to look back upon all the neglected opportunities; and it is not only that I have not got nearly (so to speak) a quantity of useful materials for one's work in the present time, but that I find it very hard to shake off desultory habits. I suppose all persons have to make reflections of this kind, more or less sad; but, somehow, I feel it very keenly now: for certainly I did waste time sadly; and it so happens that I have just had 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' lent me, and that I spent some time in reading it on this particular day, and, of course, my Eton life rose up before me. What a

useful book that is! A real gain for a young person to have such a book. That is very much the kind of thing that would really help a boy—manly, true and plain.

I hear from Sydney by last mail that the Bishop is really desirous to revive the long dormant Board of Missions. He means to propose to send a priest and a deacon to every island ready for them, and to provide for them—if men are forthcoming, and funds. Of this latter I have not much doubt. . . .

April 2.—I have to get ready for three English full services to-morrow, besides Melanesian ditto.—So good-bye, my dearest Father,

Your loving and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

Sir John Patteson might well say, in a letter of this summer, to Bishop Selwyn :—

As to my dear boy Coley, I am more and more thankful every day that I agreed to his wishes; and in whatever situation he may be placed, feel confident that his heart will be in his work, and that he will do God service. He will be contented to work under any one who may be appointed Bishop of Melanesia (or any other title), or to be the Bishop himself. If I judge truly, he has no ambitious views, and only desires that he may be made as useful as his powers enable him to be, whether in a high or subordinate situation.

Nothing could be more true than this. There was a general sense of the probability that Mr. Patteson must be the first Missionary Bishop; but he continued to work on at the immediate business, always keeping the schemes and designs which

necessarily rose in his mind ready to be subjected to the control of whomsoever might be set over him. The cold had set in severely enough to make it needful to carry off his 'party of coughing, shivering Melanesians' before Easter, and the 'Southern Cross' sailed on the 18th. Patteson took with him a good store of coffee, sugar and biscuits, being uncertain whether he should or should not again remain at Lifu.

In the outward voyage he only landed his pupils there, poor Carry very ill, and then went on to the Banks Islands, where Sarawia was returned at Vanua Lava, and after Mr. Patteson had spent a pleasant day among the natives, Mota was visited next after.

May 24th.—On Monday, at 3 P.M., we sailed from Port Patteson across to Mota. Here I landed among 750 people and the boat returned to the vessel. She was to keep up to windward during the night and call for me the next morning. I walked with my large following from the beach, up a short steep path, to the village, near to which, indeed only 200 yards off, is another considerable village. The soil is excellent; the houses good—built round the open space which answers to the green in our villages, and mighty banyan trees spreading their lofty and wide-branching arms above and around them. The side walls of these houses are not more than two feet high, made only of bamboos lashed by cocoa-nut fibre, or wattled together, and the long sloping roofs nearly touch ground, but within they are tolerably clean and quite dry. The moon was in the first quarter, and the scene was striking, as I sat out in the open space with some 200 people crowding round me—men, women and children; fires in front

where yams were roasting; the dark brown forms glancing to and fro in the flickering light; the moon's rays quivering down through the vast trees, and the native hollow drum beating at intervals to summon the people to the monthly feast on the morrow. I slept comfortably on a mat in a cottage with many other persons in it. Much talk I. had with a large concourse outside, and again in this cottage, on Christianity; and all were quiet when I knelt down as usual and said my evening prayers. Up at 5.30 A.M., and walked up a part of the Sugar Loaf peak, from which the island derives its English name, and found a small clear stream, flowing, through a rocky bed, back to the village, where were some 300 people assembled; sat some time with them, then went to the beach, where the boat soon came for me.

After this there was a good deal of bad weather; but all the lads were restored to their islands, including Aroana, the young Malanta chief, who had begun by a fit of frenzy, but had since behaved well; and who left his English friends with a promise to do all in his power to tame his people and cure them of cannibalism.

Then came some foul winds and hot exhausting weather.

I have done little more than read Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' and Helps's 'Spanish America,' two excellent books and most delightful to me. The characters in the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and America generally; the whole question of the treatment of natives; and that noble man, Las Casas—are more intelligible to me than to most persons probably. The circumstances of my present life enable me to realise it to a greater extent.

Then I have been dipping into a little ethnology; yesterday a little Plato; but it is almost too hot for anything that requires a *working* head-piece. You know I take holiday time this voyage when we are in open water and no land near, and it is great relaxation to me.

How excellent are the three best photographs of you, Joan, Fan, Aunt James, Sophy, Pena, the house from the head of the drive, and the Church—I do so enjoy them. The photograph of you is excellent; but I realise by it that you have aged much in appearance. It is exactly what I wanted—your own dear expression, and altogether invaluable to me. The more I look at it, the more vividly home rises up before me with all the old associations; and all that is in my busy life seems so often almost a dream, as it regains once more its reality and power over me.

A pretty severe gale of wind followed, a sharp test of Patteson's seamanship.

Then came one day of calm, when we all got our clothes dry, and the deck and rigging looked like an old clothes' shop. Then we got a fairish breeze; but we can get nothing in moderation. Very soon it blew up into a strong breeze, and here we are lying to with a very heavy sea. Landsmen would call it mountainous, I suppose. I am tired, for I have had an anxious time; and we have had but one quiet night for an age, and then I slept from 9.30 P.M. to 7.30 A.M. continuously.

It may be that this is very good training for me. Indeed it must give me more coolness and confidence. I felt pleased as well as thankful when we made the exact point of Nengone that I had calculated upon, and at the exact time.

There Mr. Creagh gave information that Caroline had died only a fortnight after she had been landed; but, considering the consumptive tendency of the Loyalty Islanders, and the discomforts even of Simeona's comparatively civilised dwelling with four walls and a window, as she described it, her death was hardly chargeable upon the winds of Auckland.

On the 20th of June, Auckland harbour was safely attained; but the coming back without scholars did not make much of holiday time for their master, who was ready to give help to other clergymen whenever it might be needed, though, in fact, this desultory occupation always tried him most.

On the 25th of July he says:—

I have had a sixty miles' walk since I wrote last; some part of it over wild country. I lost my way once or twice and got into some swamps, but I had my little pocket-compass.

My first day was eighteen miles in pouring rain; no road, in *your* sense of the word; but a good warm room and tea at the end. Next day on the move all day, by land and water, seeing settlers scattered about. Third day, Sunday, services at two different places. Fourth day, walk of some twenty-seven miles through unknown regions; baptizing children at different places; and reaching, after divers adventures, a very hospitable resting-place at 8 P.M. in the dark. Next day an easy walk into Auckland and Taurarua. Yesterday, Sunday, very wet day. Man-of-war gig came down for me at 9.15 A.M. took the service on board; 11 A.M. St. Paul's service; afternoon, hospital, a mile or so off; 6 P.M. St. Paul's evening service; 8.30, arrived at Taurarua dripping.

The same letter replies to one from home:—

I thank you, my dear father, for writing so fully about yourself, and especially, for seeing and stating so plainly your full conviction that I ought not to think of returning to England. It would, as you say, humanly speaking, interfere most seriously with the prospects of the Mission. Some dear friends write to me differently, but they don't quite understand, as you have taken pains to do, what our position is out here; and they don't see that my absence would involve great probable injury to the whole work.

It is curious how few there are who know anything of New Zealand and Melanesia!

Of course it is useless to speculate on the future, but I see nothing at all to make it likely that I shall *ever* revisit England. I can't very well conceive any such state of things as would make it a duty to gratify my constant inclination. And, my dear father, I don't scruple to say (for you will understand me) that I am happier here than I should be in England, where, even though I were absent only a few months, I should bear about with me the constant weight of knowing that Melanesia was not provided for. And, strange as it may seem, this has quite ceased to be a trial to me. The effort of subduing the longing desire to see you is no longer a great one: I feel that I am cheerful and bright, and light-hearted, and that I have really everything to make a man thankful and contented.

And if you could see the thankful look of the Bishop, when he is again assured that there is no item of regret or desire to call me home on your part, you would feel, I know, that colonial work does require, especially, an unconditional unreserved surrender of a man to whatever he may find to do.

But while admiring the noble spirit in which the son held fast his post, and the father forebore to unsettle him there, let not their example be used in the unkind and ignorant popular cry against the occasional return of colonial Bishops. For, be it remembered, that dire necessity was not drawing Coleridge Patteson to demand pecuniary assistance round all the platforms of English towns. The Eton, and the Australian and New Zealand Associations, supplemented by his own family, relieved him from the need of having to maintain his Mission by such means. All these letters are occupied with the arrangements for raising means for removing the Melanesian College to a less bleak situation, and it is impossible to read them without feeling what a difference it made to have a father who did not view giving to God's work as robbing his family.

On the 13th of August, Patteson was on board, preparing for the voyage; very cold, and eager for the tropics. The parting voice in his farewell letter is: 'I think I see more fully that work, by the power of God's Spirit, is the condition of us all in this world; tiny and insignificant as the greatest work of the greatest men is, in itself, yet the one talent is to be used.'

It was meant to be a farewell letter, but another followed in the leisure, while waiting for the Bishop to embark, with some strong (not to say fiery) opinions on the stern side of duty.

I feel anxious to try to make some of the motives intelligible, upon which we colonial folk act sometimes. First. I think that we get a stronger sense of the necessity for dispensing with that kind of

courtesy and good nature which sometimes interferes with duty than people do in England.

So a man placed as I am (for example) really cannot oftentimes avoid letting it be seen that work must come first; and, by degrees, one sympathises less than one possibly should do with drones and idlers in the hive, and feels it wrong to assent to a scheme which lets a real work suffer for the sake of acquiescing in a conventional recognition of comfort, claims of society, &c.

Would the general of an army say to his officers, 'Pray, gentlemen, don't dirty your boots or fatigue your horses to succour the inhabitants of a distant village'? Or a captain to his mates and middies: 'Don't turn out, don't go aloft. It is a thing hard, and you might get wet'?

And the difference between us and people at home sometimes is, that we don't see why a clergyman is not as much bound as an officer in the army or navy to do what he is pledged of his own act to do; and that at home the 'parsonage and pony-carriage' delusion practically makes men forget this. I forget it as much as any man, and should very likely never have seen the mistake but for my coming to New Zealand; and it is one of the great blessings we enjoy.

There is a mighty work to be done. God employs human agents, and the Bible tells us what are the rules and conditions of their efficiency.

'Oh! but, poor man, he has a sickly wife!' Yes, but, 'it remaineth that those who have wives be as they that have none.'

True, but the case of a large family? 'Whosoever loveth child more than me,' &c.

Second. The fact that we live almost without

servants makes us more independent, and also makes us acquainted with the secrets of each other's housekeeping, &c. All that artificial intercourse which depends a good deal upon a well-fitted servants' hall does not find place here. More simple and more plain and homely in speech and act is our life in the colonies—*e.g.*, you meet me carrying six or seven loaves from town to the college. 'Oh, I knew that the Bishop had to meet some persons there to-day, and I felt nearly sure there would be no breakfast then.' Of course an English person thinks, 'Why didn't he send the bread?' To which I answer, 'Who was there to send?'

I don't mean that I particularly like turning myself into a miller one day and a butcher the next; but that doing it as a matter of course, where there is no one else to do it, one does sometimes think it unreasonable to say, as has been said to the Bishop:—'Two thousand pounds a year you want for your Mission work!' 'Yes,' said the Bishop, 'and not too much for sailing over ten thousand miles, and for educating, clothing, and feeding some forty young men!'

I mean that conventional notions in England are preventing people from really doing half what they might do for the good of the needy.

I don't know how this might be said to be a theory tending to revolutionise society; but I think I do know that there is a kind of religious common sense which comes in to guide people in such matters. Only, I do not think it right to admit that plea for not doing more in the way of almsgiving which is founded upon the assumption that first of all a certain position in society must be kept up, which involves certain expenditure.

A barrister is living comfortably on 800*l.* a year, or a clergyman in his living of 400*l.* The professional income of the one increases, and a fatter living is given to the other, or some money is left them. What do they do? Instantly start a carriage, another servant, put the jack-of-all-trades into a livery, turn the buttons into a flunkey, and the village girl into a ladies' maid! Is this really right? They were well enough before. Why not use the surplus for some better purpose?

I imagine that we, the clergy, are chiefly to blame, for not only not protesting against, but most contentedly acquiescing in such a state of things. You ask now for something really demanding a sacrifice. 'I can't afford it.' 'What, not to rescue that village from starvation? not to enable that good man to preach the Gospel to people only accessible by means of such an outlay on his vessel, &c.? Give up your carriage, your opera box; don't have so many grand balls, &c.' Oh no! it is all a corban to the genius of society.

Now, is this scriptural or not, my dear father? I don't mean that any individual is justified in dictating to his neighbour, still less in condemning him. But are not these the general *principles* of religion and morality in the Bible? There *are* duties to society: but a good man will take serious counsel as to *what* they are, and how far they may be militating against higher and holier claims.

August 24.—Why I wrote all this, my dearest father, I hardly know, only I feel sure that unless men at home can, by taking real pains to think about it, realise the peculiar circumstances of colonial life, they will never understand any one of us.

I have written Fan a note in which I said something about my few effects if I should die.

One thing I should like to say to you, not as venturing to do more than let you be in full possession of my own mind on the matter. Should I die before you die, would it be wrong for me to say, 'Make the Melanesian Mission my heir'?

It may be according to the view which generally obtains that the other three should then divide my share. But now I would take what may seem the *hard* view of which I have been writing, and say, 'They have enough to maintain them happily and comfortably.' The Mission work without such a bequest will be much endangered. I feel sure that they would wish it to be so, for, of course, you know that this large sum of which you write will be, if I survive you, regarded simply as a bequest to the Mission in which I have a life interest, and the interest of which, in the main, would be spent on the Mission.

But I only say plainly, without any reserve, what I have thought about it; not for one moment putting up my opinion against yours, of course, in case you take a contrary view.

We sail, I hope, to-morrow, but the Bishop is more busy than ever.

Again, my dearest Father,

Your loving and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

The history of this voyage was, as usual, given in a long letter for the Feniton fireside; but there was a parallel journal also, kept for the Bishop of Wellington, which is more condensed, and, therefore, better for quotation.

The manner in which the interest in, and connection with all English friends and relations was kept up is difficult to convey, though it was a very loveable part of the character. Little comments of condolence or congratulation, and messages of loving remembrance to persons mentioned by playful names, would only be troublesome to the reader; but it must be taken for granted that every reply to a home packet was full of these evidences that the black children on a thousand isles had by no means driven the cousins and friends of youth from a heart that was enlarged to have tenderness for all.

Lat. 9° 29′ S.; Long. 163° S.E.
'Southern Cross:' October 9, 1859.

My dear Bishop,—We are on our way from Uleawa to the Santa Cruz group, having visited the Loyalty Islands, Southern New Hebrides, Banks Islands (2), and Solomon Islands.

The Bishop so planned the voyage as to run down the wind quickly to the Solomon Islands, and do the real work coming home; not, as usual, beating up in the open water between the Santa Cruz archipelago, Banks Islands and New Hebrides to the east, and New Caledonia to the west. We are thus able to visit Vanua Lava on the way out and home also; and as we meant to make the Banks Islands the great point this voyage, that was, of course, great gain.

We touched at Norfolk Island. . . Going on to Nengonè we found everybody away at the distant yam grounds, and could not wait to see them. George Simeona and Wapai were, however, at Netche. George more pleasant and simple in manner than I ever knew him—looking ill, poor fellow, and with a sad cough.

As the Bishop quite approves of our not interfering with the L. M. S. at Nengonè and Lifu, we said to George and Wapai that we should take no one to New Zealand who did not make up his mind exclusively to throw in his lot with us altogether. George himself would be too ill to be taken away, even if he wished it. What Wadrokala and Malo may do, we shall see as we return.

Thence we went to Lifu, not calling at Taka, for now shall I tell you of the sad news that Kapua, that fine young fellow, has fallen away into sin, and seems to be acting almost like a madman ?

I have hopes even from the very wild frenzied nature of his behaviour (as I am told of it) that his conscience is smiting him hard ; and that, if God spares his life, he may come in shame and sorrow to himself, like the Prodigal ; but it is very sad and distresses me much ; I long to see him, and hope to do so in a few weeks, but it was thought useless to attempt to see him when we were at Nengonè. I heard the whole account confirmed by John Cho at Lifu, so I cannot doubt that it is substantially correct.

At Lifu, the first thing that shocked us was John's appearance : one of those fatal glandular swellings has already produced a great change in him. He looked sallow and weak, and I fear *ut sit vitalis.* He spoke to me very calmly about his illness, which he thinks is unto death, and I did not contradict him.

We had much private talk together. He is a fine fellow and, I believe, a sincere Christian man. Then came the applications to us not to desert them, and letters enumerating all the villages of Lifu almost

without exception, and entreating us to suffer them to be connected with us, and we had to answer that already two missionaries from the L. M. S. are on their way from Sydney to Lifu, and that it would do harm to have two rival systems on the island. They acquiesced but not heartily, and it was a sad affair altogether, all parties unhappy and dissatisfied, and yet unable to solve the difficulty. Then came a talk with Angadhohua, John's half-brother, the real chief. The poor lad feels now what a terrible thing it will be for him and his people if they should lose John. Nothing can be nicer than his way of talking: 'I know you don't think me firm enough, and that I am easily led by others. What am I to do if John dies? We all respect him. He has been taught so much, and people all listen to him.' I gave him the best advice that I could and longed to be able to do something for him and his people. It *was*, however, a comfort to leave with them St. Mark, Scripture books, &c.

From Lifu we went to Anaiteum, meeting with a short but very severe gale on our way; luckily we had but little sail on the schooner, and our top-sail split; but as it was we were all but on our beam-ends —no real damage, only two old cloths of the top-sail gave way. The visit to Anaiteum pleasant as usual. . .

Next day we called at Tanna, to see poor Mr. Paton, who lost his wife last April. He is living on there quite alone and has already lived down the first angry opposition of some of the people, and the unkind treatment that he received from men and women alike who mocked him because of his wife's death, &c. He has had much fever and looked very ill, but his heart was in his work; and the Bishop

said he seemed to be one of the weak things which God hath chosen. I know he made me feel pretty well ashamed of myself.

Next day we spent a few hours with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon at Erromango. He has a small house on the high table-land overlooking Dillon's Bay, and certainly is exposed to winds which may, for aught I know, rival those of Wellington notoriety. The situation is, however, far preferable in the summer to that on the beach, which is seldom free from malaria and ague.

Thence we went on to Faté, and round, a long way up the bay of Worokoro, to a station where three Rarotongans and their wives were placed last year by the 'John Williams.' We found that one man and his wife had died; the rest were looking pretty well, but had been ill. The natives have built a chapel, and treat them very kindly. We gave them coffee, sugar, biscuit, and prepared bottles of port wine and quinine.

Then we sailed to the great bay of Pango, landed at Fatè a fellow who had come to the Bishop in New Zealand for a passage, and in the afternoon sailed away through 'the Pool' (the landlocked space between Mallicolo and Espiritu Santo to the west; Aspee, Ambrym, Whitsuntide, Aurora to the east), where for eighty miles the water is always smooth, the wind always steady, the scenery always lovely, and where, on this occasion, the volcano was bright.

Being nearly becalmed to the south-east of Leper's Isle, the Bishop gave me the choice of a visit to Whitsuntide or Leper's Island. I voted for the latter, and delighted we were to renew an acquaintance made two years ago, and not since kept up, with

these specially nice people. We were recognised at once, but we have a very small vocabulary.

The sea was running heavily into the bay, but it is sand there and not much rock on the beach, and we had a jolly swim ashore. Then we bought a few yams, which the surf did not permit us to get to the boat, and had a very pleasant visit; for, as we sat among them, words came into one's head, or were caught from their mouth, and at the end of twenty minutes we were getting on a little. The old chief took me by the hand and led me aside to the spot where the ladies were assembled, and divining no doubt that I was a bachelor, politely offered me his daughter, and his protection, &c., if I would live among them.

I missed seeing the Bishop knocked clean over by the breakers as he was swimming off to the boat; I was still talking to the people, with my back to the sea, and only saw him staggering to his feet again. Thinking to myself that if *he* was knocked over, I had better look out, I awaited a 'smooth' and swam out comfortably.

The next morning (Sunday) at ten, we dropped anchor in Port Patteson, the harbour which you know the Bishop would call after my father. The first person who came off to us was Sarawia, my old Lifu pupil, from this island! Then came a good many men. I told them there would be no going ashore and no trading till the next day. Palemana, your friend Matawathki, &c., were at church, all dressed and well-behaved. What nice orderly people they are, to be sure!

The next day we bought lots of yams, and gave away seeds and fruit-trees, or rather planted them; and looked for a place for a station, and fixed at last

on the rising ground which forms the east side of the harbour, and the Bishop, arming himself with an axe, led a party to clear the bush, which was very thick. They made a fair path through in one afternoon to the top, and a healthy place might be found now with little trouble to return to at night from the schools, &c. in the village below, and so shirk the malaria.

But the next day, as I had anticipated, rather changed his intentions as to the principal station being formed at Vanua Lava. We landed at Sugar Loaf Island, and with something of pride I showed off to him the beauties of the villages where I slept in May last—the dry soil, the spring of water, the wondrous fertility, the large and remarkably intelligent, well-looking population, the great banyan tree, twenty-seven paces round—and at once he said, 'This is such a place as I have seen nowhere else for our purpose.'

The Bishop had seen this island before I was with him, during one of the 'Border Maid's' voyages, and knew the people, of course, but had not happened to have walked in shore at all, and so the exceeding beauty and fitness of the island for a Mission station had not become so apparent to him. We know of no place where there seems to be such an unusual combination of everything that can be desired, humanly speaking, for such an institution. So that is settled (D.V.) that next winter I should be here, if alive and well; and that the Banks Islands should be regarded as the central point of the Mission.

Such boys! Bright-eyed, merry fellows, many really handsome; of that reddish yellow tinge of colour which betokens affinity with Polynesian races, as their language also testifies. The majority of the

people were pleasing in their appearance and manner. Well, all this was very hopeful, and we went off very happy, taking Rumau, the boy who first met us at Port Patteson when we found it out, and old Wompas (who was with me at Lifu), and another from Aumota, to see the Northern Islands.

Next day we spent in visiting the Torres Islands. We cannot understand a dozen words here, and the people are numerous, noisy, and well-armed. Traders, we have reason to think, have been here: one we know of; and the people have received bad treatment, and we were obliged to be careful. We landed but once only, and then did no good. But it may be that they will talk over this visit, and be ready to meet us in a friendly way next year.

We sailed quietly before the trade to Bauro, and anchored at Hade, two miles north of Mota, on Sunday, October 2. Here and at Maran (Gera) we have met with disappointment. Gariri, Sumaro, Didimang and Tehe *all* gone off a month ago in the vessel which brought Hirika back. This required pretty plain speaking. Kĕrĕarŭă looking ill, wasting away. He had some conversation with me about dying, and I liked his manner of speaking. When we went away, he came with us in spite of all his friends could say, but a canoe came in the course of the day from a neighbouring village, and he said that he dreaded dying at sea, and would sooner go away, and so he went.

Gariri's two next brothers and another boy came away with us. I told the people that as they had made no attempt to do anything that we required of them, and showed no disposition to value the teaching which we wished to communicate, and the purport of which they had more or less understood,

we should not return to Mota. We had before resolved to change the course, and we think we have found a little connection in all respects in the north of the island, which is more fertile, open and populous, well-watered moreover, and from which we might influence Maran and Mara, whose inhabitants pay frequent visits to that part of Bauro.

Well, this was rather a disappointment, yet we had seen that it must come to this, and we shall be retaining our hold really upon the place just as effectually by making head-quarters in Bauro at a place twenty miles from Mota. Any one who cares about being taught will know where to find us, and can easily come to us.

Next day, at Maran, we had bad news. There has been really serious fighting. The two chiefs of Peuron, an island in the Great Sound, where I slept some time ago, have been at war about a girl stolen by the son of one chief from the other chief's house. Only four people have been killed, but many wounded, and at last Terihevo and all his men, about forty, with women and children besides, were all driven away to Kera. Under these circumstances, we thought it best to say that we could not take away any scholar at all; that if they persisted in fighting, we should not come among them. The fellows that I should most have wished to bring away had already been driven to a distant part of the country by the victorious party, and we thought that it would not be enough to protest in words only against their conduct, but that the absence of hatchets, fish-hooks, and the loss of connection with us for a time will be really felt by them. Of course it is a pity that we are under the necessity of taking such a step, but we should clearly gain nothing by taking off some new

scholar now, there being no one that we consider likely to produce any influence for good on the people in their present state. We know enough of the language to be able to take it up at any future time, and I don't think an interval of one season will retard our work there.

At Malanta we had a very pleasant visit. Aroana, the chief, whom we had been obliged to bind on board ship to prevent his committing suicide, was very friendly. We came away with Latewatia, a nice lad, who was with me at Lifu, and two boys.

At Uleawa we were sorry not to be allowed to bring away an old scholar, Tehele. He wanted very much to come, but his people prevented it; and, indeed, things were just in that state at last which may easily lead to a row. Lads in the boat, uninvited by us, longing to go, and their relations struggling with them, pulling them out again, and imagining, I suppose, that we were encouraging them to go without leave; they were getting noisy, and one man, as —— (who is always imagining all kinds of unreal dangers) declares, quivering his spear in a manner that looked serious. However they were noisy, and there was some confusion, enough to make me come from among the crowd—where I was trying to make Tehele's father let him go—to the boat, push her off, and help the Bishop to get rid of the young fellows who wanted to go, but whom we did not care to take. We came away with one young man, but sent him back in a canoe with a message that as they did not choose to let us take our old scholar, we would not take any one. Consequently, the Solomon Islands part of our work is not very satisfactory just now, and yet so hopeful are the signs on the north coast

of Bauro that I really think we have been driven by the want of connection elsewhere to the spot that will ultimately turn out in all probability the best for that island, and also for acting upon the Maran and Mara people.

I think our work is more likely now to revolve upon a fixed centre—Sugar Loaf Island in the Banks group—that we shall make the occupation of the group the first object, and do all with reference to that as the necessary part of the work to be attended to first. In the choice of scholars, *e.g.*, we have considered whether we should not limit our selection to such as might pass the next winter with me at Sugar Loaf Island, and so that the vessel need not run down to leeward of it. Solomon Islands are the extreme verge. In the East Island, where there would be merely a question of nothing or something, we may take very young men who would perhaps not be easy to keep out of harm at Sugar Loaf, because there will be no difficulty about returning them to their homes. . . .

November 7th.—We found in the Santa Cruz group that the news of Captain Prout's and his two men's death in Vanikoro, and (as we suppose) the news of the 'Cordelia' having been at that island to inquire into the matter, had made the people anxious, uneasy, noisy, and rather rude. That poor man went to make a station at Vanikoro in the usual way, taking three poor New Caledonian women with him. The Vanikoro people killed the three English and took away the women.

We did not land at Sta. Cruz, but we had a more pleasant intercourse than heretofore with thirty or forty canoes' crews.

Timelin Island we ascertained to be identical with

Nukapu, an old familiar place whose latitude we had not ascertained correctly before. The small reef (Polynesian) islands did not give us so good a reception as last year, though there was no unfriendliness. The news about Vanikoro had made them suspicious of visits from white men. But they will be all right by next time. . . .

We saw a pleasant party at Bligh Island, brought away one young man from that island, and two lads belonging to a neighbouring small island called Rowa. The next day we watered on the north side of Vanua Lava, and in the evening went across to Santa Maria. Here we landed on the next day among two hundred or more people, shy and noisy. We bought a few yams, and I detected some young fellows stealing from our little heap. I would not overlook this, but the noticing it made them more suspicious that we meant to hurt them. As the Bishop and I, after some twenty minutes, turned to rejoin the boat, the whole crowd bolted like a shot right and left into the bush. Evidently they must have had some trading crew firing a parting shot in mere wantonness at them from their boat. I expected some arrows to be shot at us; but they did not shoot any.

The same evening (Saturday) we stood across the passage with a brisk breeze, and took up our party, consisting of five and including Sarawia and four others anciently noted as promising in appearance. . . .

We reached Aumota, (Sugar Loaf Island) in time to leave me for a night's visit to the people. I had time before the boat called next day at noon to see five or six of their villages. People quite accustomed

to expect me—all most friendly, apparently pleased to be told that I would stop with them in the winter. Seven scholars joined us here. . . .

At Mai, I slept in the house of Peterè and Laurè. Things are promising. It is quite ready for a missionary. We brought away Moto, Pepeu, and the two young boys who were with me at Lifu, and very many wished to come.

Thence we had a very long passage to Lifu. John Cho is, I am thankful to say, very much better. The two men from the London Missionary Society are on the island. . . The Lifu people tell me that in the north of the island many are accepting the teaching of the two French priests. William Martin Tahia and Chakham, a principal chief and old scholar, are with us.

At Nengonè, Wadrokala, George Simeona, and Harper Malo have come away for good. . . . We number thirty-nine Melanesians. . . . This is a long letter which will try your patience.

Always, my dear Bishop,

Affectionately yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

Another long letter was written during this voyage to Mr. Edward Coleridge, a great portion of it on the expediency of the islands being taken under British protection, also much respecting the Church of New Zealand, which is scarcely relevant to the immediate subject, and only at the end is there anything more personal.

The last accounts of my father were unusually good, but I well know what news may be awaiting our return from a voyage whether long or short, and

I try to be ready for any news; yet I suppose that I cannot at all realise what it would be. It makes some difference when the idea of meeting again in this world has been relinquished for now four and a half years, yet it is all very well to wait or think about it! I was not so upset by dear Uncle James's death as I should no doubt have been had I enjoyed the prospect of frequently seeing him. Somehow, when all ideas of time and space are annihilated by death, one *must* think about such separations in a religious way: for separations in any other sense to us here, from people in England, have already taken place. I must except, however, the loving wise letters, and the power of realising more clearly perhaps the occupations of those still in the body—of their accustomed places and duties; though I suppose we can tell quite enough about all this in the case of those who have died in the true faith of Christ to know, at all events, that we are brought and united to them whenever we think or do anything religiously. I often think that this is well brought out in the 'Heir of Redclyffe'—the loss of 'the bright outside,' the life and energy and vigour, and all the companionable and sociable qualities, contrasted with the power of thinking oneself into the inner spiritual relations that exist between the worlds visible and invisible.

All this effort is much diminished in our case. There is no very great present loss, at least, it is not so sensibly felt by a great deal as it would be if we missed some one with whom we lived up to the time of his death. It is much easier to think of them as they are than it could be in the case of persons who remember so vividly what they so lately *were*; and this is why, I suppose, the news of Uncle James's death seemed to affect me so much less than I should

have expected, and it may be so again: certain it is that I loved him dearly, and that I miss his letters very much indeed; but I think that the point I felt most about him was the sad affliction to his family, and the great loss to my dear father, who had of late seen more than ever of him.

From the home letter I only quote from the reflections so regularly inspired by the anniversary of the 28th of November.

After lamenting that it was difficult to realise those scenes in his mother's illness which he and his brother only knew from narration, Patteson adds:—

The memory of those days would perhaps have been more precious to me if I had witnessed more with my own eyes. And yet of course it really mattered nothing at all, because the lesson of her life does not depend on an acquaintance with a few days of it; and what I saw when I was there I never have forgotten, and hope that I never may forget.

And indeed I feel now with regard to you, my dear father, that I have not learned to know you better while I was with you than I do now. I think that in some ways I enter more almost into your mind and thought, or that I fancy I do so: just as the present possession of anything so often prevents our really taking pains to learn all about it. We rest content with the superficial knowledge of that which is most easily perceived and recognised in it. . . .

I think I know from your letters, and from the fact of my absence from you making me think more about you, as much about you as those present. I very much enjoy a letter from Joan, which gives me a kind of *tableau vivant* of you all. That helps me to realize the home life; so do the photographs,

they help in the same way. But your letters, and the fact that I think so much about them, and about you, are my real helps.

The voyage ended on the 7th of December. It was the last made under the guidance of the Bishop of New Zealand, and, alas! the last return of the first 'Southern Cross.'

CHAPTER IX.

MOTA AND ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, KOHIMARAMA.

1859-1862.

WITH the year 1860 a new period, and one far more responsible and eventful, began. After working for four years under Bishop Selwyn's superintendence, Coleridge Patteson was gradually passing into a sphere of more independent action; and, though his loyal allegiance to his Primate was even more of the heart than of the letter, his time of training was over; he was left to act more on his own judgment; and things were ripening for his becoming himself a Bishop. He had nearly completed his thirty-third year, and was in his fullest strength, mental and bodily; and, as has been seen, the idea had already through Bishop Selwyn's letters become familiar to his family, though he himself had shrunk from entertaining it.

The first great change regarded the locality of the Melanesian school in New Zealand. Repeated experience had shown that St. John's College was too bleak for creatures used to basking under a vertical sun, and it had been decided to remove to the sheltered landing place at Kohimarama, where buildings for the purpose had been commenced so as to be habitable in time for the freight of 1859.

It should be explained, that the current expenses of the Mission had been defrayed by the Eton and

Sydney associations, with chance help from persons privately interested. The extra expense of this foundation was opportunely met by a discovery on the part of Sir John Patteson, that his eldest son, living upon the Merton Fellowship, had cost him 200*l.* a year less than his younger son, and therefore that, in his opinion, 800*l.* was due to Coleridge. Moreover, the earlier voyages, and, in especial, the characters of Siapo and Umao, had been so suggestive of incidents fabricated in the 'Daisy Chain,' that the proceeds of the book were felt to be the due of the Mission, and at this time these had grown to such an amount as to make up the sum needful for erecting such buildings as were immediately requisite for the intended College.

These are described in the ensuing letter, which I give entire, because the form of acknowledgment is the only style suitable to what, however lightly acquired, was meant as an offering, even though it cost the giver all too little.

Kohimarama : Dec. 21, 1859.

My dear Cousin,—I have received at length from my father a distinct statement of what you have given to the Melanesian Mission. I had heard rumours before, and the Bishop of Wellington had spoken to me of your intentions, but the fact had not been regularly notified to us.

I think I know you too well to say more than this. May God bless you for what you have lent to Him, and give us, who are specially connected with the Mission, grace to use your gift as you intend it to be used, to His glory in the salvation of souls.

But you will like to hear how your gift will be appropriated. For three summers the Melanesian scholars lived at St. John's College, which is situated on a low hill, from which the ground falls away on

every side, leaving it exposed to every wind that blows across and around the narrow isthmus.

Thank God, we had no death traceable to the effect of the climate, but we had constant anxiety and a considerable amount of illness. When arrangements were completed for the arrival of a new principal to succeed the Bishop of Wellington, the college was no longer likely to be available for the Mission school. Consequently, we determined to build on the site long ago agreed upon; to put up some substantial buildings, and to remove some of the wooden buildings at the College which would not be required there, and set them up again at Kohimarama.

Just opposite the entrance into the Auckland harbour, between the island of Rangitoto with its double peak and the easternmost point of the northern shore of the harbour, lies a very sheltered bay, with its sea-frontage of rather more than a quarter of a mile, bounded to the east, south and west by low hills, which where they meet the sea become sandy cliffs, fringed with the red-flower-bearing pohutakawa. The whole of this bay, the seventy acres of flat rich soil included within the rising ground mentioned, and some seventy acres more as yet lying uncleared, adjoining the same block of seventy acres, and likely to be very valuable, as the land is capitable—the whole of this was bought by the Bishop many years ago as the property of the Mission, and is the only piece of Church land over which he retains the control, every other bequest or gift to the amount of 14,000 acres, having been handed over by him to the General Synod. This he retains till the state of the Melanesian Mission is more definitely settled.

On the west corner of this bay we determined to

build. A small tide creek runs for a short way about S.S.E. from the extreme end of the western part of the beach, then turns early eastward, and meets a small stream coming down from the southern hill at its western extremity. This creek encloses a space extending along the whole width of the bay of about eighteen or twenty acres.

At the east end stand three wooden cottages, occupied by the master, mate, and a married seaman of the 'Southern Cross.' At the west end stands the Melanesian school. Fences divide the whole space into three portions, whereof the western one forms our garden and orchard; and the others pasture for cows and working bullocks; small gardens being also fenced off for the three cottages. The fifty acres of flat land south of the creek we are now clearing and ploughing.

The situation here is admirably adapted for our school. Now that we have a solid wall of the scoriæ from the volcanic island opposite, we have a complete shelter from the cold south wind. The cliff and hill to the west entirely shut off the wind from that quarter, and the north and east winds are always warm. The soil is very dry, and the beach composed exclusively of small 'pipi' shells—small bivalves. So that by putting many cart-loads of these under our wooden floors, and around our buildings, we have so perfect a drainage that after heavy rain the soil is quite dry again in a few hours. It causes me no anxiety now, when I am for an hour away from my flock, to be thinking whether they are lying on the ground, forgetting that the hot sun overhead does not destroy the bad effect of a damp clay soil such as that at St. John's College.

The buildings at present form three sides of a

quadrangle, but the south side is only partly filled up. The large schoolroom, eighty feet long, with three sets of transepts, has been removed from the College, and put up again so as to form the east side of the quadrangle. This is of wood; so is the small wooden quadrangle which serves now for dormitories, and a part of which I occupy; my house consisting of three little rooms, together measuring seventeen feet by seven. These dormitories are the southern side of the quadrangle, but do not reach more than half way from the east to the west side, room being left for another set of dormitories of equal size, when we want them and can afford them. The west side consists of a very nice set of stone buildings, including a large kitchen, store room, and room for putting things in daily and immediate use; and the hall, which is the northern part of the side of the quadrangle, is a really handsome room, with simple open roof and windows of a familiar collegiate appearance. These buildings are of the dark grey scoria, almost imperishable I suppose, and look very well. The hall is just long enough to take seven of us at the high table (so to speak), and thirty-four at the long table, stretching from the high table to the end of the room.

At present this is used for school also, as the carpenters who are making all our fittings, shelves, &c., are still in the large schoolroom. We take off the north end of the schoolroom, including one set of transepts for our temporary chapel. This part will be lined, *i.e.* boarded, neatly inside. The rest of the building is very rough, but it answers its purpose.

In all the stone buildings, the rough stone is left inside just as it is outside. It does not look bad at

all to my eye, and I doubt if I would have it lined if we had funds to pay for it.

I hope eventually that stone buildings will take the place of the present wooden schoolroom and dormitories; but this ought to last many years. Here we live most happily and comfortably. The climate almost tropical in summer. The beautiful scenery of the harbour before our eyes, the smooth sea and clean dry beach within a stone's throw of my window. The lads and young men have their fishing, bathing, boating, and basking in the sun, which all day from sunrise to sunset beats right upon us; for the west cliff does not project more than a few yards to the north of us, and the eastern boundary is low and some way off. I see the little schooner at her moorings whenever I look off my book or my paper, and with an opera-glass can see the captain caulking the decks. All is under my eye; and the lads daily say, 'College too cold; Kohimarama very good; all the same Bauro, Mota,' &c., as the speaker belongs to one or other of our fourteen islands represented. . . . The moment we heard of your gift, we said simultaneously, 'Let it be given to this or to some specific and definite object.' I think you will like to feel not only that the money came most opportunely, but that within the walls built with that money, many many hundreds, I trust, of these Melanesian islanders will be fed and taught, and trained up in the knowledge and fear of God. . . .

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

Before the old year was out came the tidings of the death of good Miss Neill, the governess whom Patteson

had so faithfully loved from early childhood, and whose years of suffering he had done his best to cheer. 'At rest at last.' In the same letter, in answer to some complaint from his sister of want of detail in the reports, he says:—'Am I trying to make my life common-place? Well, really so it is more or less to me. Things go on in a kind of routine. Two voyages a year, five months in New Zealand, though certainly two-thirds of my flock fresh every year. I suppose it still sounds strange to you sometimes, and to others always, but they should try to think for themselves about our circumstances.

'And you know, Fan, I can't write for the world at large anecdotes of missionary life, and swell the number of the "Gems" and other trashy books. If people who care to know, would think of what their own intuition tells them of human nature, and history tells them of heathenism, they can make out some notion of real missionary work.

'The school is the real work. Teaching adults to read a strange tongue is hard work; I have little doubt but that the Bishop is right in saying they must be taught English; but it is so very difficult a language, not spelt a bit as pronounced; and their language is all vocalic and so easy to put into writing.

'But if you like I will scatter anecdotes about—of how the Bishop and his chaplain took headers hand in hand off the schooner and roundhouse; and how the Bishop got knocked over at Leper's Island by a big wave; and how I borrowed a canoe at Tariko and paddled out yams as fast as the Bishop brought them to our boat, &c.—but this is rubbish.'

This letter is an instance of the reserve and reticence

which Mr. Patteson felt so strongly with regard to his adventures and pupils. He could not endure stories of them to become, as it were, stock for exciting interest at home. There was something in his nature that shrank from publishing accounts of individual pupils as a breach of confidence, as much, or perhaps even more, than if they had been English people, likely to know what had been done. Moreover, instances had come to his knowledge in which harm had been done to both teachers and taught by their becoming aware that they were shown off to the public in print. Such things had happened even where they would have seemed not only unlikely, but impossible; and this rendered him particularly cautious in writing of his work, so that his reports were often dry, while he insisted strongly on his letters to his family being kept private.

The actual undertakings of the Mission did not exceed its resources, so that there was no need for those urgent appeals which call for sensation and incident to back them; and thus there sometimes seemed to the exterior world to be a lack of information about the Mission.

The letters of January 1860 show how the lads were fortified against weather:—'They wear a long flannel waistcoat, then a kind of jersey-shaped thing, with short trousers, reaching a little below the knee, for they dabble about like ducks here, the sea being not a hundred yards from the building. All the washing, of course, and most of the clothes-making they can do themselves; I can cut out after a fashion, and they take quickly to needle and thread; but now the Auckland ladies have provided divers very nice garments, their Sunday dresses are very nice indeed.'

The question of the Bishopric began to come

forward. On the 18th of January, a letter to Sir John Patteson, after speaking of a playful allusion which introduced the subject, details how Mrs. Selwyn had disclosed that a letter had actually been despatched to the Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, asking permission to appoint and consecrate John Coleridge Patteson as Missionary Bishop of the Western Pacific Isles.

J. C. P.—Well, then, I must say what I feel about it. I have known for some time that this was not unlikely to come some day; but I never spoke seriously to you or to the Martins when you insinuated these things, because I thought if I took it up gravely it would come to be considered a settled thing.

Mrs. S.—Well, so it has been, and is——

J. C. P.—But has the Bishop seriously thought of this, that he has had no trial of any other man; that I could give any other man who may come, perhaps, the full benefit of my knowledge of languages, and of my acquaintance with the islands and the people, while we may reasonably expect some one to come out before long far better fitted to organise and lead men than I am? Has he fairly looked at all the per contra?

Mrs. S.—I feel sure he has.

J. C. P.—I don't deny that my father tells me I must not shrink from it; that some things seem to point to it as natural; that I must not venture to think that I can be as complete a judge as the Bishop of what is good for Melanesia—but what necessity for acting now?

Here came an interruption, but the conversation was renewed later in the day with the Bishop himself, when

Patteson pleaded for delay on the score that the isles were as yet in a state in which a missionary chaplain could do all that was requisite, and that the real management ought not to be withdrawn from the Bishop; to which the reply was that at the present time the Bishop could do much to secure such an appointment as he wished; but, in case of his death, even wishes expressed in writing might be disregarded. After this, the outpouring to the father continues:—

I don't mean to shrink from this. You tell me that I ought not to do so, and I quite believe it. I know that no one can judge better than you can as to the general question, and the Bishop is as competent to decide on the special requirements of the case.

But, my dear father, you can hardly tell how difficult I find it to be, amidst all the multiplicity of works, a man of devotional prayerful habits; how I find from time to time that I wake up to the fact that while I am doing more than I did in old times, yet that I pray less. How often I think that 'God gives' habitually to the Bishop 'all that sail with him;' that the work is prospering in his hands; but will it prosper in mine? I know He can use any instrument to His glory: I know *that*, and that He will not let my sins and shortcomings hinder His projects of love and blessing to these Melanesian islanders; but as far as purity of motive, and a spirit of prayer and self-denial do go for anything in making up the qualification on the human side for such an office—in so far, do they exist in me? You will say I am over sensitive and expect too much. That, I think, very likely may be true. It is useless to wait till one becomes really fit, for that of course

I never shall be. But while I believe most entirely that grace does now supply all our deficiencies when we seek it fully, I do feel frightened when I see that I do *not* become more prayerful, more real in communion with God. This is what I must pray earnestly: to become more prayerful, more constantly impressed with the necessity of seeking for everything from Him.

You all think that absence from relations, living upon yams, want of the same kind of meat and drink that I had at home, that these things are proofs of sincerity, &c. I believe that they all mean just nothing when the practical result does not come to this—that a man is walking more closely with his God. I dare not say that I can feel humbly and reverently that my inner life is progressing. I don't think that I am as earnest in prayer as I was. Whether it be the effect of the amount of work distracting me; or, sometimes, of physical weariness, or of the self-indulgence (laugh as you may) which results from my never being contradicted or interfered with, or much worried, still I do feel this; and may He strengthen me to pray more for a spirit of prayer.

I don't know that the actual time for my being consecrated, if I live, is nearer by reason of this letter; I think it most probable that it may take place when the General Synod meets, and, consequently, five Bishops will be present, in 1862, at Nelson. But I suppose it is more fixed than it has been hitherto, and if the Bishop writes to you, as he may do, even more plainly than he speaks to me, you will know what especially to ask for me from God, and all you dear ones will recollect daily how I do inwardly tremble at the thoughts of what is to come. Do you remember how strangely I was upset before

leaving home for my ordination as a deacon ; and now it is coming to this—a church to be planted, organised, edified among the wild heathen inhabitants of Melanesia ; and what hope can there be for me if there is to be no growth of a fervent, thankful, humble spirit of prayer and love and adoration ? Not that, as I feel to my great comfort, God's work is dependent upon the individual growth in grace even of those who are entrusted with any given work ; but it is in some way connected with it.

And yet, the upshot of it all is that I shall do (D.V.) what the Bishop tells me is right. I hope he won't press on the matter, but I am content now to leave it with him, knowing what you have said, and being so thankful to leave it with you and him.

There is a letter to his sister Fanny of the same date, beginning merrily about the family expostulation on receiving a box of reports where curiosities had been expected.

Fancy not thinking your worthy brother's important publications the most satisfactory treasures that any box could contain! The author's feelings are seriously injured! What are Melanesian shells to Melanesian statistics, and Lifu spears to a dissertation on the treatment of Lifu diseases ? Great is the ingratitude of the houses of Feniton and Dawlish!

Well, it must have been rather a 'sell,' as at Eton it is called, to have seen the long-desired and highly-paid-for box disgorge nought but Melanesian reports! all thanks to Mrs. Martin, who packed it after I was off to the Islands.

I cannot send you anything yet, but I will bear in mind the fact that reports by themselves are not considered satisfactory. Does anybody read them,

after all? for they really cost me some days' trouble, which I can't find time for again. This year's report (for I suppose there must be one) is not begun, and I don't know what to put in it. I have but little news beyond what I have written once for all to Father.

The decisive letter from the Bishop of New Zealand to the Duke of Newcastle is in the Governor's hands, and all discussion of the question is at an end. May God bring out of it all that may conduce to His glory; but how I dread what is to come, you, who remember my leaving home first for my deacon's ordination, can well imagine.

It is true I have seen this coming for a year or two, and have seen no way of preventing its coming upon me—no one else has come out; the Bishop feels he cannot work his present diocese and Melanesia; he is satisfied that he ought to take New Zealand rather than the islands; that the time is come for settling the matter while he is able to settle it; and I had nothing to say, for all personal objections he overruled. So then, if I live, it is settled; and that, at all events, is a comfort. . . . . Many of my Melanesians have heavy coughs—some twelve, but I don't think any of them seriously ill, only needing to be watched. I am very well, only I want some more exercise (which, by the by, it is always in my power to take), and am quite as much disposed as ever to wish for a good game at tennis or fives to *take it out of me.*

Your loving Brother,
J. C. PATTESON.

The birthday letter of February 11 is a happy one, though chiefly taken up with the business matters

respecting the money required for the Mission, of which Sir John was one trustee. Life was pleasant then, for Patteson says :—

I do feel sometimes that the living alone has its temptations, and those great ones ; I mean that I can arrange everything—my work, my hours, my whole life—after my own pleasure a great deal more than probably is good for me ; and it is very easy to become, in a manner, very self-indulgent. I think that most likely, as our work (D.V.) progresses, one or two men may be living with me, and that will supply a check upon me of some kind. At present I am too much without it. Here I am in my cosy little room, after my delicious breakfast of perfect coffee, made in Jem's contrivance, hot milk and plenty of it, dry toast and potato. Missionary hardships ! On the grass between me and the beach—a distance of some seventy yards—lie the boys' canvas beds and blankets and rugs, having a good airing. The schooner lies at anchor beyond ; and, three or four miles beyond the schooner, lies Rangitoto, the great natural breakwater to the harbour. With my Dollond's opera-glass that you gave me, I can see the master and mate at their work refitting. Everything is under my eye. Our long boat and whale boat (so called from their shapes) lie on the beach, covered with old sails to protect them from the sun. The lads are washing clothes, or scrubbing their rooms, and all the rooms—kitchen, hall, store-room, and school-room. There is a good south-western breeze stirring—our cold wind ; but it is shut off here, and scarcely reaches us, and the sun has great power.

I have the jolliest little fellows this time—about

seven of them—fellows scarcely too big to take on my knee, and talk to about God, and Heaven, and Jesus Christ; and I feel almost as if I had a kind of instinct of love towards them, as they look up wonderingly with their deep deep eyes, and smooth and glossy skins, and warm soft cheeks, and ask their simple questions. I wish you could have seen the twenty Banks Islanders as I told them that most excellent of all tales—the story of Joseph. How their eyes glistened! and they pushed out their heads to hear the sequel of his making himself known to his brethren, and asking once more about 'the old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?'

I can never read it with a steady voice, nor tell it either.

Sir John had thus replied to the tirade against English conventional luxury:—

The conventional notions in this old country are not always suited to your country, and I quite agree that even here they are carried too far. Yet there are other people than the needy whose souls are entrusted to the clergy here, and in order to fulfil that trust they must mix on some degree of equality with the gentry, and with the middle classes who are well to do. Then, again, consider both as to clergy and laity here. If they were all to lower themselves a peg or two, and give up many not only luxuries, but comforts, numbers of tradesmen, and others working under them, ay, even merchants, manufacturers, and commercial men of all sorts, would be to some extent thrown out of employ. The artificial and even luxurious state of society here does really prevent many persons from falling into the class of the needy. All this should be regulated in its due

proportion. Every man ought so to limit his expenses as to have a good margin for charitable purposes of all sorts, but I cannot think that he is doing good by living himself like a pauper in order to assist paupers. If all men did so, labour of all kinds would be overstocked with hands, and more paupers created. True it is, that we all are too apt as means increase, some to set our hearts upon them, which is wickedness; some to indulge in over much luxury, which is wicked also; there should be moderation in all things. I believe that more money is given in private charities of various kinds in helping those who are struggling with small means, and yet not apparently in the class of the needy, than the world is aware of; and those who do the most are precisely those who are never heard of. But do not mistake me. I am no advocate for luxury and idle expenditure. Yet I think you carry your argument a little farther than is just. The impositions that are practised, or attempted to be practised, upon charitable people are beyond all conception.

The following is the answer:—

April 23, 1860.

My dearest Father,—Thank you for writing your views about luxuries, extravagant expenditure, and the like. I see at once the truth of what you say.

What I really mean is something of this kind. A high degree of civilisation seems to generate (perhaps necessarily) a state of society wherein the natural desires of people to gratify their inclinations in all directions, conjoined with the power of paying highly for the gratification of such inclinations, tends to call forth the ingenuity of the working class in meeting such inclinations in all agreeable ways. So

springs up a complicated mechanism, by which a habit of life altogether unnecessary for health and security of life and property is introduced and becomes naturalised among a people.

If this is the necessary consequence of the distinction between rich and poor, and the course of civilisation *must* result in luxury and poverty among the two classes respectively (and this seems to be so), it is, of course, still more evident that the state of society being once established gradually, through a long course of years, no change can subsequently be introduced excepting in one way. It is still in the power of individuals to act upon the community by their example—*e.g.*, the early Christians, though only for a short time, showed the result of the practical acceptance of the Lord's teaching in its effect upon society. Rich and poor, comparatively speaking, met each other half way. The rich man sold his possessions, and equal distribution was made to the poor.

All that I contend for is that, seeing the fearful deterioration, and no less fearful extravagance, of a civilised country, the evil is one which calls loudly for careful investigation. Thousands of artisans and labourers who contribute nothing to the substantial wealth of the country, and nothing towards the production of its means of subsistence, would be thrown out of employment, and therefore that plan would be wrong. Jewellers, &c., &c., all kinds of fellows who simply manufacture vanities, are just as honest and good men as others, and it is not their fault, but the fault (if it be one at all) of civilisation that they exist. But I don't see why, the evil being recognised, some comprehensive scheme of colonisation might not be adopted by the rulers of a Christian

land, to empty our poor-houses, and draft off the surplus population, giving to the utterly destitute the prospect of health, and renewed hopes and success in another thinly-inhabited country, and securing for those who remain behind a more liberal remuneration for their work by the comparative absence of competition.

Yet this, of course, is altogether opposed to the political economists of the day.

And yet, what are we, for example, in England to come to? A hot-headed, clever man like Bright is really able to exercise great influence on the people, because they have a greater amount of real misery than they can bear.

The present state of 'strikes' is not a thing surely to be disregarded. The men may be unreasonable, their coalitions immoral, and cruel towards others in their conduct, yet the story is plainly told of the want of sympathy between master and man, of the effect produced by the sight of disproportionate distribution of wealth and poverty.

I should like to see colonisation fairly tried; but there are endless difficulties, I know, and not the least that the settlers already out in the given colony, and claiming the right of governing it, would be jealous and exclusive, and drive up the new comers into corners, &c. It must be done by the Imperial Government, if at all. And then, who can be found competent to carry out the working of any system into detail? Every way it is difficult; and then comes a noble-hearted millionaire, like that Mr. Akroyd, of whom I have just been reading, and teaches one, after all, that money used aright becomes a friend; and that the disproportionate distribution to different men is necessary in God's providence for the formation of the Christian graces of charity and

patience, &c. I suppose mine is just a human view of the whole thing, as so many politico-economical schemes are. And yet strong words are wanted to urge upon *individuals*, at all events, and so upon the community, if we could only reach each individual, the danger of luxury and the duty of self-denial.

I hardly know what to write to you, my dear Father, about this new symptom of illness. I suppose, from what you say, that at your time of life the disease being so mild in its form now, will hardly prove dangerous to you, especially as you submit at once to a strictness of diet which must be pretty hard to follow out—just the habit of a whole life to be given up; and I know that to forego anything that I like, in matters of eating and drinking, wants an effort that I feel ashamed of being obliged to make. I don't, therefore, make myself unnecessarily anxious, though I can't help feeling that such a discipline must be hard. You say that in other respects you are much the same; but that means that you are in almost constant pain, and that you cannot obtain entire relief from it, except in bed.

Still, my dear Father, as you *do* bear it all, how can we wish that God should spare you one trial or infirmity, which, we know, are in His providence, making you daily riper and riper for Heaven? I ought not to write to you like this, but somehow the idea of our ever meeting anywhere else has so entirely passed from my mind, that I try to view things with reference to His ultimate purpose and work.

Your loving and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

The most *present* trouble of this summer was the sickness of Simeona. The account of him on Ash

Wednesday is :—'He is dying of consumption slowly, and *may* go back with us two months hence, but I doubt it. Poor fellow, he makes the worst of his case, and is often discontented and thinks himself aggrieved because we cannot derange the whole plan of the school economy for him. I have everything which is good for him, every little dainty, and everyone is most kind; but when it comes to a complaint because one pupil-teacher is not set apart to sit with him all day, and another to catch him fish, of course I tell him that it would be wrong to grant what is so unreasonable. Some one or other of the most stupid of the boys catches his fish just as well as a pupil-teacher, and he is quite able to sit up and read for two or three hours a day, and would only be injured by having another lad in the room on purpose to be the receptacle of all his moans and complaints, yet I know, poor fellow! it is much owing to the disease upon him.'

In spite of his fretfulness and exactions, the young man, meeting not with spoiling, but with true kindness, responded to the touch. Lady Martin tells us :—'I shall never forget dear Mr. Patteson's thankfulness when, after a long season of reserve, he opened his heart to him, and told him how, step by step, this sinfulness of sin had been brought home to him. He knew he had done wrong in his heathen boyhood, but had put away such deeds when he was baptized, and had almost forgotten the past, or looked on it as part of heathenism. But in his illness, tended daily and hourly by our dear friend, his conscience had become very tender. He died in great peace.'

His death is mentioned in the following letter to Sir John Coleridge :—

March 26, 1860.
(This day 5 years I left home.
It was a Black Monday indeed).

My dear Uncle,—. . . At three this morning died one of my old scholars, by name George Selwyn Simeona, from Nengonè. He was here for his third time; for two years a regular communicant, having received a good deal of teaching before I knew him. He was baptized three years ago. I did not wish to bring him this time, for it was evident that he could not live long when we met last at Nengonè, and I told him that he had better not come with us; but he said, 'Heaven was no farther from New Zealand than from Nengonè;' and when we had pulled some little way from shore, he ran down the beach, and made us return to take him in. Gradual decline and chronic bronchitis wore him to a skeleton. On Thursday the Bishop and I administered the Holy Eucharist to him; and he died at 3 A.M. to-day, with his hand in mine, as I was in the act of commending his soul to God. His wife, a sweet good girl, one of Mrs. Selwyn's pupils from Nengonè in old times, died last year. They leave one boy of three years, whom I hope to get hold of entirely, and as it were adopt him.

The clear bright moon was right over my head as, after a while, and after prayer with his friends, I left his room; the quiet splash of the tiny waves on our sheltered shore, and the little schooner at her anchorage: and I thanked God that one more spirit from among the Melanesian islanders was gone to dwell, we trust, with JESUS CHRIST in Paradise.

He will not be much missed in the Melanesian

school work, for, for months, he could not make one of us. . . .

I find Trench's Notes on the Authorised Version of the New Testament very useful, chiefly as helping one to acquire a habit of accurate criticism for oneself, and when we come (D.V.) to translate any portion of the Scriptures, of course such books are very valuable.

Last mail brought me but a very few letters. The account of my dear Father's being obliged to submit to discipline did not alarm me, though I know the nature of the disease, and that his father died of it. It seems in his case likely to be kept under, but (as I have said before) I cannot feel uneasy and anxious about him, be the accounts what they may. It is partly selfish, for I am spared the sight of his suffering, but then I do long for a look at his dear face and for the sound of his voice. Five years of absence has of course made so much change in my mind in this respect, that I do not now find myself dreaming of home, constantly thinking of it; the first freshness of my loss is not felt now. But I think I love them all and you all better than ever; and I trust that I am looking inward on the whole to the blessedness of our meeting hereafter.

But this work has its peculiar dangers. A man may become so familiarised with the habits of the heathen that insensibly his conscience becomes less sensitive.

There is a danger in living in the midst of utter lawlessness and violence; and though the blessings and privileges far excel the disadvantages, yet it is not in every way calculated to help one forward, as I think I have in some ways found by experience.

Well, this is all dull and dry. But our life is some-

what monotonous on shore, varied only by the details of incidents occurring in school, and witnessing to the growth of the minds of my flock. They are a very intelligent set this year, and there are many hopeful ones among them. We have worked them hard at English, and all can read a little; and some eight or ten really read nicely, but then they do not understand nearly all they read without an explanation, just like an English boy beginning his knowledge of letters with Latin (or French, a still spoken language).

In about a month we shall (D.V.) start to take them back; but the vessel will be absent but a short time, as I shall keep the Solomon Islanders with me in the Banks archipelago for the winter, and so avoid the necessity of the schooner running 200 or 300 miles to leeward and having to make it up again. I have slept ashore twice in the Banks Islands, but no other white man has done so, and that makes our course very clear, as they have none of the injuries usually committed by traders, &c., to revenge.

Good-bye once more, my dearest Uncle,

Your affectionate and grateful Nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

The calmness of mind respecting his father which is here spoken of was not perpetual, and his grief broke out at times in talks with his young friend and companion, Mr. Dudley, as appears by this extract:—

I remember his talking to me more than once on the subject of his father, and especially his remarking on one occasion that his friends were pressing him to come out there oftener, and suggesting, when he seemed out of health and spirits, that he was not

taking care of himself; but that it was the anguish he endured, as night after night he lay awake thinking of his father gradually sinking and craving for him, and cheerfully resigning him, that really told upon him. I know that I obtained then a glimpse of an affection and a depth of sorrow such as perfectly awed me, and I do not think I have witnessed anything like it at all, either before or since. It was then that he seemed to enter into the full meaning of those words of our Lord, in St. Mark x. 29–30, *i.e.*, into all that the 'leaving' there spoken of involved.

Yet in spite of this anxiety there was no flinching from the three months' residence at Mota, entirely out of reach of letters. A frame house, with planks for the floor, was prepared at Auckland to be taken out, and a stock of wine, provisions and medicines laid in. The Rev. B. Y. Ashwell, a New Zealand clergyman, joined the Mission party as a guest, with two Maori youths, one the son of a Deacon; and, besides Mr. Dudley, another pupil, Mr. Thomas Kerr, was beginning his training for service in the Mission. Sailing on one of the last days of April, there was a long passage to Nengonè, where the party went ashore, and found everything in trouble, the French constantly expected, and the chiefs entreating for a missionary from the Bishop, and no possibility of supplying them. Lifu was rendered inaccessible by foul winds.

'Much to my sorrow,' writes Mr. Patteson, 'I could not land my two pupil-teachers, who, of course, wished to see their friends, and who made me more desirous to give them a run on shore by saying at once: "Don't think of us, it is not safe to go." But I thought of what my feelings would be if it were

the Devonshire coast, somewhere about Sidmouth, and no landing!' However, they, as well as the three Nengonese, Wadrokala, Harper Malo, and Martin Tahia, went on contentedly; and Mr. Patteson landed at Tokè, saw Kapua, and was somewhat less unhappy about him.

Off Mai, May 19th.—Mr. Kerr has been busy, taking bearings, &c., for the purpose of improving our MS. chart, and some day constructing a new one. Commodore Loring wanted me to tell him all about Port Patteson, and asked me if I wished a man-of-war to be sent down this winter to see me, supposing the New Zealand troubles to be over. I gave him all the information he wanted, told him that I did not want a vessel to come with the idea of any protection being required, but that a man-of-war coming with the intention of supporting the Mission, and giving help, and not coming to treat the natives in an off-hand manner, might do good. I did not speak coldly; but really I fear what mischief even a few wildish fellows might do on shore among such people as those of the Banks Islands!

A fore-and-aft schooner in sight! Probably some trader. May be a schooner which I heard the French had brought for missionary purposes. What if we find a priest or two at Port Patteson! However, my course is clear any way: work straight on.

May 21st.—Schooner a false alarm. We had a very interesting visit on Saturday afternoon at Mai. We could not land till 4 P.M.: walked at once to the village, a mile and a half inland; after some excitement caused by our appearance, the people rushing to welcome us. We got them to be quiet and to

sit down. I stood up, and gave them a sermonette, then made Dudley, who speaks good Mai, say something. Then we knelt down, and I said the second Good Friday Collect, inserted a few petitions which you can imagine any one would do at such a time, then a simple prayer in their language, the Lord's Prayer in English, and the Grace.

At Aurora a short address was also given, which had been composed, with the help of Lidi, the scholar from thence; but the people were much more engrossed by the hope of fish-hooks, and the chief hope was that Lidi might tell them what might prepare them to pay more attention another time. Like the Banks Islanders, whose language resembled theirs, they wore no garments nor ornaments; moreover, there was a large proportion of albinos among them. The same day a ten minutes' discourse was made at Mua Lava to some 150 people, who listened readily.

On Friday Mota was reached, and the people showed great delight when the frame of the house was landed at the site purchased for a number of hatchets and other goods, so that it is the absolute property of the Mission. Saturday was spent in a visit to Port Patteson, where the people thronged, while the water-casks were being filled, and bamboos cut down, with entreaties that the station might be there; and the mosquitoes thronged too—Mr. Patteson had fifty-eight bites on one foot.

On Whit Sunday, after Holy Communion on board, the party went on shore, and prayed *for*, 'I cannot say *with*,' the people of Vanua Lava.

And on Whit Monday the house was set up 'in a most lovely spot,' says Mr. Dudley, 'beneath the shade

of a gigantic banyan tree, the trunk and one long horizontal branch of which formed two sides of as beautiful a picture as you would wish to look upon; the sloping bank, with its cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and other trees, forming the base of the picture; and the coral beach, the deep, clear, blue tropical ocean, with others of the Banks Islands, Valua, Matlavo, and Uvaparapara, in the distance, forming the picture itself.'

At least a hundred natives came to help, pulling down materials from their own houses to make the roof, and delighted to obtain a bit of iron, or still better of broken glass, to shave with. In the afternoon, the master of the said house, using a box for a desk, wrote: 'Our little house will, I think, be finished to-night; anyhow we can sleep in it, if the walls are but half ready; they are merely bamboo canes tied together. We sleep on the floor, boarded and well raised on poles, two feet and more from the ground—beds are superfluous here.'

Here then was the first stake of the Church's tabernacle planted in all Melanesia!

The boards of the floor had been brought from New Zealand, the heavy posts on which the plates were laid were cut in Vanua Lava, and the thatch was of cocoa-nut leaves, the leaflets ingeniously bound together, native fashion, and quite waterproof; but a mat or piece of canvas had to be nailed within the bamboo walls to keep out the rain.

On Wednesday a short service was held, the first ever known in Mota; and then Mr. Ashwell and Mr. Kerr embarked, leaving Mr. Patteson and Mr. Dudley with their twelve pupils in possession. Mr. Dudley had skill to turn their resources to advantage. Space

was gained below by making a frame, to which knapsacks, bags, &c., could be hung up, and the floor was only occupied by the four boxes, which did the further part of tables, desks and chairs in turn. As to beds, was not the whole floor before them? and, observes the Journal: 'Now I saw the advantage of having brought planks from New Zealand to make a floor. We all had some thing level to lie on at night, and when you are tired enough, a good smooth plank or a box does just as well as a mattress.'

Fresh water was half a mile off, and had to be fetched in bamboos; but this was a great improvement upon Lifu, where there was none at all; and a store of it was always kept in four twenty-gallon casks, three on the beach, and one close to the house.

The place was regularly purchased:—

June 8th.—I have just bought for the Mission this small clearing of half an acre, and the two acres (say) leading to the sea, with twenty or more bread-fruits on it. There was a long talk with the people, and some difficulty in finding out the real proprietors, but I think we arranged matters really well at last. You would have been amused at the solemnity with which I conducted the proceeding: making a great show of writing down their names, and bringing each one of the owners up in their turn to see his name put down, and making him touch my pen as I put a cross against his name. Having spent about an hour in enquiring whether any other person had any claim on the land or trees, I then said, 'Now this all belongs to me,' and they assented. I entered it in my books—'On behalf of the Melanesian Mission,' but they could only understand that the land belonged to the Bishop and me, because we wanted a place where some people might live, who should be placed

by the Bishop to teach them. Of course the proceeding has no real validity, but I think they will observe the contract: not quite the same thing as the transfer of land in the old country! Here about 120 men, quite naked, represented the interests of the late owners, and Dudley and I represented the Mission.

The days were thus laid out—Morning school in the village, first with the regular scholars, then with any one who liked to come in; and then, when the weather permitted, a visit to some village, sometimes walking all round, a circuit of ten miles, but generally each of the two taking a separate village, talking to the people, teaching them from cards, and encouraging interrogatories. Mr. Patteson always had such an attraction for them that they would throng round him eagerly wherever he went.

The Mota people had a certain faith of their own: they believed in a supreme god called Ikpat, who had many brothers, one of whom was something like Loki, in the Northern mythology, always tricking him. Ikpat had disappeared in a ship, taking the best of everything with him. It was also believed that the spirits of the dead survived and ranged about at night, maddening all who chanced to meet them; and, like many other darkly coloured people, the Motans had begun by supposing their white visitors to be the ghosts of their deceased friends come to revisit them.

There were a good many other superstitions besides; and a ceremony connected with one of them was going on the second week of the residence at Mota—apparently a sort of freemasonry, into which all boys of a certain age were to be initiated.

The Journal says:—

There is some strange superstitious ceremony going on at this village. A space had been enclosed by a high hedge, and some eighteen or nineteen youths are spending a month or more inside the fence, in a house where they lie wrapped up in mats, abundantly supplied with food by the people, who, from time to time, assemble to sing or perform divers rites. I had a good deal of trouble with the father of our second year's pupil Tagalana, who insisted upon sending his son thither. I warned him against the consequences of hindering his son, who wished to follow Christ. He yielded, because he was evidently afraid of me, but not convinced, as I have no right to expect he should be.

The next morning comes an old fellow, and plants a red-flowering branch in our small clearing, whereupon our Mota boys go away, not wishing to go, but not daring to stay. No people came near us, but by-and-by comes the man who had planted it, with whom I had much talk, which ended in his pulling up and throwing away the branch, and in the return of our boys.

In the evening many people came, to whom I spoke very plainly about the necessity of abandoning these customs if they were in earnest in saying they wished to embrace the Word of God. On Sunday they gave up their singing at the enclosure, or only attempted it in a very small way.

June 6th.—I am just returned from a village a mile and a half off, called Tasmate, where one of their religious ceremonies took place this morning. The village contains upwards of twenty houses, built at the edge of the bush, which consists here almost exclusively of fruit-bearing trees—cocoa-nut trees, bananas, bread-fruit, and large almond trees

are everywhere the most conspicuous. The sea view looking south is very beautiful.

I walked thither alone, having heard that a feast was to be held there. As I came close to the spot, I heard the hum of many voices, and the dull booming sound of the native drum, which is nothing but a large hollow tree, of circular shape, struck by wooden mallets. Some few people ran off as I appeared, but many of them had seen me before. The women, about thirty in number, were sitting on the ground together, in front of one of the houses, which enclose an open circular space; in front of another house were many children and young people. In the long narrow house which forms the general cooking and lounging room of the men of each village, and the sleeping room of the bachelors, were many people preparing large messes of grated yam and cocoa nut in flat wooden dishes. At the long oblong-shaped drum sat the performers, two young men, each with two short sticks to perform the kettledrum part of the business, and an older man in the centre whose art consisted in bringing out deep, hollow tones from his wooden instrument. Around them stood some thirty men, two of whom I noticed especially, decked out with red leaves, and feathers in their hair. Near this party, and close to the long, narrow house in the end of which I stood, was a newly raised platform of earth, supported on stones. On the corner stone were laid six or eight pigs' jaws, with the large curling tusks left in them. This was a sacred stone. In front of the platform were three poles, covered with flowers, red leaves, &c.

For about an hour and a half the men at or around the drum kept up an almost incessant shouting,

screaming and whistling, moving their legs and arms in time, not with any wild gesticulations, but occasionally with some little violence, the drum all the time being struck incessantly. About the middle of the ceremony, an old, tall, thin man, with a red handkerchief, our gift at some time, round his waist, began ambling round the space in the middle of the houses, carrying a boar's skull in his hand. This performance he repeated three times. Then a man jumped up upon the platform, and, moving quickly about on it and gesticulating wildly, delivered a short speech, after which the drum was beat louder than ever; then came another speech from the same man; and then the rain evidently hastening matters to a conclusion to the whole thing, without any ceremony of consecrating the stone, as I had expected.

In the long room afterwards I had the opportunity of saying quietly what I had said to those about me during the ceremony: the same story of the love of God, especially manifested in JESUS CHRIST, to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. With what power that verse speaks to one while witnessing such an exhibition of ignorance, or fear, or superstition as I have seen today! And through it all I was constantly thinking upon the earnestness with which these poor souls follow out a mistaken notion of religion. Such rain as fell this morning would have kept a whole English congregation from going to church, but they never sought shelter nor desisted from their work in hand; and the physical effect was really great, the perspiration streamed down their bodies, and the learning by heart all the songs and the complicated parts of the ceremony implied a good deal of pains. Christians

do not always take so much pains to fulfil scrupulously their duties as sometimes these heathens do. And, indeed, their bondage is a hard one, constant suspicion and fear whenever they think at all. Everything that is not connected with the animal part of our nature seems to be the prey of dark and gloomy superstitions; the spiritual part is altogether inactive as an instrument of comfort, joy, peace and hope. You can imagine that I prayed earnestly for these poor souls, actually performing before me their strange mysteries, and that I spoke earnestly and strongly afterwards.

The argument with those who would listen was: What good comes of all this? What has the spirit you call Ikpat ever done for you? Has he taught you to clothe yourselves, build houses, &c.? Does he offer to make you happy? Can you tell me what single good thing has come from these customs? But if you ask me what good thing has come to us from the Word of God, first you had better let me tell you what has happened in England of old, in New Zealand, Nengonè, or Lifu, then I will tell you what the Word of God teaches;—and these with the great outline of the Faith.

Every village in the island had the platforms, poles and flowers; and the next day, at a turn in the path near a village, the Mission party suddenly came upon four sticks planted in a row, two of them bearing things like one-eyed masks; two others, like mitres, painted red, black and white. As far as could be made out, they were placed there as a sort of defiance to the inhabitants; but Mr. Patteson took down one, and declared his intention of buying them for fish-hooks, to

take to New Zealand, that the people might see their dark and foolish customs!

Some effect had already been produced, the people declared that there had been much less of fighting since the missionaries had spoken to them eighteen months back, and they had given up some of the charms by which they used to destroy each other; but there was still much carrying of bows; and on the way home from this expedition, Mr. Patteson suddenly came on six men with bows bent and arrows pointed in his direction. He at once recognised a man from Veverao, the next village to the station, and called out 'All right!' It proved that a report had come of his being attacked or killed on the other side of the island, and that they had set out to defend or avenge him.

He received his champions with reproof:—'*This* is the very thing I told you not to do. It is all your foolish jealousy and suspicion of them. There is not a man on the island who is not friendly to me! And if they were not friendly, what business have you with your bows and arrows? I tell you once more, if I see you take your bows again, though you may do it as you think with a good intention towards me, I will not stay at your village. If you want to help me, receive the Word of God, abandon your senseless ceremonies. That will be helping me indeed!'

'Cannot you live at peace in this little bit of an island?' was the constant theme of these lectures; and when Wompas, his old scholar, appeared with bow and arrows, saying, 'I am sent to defend you,' the answer was, 'Don't talk such nonsense! Give me the bow!' This was done, and Patteson was putting it across his knee to break it, when the youth declared it was not

his. 'If I see these things again, you know what will become of them!'

The mitres and masks were gone; but the Veverao people were desperately jealous of the next village, Auta, alleging that the inhabitants were unfriendly, and by every means trying to keep the guest entirely to themselves; while he resolutely forced on their reluctant ears, 'If you are sincere in saying that you wish to know God, you must love your brother. God will not dwell in a divided heart, nor teach you His truth while you wilfully continue to hate your brother!'

The St. Barnabas Day on which most of this was written was a notable one, for it was marked by the first administration of both the Sacraments in Mota. In the morning one English and four Nengonese communicants knelt round their pastor; and, in the evening, after a walk to Auta, and much of this preaching of peace and good will, then a dinner, which was made festive with preserved meat and wine, there came a message from one Ivepapeu, a leading man, whose child was sick. It was evidently dying, and Mr. Patteson, in the midst of the people, told them that—

'The Son of God had commanded us to teach and baptize all nations; that they did not understand the meaning of what he was about to do, but that the word of JESUS the Son of God was plain, and that he must obey it; that this was not a mere form, but a real gift from heaven, not for the body but the soul; that the child would be as likely to die as before, but that its spirit would be taken to God, and if it should recover, it must be set apart for God, not taken to any heathen rites, but given to himself to be trained up as a child of God.' The parents consented: 'Then,' he continues, 'we knelt, and in the middle of

the village, the naked group around me, the dying child in its mother's lap, I prayed to God and Christ in their language to bless the child according to His own promise, to receive it for His own child, and to convey to it the fulness of the blessing of His holy Sacrament. Then while all were silent, I poured the water on its head, pronouncing the form of words in English, and calling the child John, the first Christian child in the Banks Islands. Then I knelt down again and praised God for His goodness, and prayed that the child might live, if it were His good pleasure, and be educated to His glory; and then I prayed for those around me and for the people of the island, that God would reveal to them His Holy Name and Word and Will; and so, with a few words to the parents and people, left them, as darkness settled down on the village and the bright stars came out overhead.'

The innocent first-fruits of Mota died three days later, and Mr. Patteson found a great howling and wailing going on over its little grave under a long low house. This was hushed when he came up, and spoke of the Resurrection, and described the babe's soul dwelling in peace in the Kingdom of the Father, where those would join it who would believe and repent, cast away their evil practices, and be baptized to live as children of God. Kneeling down, he prayed over it, thanking God for having taken it to Himself, and interceding for all around! They listened and seemed touched; no opposition was ever offered to him, but he found that there was much fighting and quarrelling, many of the villages at war with each other, and a great deal too much use of the bow and arrow, though the whole race was free from cannibalism. They seemed to want to halt between two opinions: to keep up their orgies on the one hand,

and to make much of the white teacher on the other; and when we recollect that two unarmed Englishmen, and twelve blacks from other islands, were perfectly isolated in the midst of a heathen population, having refused protection from a British man-of-war, it gives a grandeur to the following narrative:—

June 16th.—One of their chief men has just been with two bread-fruit as a present. I detected him as a leader of one of their chief ceremonies yesterday, and I have just told him plainly that I cannot accept anything from him, neither can I suffer him to be coming to my place while it is notorious that he is teaching the children the very things they ought not to learn, and that he is strongly supporting the old false system, while he professes to be listening attentively to the Word of God. I made him take up his two bread-fruit and carry them away; and I suppose it will be the story all over the village that I have driven him away.

'By-and-by we will listen to the Word of God, when we have finished these ceremonies.'

'Yes, you hearken first to the voice of the evil spirit; you choose him first, and then you will care to hear about God.'

The ceremony was to last twenty days, and only affected the lads, who were blackened all over with soot, and apparently presented pigs to the old priest, and were afterwards admitted to the privileges of eating and sleeping in the separate building, which formed a kind of club-house for the men of each village, and on which Mr. Patteson could always reckon as both a lecture room and sleeping place.

The people kept on saying that 'by-and-by' they would make an end of their wild ritual, and throw down

their enclosures, and at the same time they thronged to talk to him at the Mission station, and built a shed to serve for a school at Auta.

Meantime the little estate was brought into order. A pleasant day of landscape gardening was devoted to clearing gaps to let in the lovely views from the station; and a piêce of ground was dug and planted with pine-apples, vines, oranges and cotton, also a choicer species of banana than the indigenous one. Bread-fruit was so plenty that breakfast was provided by sending a boy up a tree to bring down four or five fruits, which were laid in the ashes, and cooked at once; and as to banana leaves 'we think nothing of cutting one down, four feet long and twenty inches wide, of a bright pale green, just to wrap up a cooked yam or two.'

The first week in July, with Wadrokala, Mark, and two Malanta men, Mr. Patteson set forth in the boat that had been left with him, for an expedition among the other islands, beginning with Saddle Island, or Valua, which was the proper name.

The day after leaving Rowa, the weather changed; and as on these perilous coasts there was no possibility of landing, two days and the intervening night had to be spent in the open four-oared boat, riding to a grapnel!

Very glad they were to get into Port Patteson, and to land in the wet, 'as it can rain in the tropics.' The nearest village, however, was empty, everybody being gone to the burial wake of the wife of a chief, and there was no fire to cook the yams, everything dreary and deserted, but a short walk brought the wet and tired party to the next village, where they were made welcome to the common house; and, after supping on yams and chocolate, spent a good night, and found the sea smooth the next day for a return to head-quarters.

These first weeks at Mota were very happy, but after that the strain began to tell. Mr. Patteson had been worn with anxiety for his father, and no doubt with awe in the contemplation of his coming Episcopate, and was not in a strong state of health when he left Kohimarama, and the lack of animal food, the too sparing supply of wine, and the bare board bed told upon him. On the 24th of July he wrote in a letter to his Uncle Edward :—

I have lost six days : a small tumour formed inside the ear about two inches from the outer ear, and the pain has been very considerable, and the annoyance great. Last night I slept for the first time for five nights, and I have been so weary with sleeplessness that I have been quite idle. The mischief is passing away now. That ear is quite deaf; it made me think so of dear Father and Joan with their constant trial. I don't *see* any results from our residence here; and why should I look for them? It is enough that the people are hearing, some of them talking, and a few thinking about what they hear. All in God's own time!

Mr. Dudley adds: 'His chief trouble at this time was with one of his ears. The swelling far in not only made him deaf while it lasted, but gave him intense and protracted agony. More than once he had to spend the whole night in walking up and down the room. But only on one occasion during the whole time do I remember his losing his patience, and that was when we had been subjected to an unusually protracted visitation from the "loafers" of the village, who would stretch themselves at full length on the floor and table, if we would let them, and altogether conduct themselves in such a manner

as to call for summary treatment, very different from the more promising section. The half jocular but very decided manner in which he cleared the house on this occasion, and made them understand that they were to respect our privacy sometimes, and not make the Mission station an idling place, was very satisfactory. It was no small aggravation of the pain to feel that this might be the beginning of permanent deafness, such as would be fatal to his usefulness in a work in which accuracy of ear was essential.'

However, this gradually improved; and another boat voyage was made, but again was frustrated by the torrents of rain. In fact, it was an unusually wet and unwholesome season, which told upon everyone. Mark Chakham, the Nengonese, was brought very near the grave by a severe attack of dysentery. All the stores of coffee, chocolate, wine and biscuit were used up. The 'Southern Cross' had been due full a month, and nothing was heard of her through the whole of September.

Teaching and conversation went on all this time, trying as it was; and the people still came to hear, though no one actually undertook to forsake his idols.

'I am still hopeful about these people,' is the entry on September 18, 'though all their old customs and superstitions go on just as before. But (1) they know that a better teaching has been presented to them. (2) They do not pursue their old habits with the same unthinking security. (3) There are signs of a certain uneasiness of mind, as if a struggle was beginning in them. (4) They have a vague consciousness, some of them, that the power is passing away from their witchcrafts, sorceries, &c., by which

unquestionably they did and still do work strange effects on the credulous people, like Pharaoh's magicians of old.'

This was ground gained; and one or two voyages to Vanua Lava and the other isles were preparatory steps, and much experience had been acquired, and resulted in this:—

The feasibility of the Bishop's old scheme is more and more apparent to me. Only I think that in taking away natives to the summer school, it must be understood that some (and they few) are taken from new islands merely to teach us some of their languages and to frank us, so that we may have access in safety to their islands. Should any of them turn out well, so much the better; but it will not be well to take them with the expectation of their becoming teachers to their people. But the other section of the school will consist of young men whose behaviour we have watched during the winter in their own homes, whose professions we have had an opportunity of testing—*they* may be treated as young men on the way to become teachers eventually to their countrymen. One learns much from living among a heathen people, and only by living in our pupils' homes shall we ever know their real characters. Poor fellows! they are adepts in all kinds of deceitfulness at a very early age, and so completely in our power on board the schooner and at Kohimarama, that we know nothing of them as they are.

The very paper this is copied from shows how the stores were failing, for the full quarto sheets have all failed, and the journal is continued on note paper.

Not till October 1 was Mr. Patteson's watch by a poor dying woman interrupted by tidings that a ship was in sight. And soon it was too plain that she was not the 'Southern Cross,' though, happily, neither trader nor French Mission ship. In a short time there came ashore satisfactory letters from home, but with them the tidings that the little 'Southern Cross' lay in many fathoms water on the New Zealand coast!

On her return, on the night of the 17th of June, just as New Zealand itself was reached, there was a heavy gale from the north-east. A dangerous shoal of rocks, called the Hen and Chickens, stands out from the head of Ngunguru Bay; and, in the darkness and mist, it was supposed that these were safely passed, when the ship struck on the eastern Chicken, happily on a spot somewhat sheltered from the violence of the breakers. The two passengers and the crew took refuge in the rigging all night; and in the morning contrived to get a line to land, on which all were safely drawn through the surf, and were kindly received by the nearest English settlers.

So, after five years' good service, ended the career of the good 'Southern Cross' the first. She had gone down upon sand, and much of the wreck might have been recovered and made useful again had labour not been so scarce at that time in New Zealand that the Bishop could find no one to undertake the work, and all he could do was to charter another vessel to be despatched to bring home the party from Mota. Nor were vessels fit for the purpose easy to find, and the schooner 'Zillah'—welcome as was the sight of her—proved a miserable substitute even in mere nautical capabilities, and her internal arrangements were of course entirely inappropriate to the peculiar wants of the Mission.

This was the more unfortunate because the very day after her arrival Mr. Dudley was prostrated by something of a sunstroke. Martin Tehele was ill already, and rapidly became worse; and Wadrokala and Harper Malo sickened immediately, nor was the former patient recovered. Mr. Dudley, Wadrokala and Harper were for many days in imminent danger, and were scarcely dragged through by the help of six bottles of wine, providentially sent by the Bishop. Mr. Dudley says:—

> During the voyage Mr. Patteson's powers of nursing were severely tried. Poor Martin passed away before we arrived at Nengonè, and was committed to the deep. Before he died he was completely softened by Mr. Patteson's loving care, and asked pardon for all the trouble he had given and the fretfulness he had shown. Poor fellow! I well remember how he gasped out the Lord's Prayer after Mr. Patteson a few minutes before he died. We all who had crawled up round his bed joining in with them.
>
> Oh, what a long dreary time that was! Light baffling winds continually, and we in a vessel as different from the 'Southern Cross' as possible, absolutely guiltless, I should think, of having ever made two miles an hour to windward 'in a wind.' The one thing that stands out as having relieved its dreariness is the presence of Mr. Patteson, the visits he used to pay to us, and the exquisite pathos of his voice as, from the corner of the hold where we lay, we could hear him reading the Morning and Evening Prayers of the Church and leading the hymn. These prevented these long weary wakeful days and nights from being absolutely insupportable

At last Nengonè was reached, and Wadrokala and Harper were there set ashore, better, but very weak.

Here the tidings were known that in Lifu John Cho had lost his wife Margaret, and had married the widow of a Rarotongan teacher, a very suitable match, but too speedy to be according to European ideas; and on November 26 the 'Zillah' was off the Three Kings, New Zealand.

Monday: Nov. 26, 1860.
'Zillah' Schooner, off the Three Kings, N. of New Zealand.

You know pretty well that Kohimarama is a small bay, about one-third of a mile along the sea frontage, two-and-a-half miles due east of Auckland, and just opposite the entrance into the harbour, between the North Head and Rangitoto. The beach is composed entirely of the shells of 'pipi' (small cockles); always, therefore, dry and pleasant to walk upon. A fence runs along the whole length of it. At the eastern end of it, a short distance inside this N. (= sea) fence, are the three cottages of the master and mate and Fletcher. Sam Fletcher is a man-of-war's man, age about thirty-eight, who has been with us some four years and a half. He has all the habits of order and cleanliness that his life as coxswain of the captain's gig taught him; he is a very valuable fellow. He is our extra man at sea.

Each of these cottages has its garden, and all three men are married, but only the master (Grange) has any family, one married daughter.

Then going westward comes a nine-acre paddock, and then a dividing fence, inside (i.e. to W.) of which stand our buildings.

Now our life here is hard to represent. It is not like the life of an ordinary schoolmaster, still less like that of an ordinary clergyman. Much of the domestic and cooking department I may manage, of

course, to superintend. I would much rather do this than have the nuisance of a paid servant.

So at 5 A.M., say, I turn out; I at once go to the kitchen, and set the two cooks of the week to work, light fire, put on yams or potatoes, then back to dress, read, &c.; in and out, all the time, of the kitchen till breakfast time: say 8 or 8.30. You would be surprised to see how very soon the lads will do it all by themselves, and leave me or Mr. Kerr to give all our attention to school and other matters.

So you can fancy, Joan, now, the manner of life. My little room with my books is my snuggery during the middle of the day, and at night I have also a large working table at one end of the big school-room, covered with books, papers, &c., and here I sit a good deal, my room being too small to hold the number of books that I require to have open for comparison of languages, and for working out grammatical puzzles. Then I am in and out of the kitchen and store-room, and boys' rooms, seeing that all things, clothes, blankets, floors, &c., are washed and kept clean, and doing much what is done in every house.

Snuggery no doubt it looked compared with the 'Zillah;' but what would the 'Eton fellow' of fifteen years back have thought of the bare, scantily furnished room, with nothing but the books, prints, and photographs around to recall the tastes of old, and generally a sick Melanesian on the floor? However, he was glad enough to return thither, though with only sixteen scholars from ten places. Among them was Taroniara from Bauro, who was to be his follower, faithful to death. The following addition was made to the letter to Mr. Edward Coleridge, begun in Banks Islands:—

Kohimarama : Dec. 1, 1860.

One line, my dear tutor, before I finish off my pile of hastily written letters for this mail.

Alas! alas! for the little schooner, that dear little vessel, our home for so many months of each year, so admirably qualified for her work. Whether she may be got off her sandy bed, no one can say. Great expense would certainly be incurred, and the risk of success great also.

I have not yet had time to talk to the Bishop, I only reached New Zealand on November 28. We cannot, however, well do our work in chartered vessels [then follows a full detail of the imperfections of the 'Zillah' and all other Australian merchant craft; then—] But, dear old tutor, even the 'Southern Cross' (though what would I give to see her now at her usual anchorage from the window at which I am now sitting!) for a time retires into the distance, as I think of what is to take place (D.V.) in January next.

I hoped that I had persuaded the Bishop that the meeting of the General Synod in February 1862 would be a fit time. I do not see that the Duke's despatch makes any difference in the choice of the time. But all was settled in my absence; and now at the Feast of the Epiphany or of the Conversion of St. Paul (as suits the convenience of the Southern Bishops) the Consecration is to take place. I am heartily glad that the principle of consecrating Missionary Bishops will be thus affirmed and acted upon; but oh! if some one else was to be the Bishop!

And yet I must not distrust God's grace, and the gift of the Holy Spirit to enable me for this work. I try and pray to be calm and resigned, and I am happy and cheerful.

And it is a blessed thing that now three of your old dear friends, once called Selwyn, Abraham, Hobhouse, should be consecrating your own nephew and pupil, gathered by God's providence into the same part of God's field at the ends of the earth.

Still with his heart full of the never forgotten influence of his mother, he thus begins his home letter of the same date:—

Kohimarama: Dec. 1.

My dearest Father,—I could not write on November 28, but the memory of that day in 1842 was with me from morning to night. We anchored on that day at 1 A.M., and I was very busy till late at night. I had no idea till I came back from the Islands that there was any change in the arrangements for the Consecration in February 1862. But now the Bishops of Wellington and Nelson have been summoned for the Feast of the Epiphany, or of the Conversion of St. Paul, and all was done in my absence. I see, too, that you in England have assumed that the Consecration will take place soon after the reception of the Duke's despatch.

I must not now shrink from it, I know. I have full confidence in your judgment, and in that of the Bishop; and I suppose that if I was speaking of another, I should say that I saw reasons for it. But depend upon it, my dear Father, that a man cannot communicate to another the whole of the grounds upon which he feels reluctant to accept an office. I believe that I ought to accept this in deference to you all, and I do so cheerfully, but I don't say that my judgment agrees wholly with you all.

And yet there is no one else; and if the separation of New Zealand and Melanesia is necessary, I see

that this must be the consequence. So I regard it now as a certainty. I pray God to strengthen and enable me: I look forward, thanks to Him, hopefully and cheerfully. I have the love and the prayers of many, many friends, and soon the whole Church of England will recognise me as one who stands in special need of grace and strength from above.

Oh! the awful power of heathenism! the antagonism, not of evil only, but of the Evil One, rather, I mean the reality felt of all evil emanating from a person, as St. Paul writes, and as our Lord spoke of him. I do indeed at times feel overwhelmed, as if I was in a dream. Then comes some blessed word or thought of comfort, and promised strength and grace.

But enough of this.

The 'Southern Cross' cannot, I think, be got off without great certain expense and probable risk. I think we shall have to buy another vessel, and I dare say she may be built at home, but I don't know what is the Bishop's mind about it. . . .

I shall write to Merton, I don't know why I should needs vacate my fellowship. I have no change of outward circumstances brought upon me by my change presently from the name of Presbyter to Bishop, and we want all the money.

What you say about a Missionary Bishop being for five months of the year within the diocese of another Bishop, I will talk over with the Bishop of New Zealand. I think our Synodical system will make that all right; and as for my work, it will be precisely the same in all respects. My *external* life altered only to the extent of my wearing a broader brimmed and lower crowned hat. Dear Joan is investing moneys in cutaway coats, buckles without

end, and no doubt knee-breeches and what she calls 'gambroons' (whereof I have no cognizance), none of which will be worn more than (say) four or five times in the year. Gambroons and aprons and lawn sleeves won't go a-voyaging, depend upon it. Just when I preach in some Auckland church I shall appear in full costume; but the buckles will grow very rusty indeed!

How kind and good of her to take all the trouble, I don't laugh at *that*, and at her dear love for me and anxiety that I should have everything; but I could not help having a joke about gambroons, whatever they are. . . .

Good-bye once more, my dearest Father. You will, I trust, receive this budget about the time of your birthday. How I think of you day and night, and how I thank you for all your love, and perhaps most of all, not only letting me come to Melanesia, but for your great love in never calling me away from my work even to see your face once more on earth.

Your loving and dutiful Son,

J. C. PATTESON.

Remark upon a high-minded letter is generally an impertinence both to the writer and the reader, but I cannot help pausing upon the foregoing, to note the force of the expression that thanks the father for the *love* that did not recall the son. What a different notion these two men had of love from that which merely seeks self-gratification! Observe, too, how the old self-contemplative, self-tormenting spirit, that was unhappiness in those days of growth and heart-searching at the first entrance into the ministry, had passed into humble obedience and trust. Looking

back to the correspondence of ten years ago, volumes of progress are implied in the quiet 'Enough of this.'

There were, however, some delays in bringing the three together, and on the New Year's Day of 1861, the designate writes to Bishop Abraham:—'I dare say the want of any positive certainty as to the time of the Consecration is a good discipline for me. I think I feel calm now; but I know I must not trust feelings, and when I think of those islands and the practical difficulty of getting at them, and the need of so many of those qualities which are so wonderfully united in our dear Primate, I need strength from above indeed to keep my heart from sinking. But I think that I do long and desire to work on by God's grace, and not to look to results at all.'

A 'supplementary mail' made possible a birthday letter (the last) written at 6 A.M. on the 11th of February:—'I wanted of course to write to you to-day. Many happy returns of it I wish you indeed, for it may yet please God to prolong your life; but in any case you know well how I am thinking and praying for you that every blessing and comfort may be given you. Oh! how I do think of you night and day. When Mrs. Selwyn said "Good-bye," and spoke of you, I could not stand it. I feel that anything else (as I fancy) I can speak of with composure; but the verses in the Bible, such as the passage which I read yesterday in St. Mark x., almost unnerve me, and I can't wish it to be otherwise. But I feel that my place is here, and that I must look to the blessed hope of meeting again hereafter. . . .

'Of course no treat is so great to me as the occasional talks with the Bishop. Oh! the memory of those days and evenings on board the "Southern

Cross." Well, it was so happy a life that it was not good for me, I suppose, that it should last. But I feel it now that the sense of responsibility is deepening on me, and I must go out to work without him; and very, very anxious I am sometimes, and almost oppressed by it.

'But strength will come; and it is not one's own work, which is the comfort, and if I fail (which is very likely) God will place some other man in my position, and the work will go on, whether in my hands or not, and that is the real point.

'Some talk I find there has been about my going home. I did not hear of it until after Mrs. Selwyn had sailed. It was thought of, but it was felt, as I certainly feel, that it ought not to be. . . . My work lies out here clearly; and it is true that any intermission of voyages or residences in the islands is to be avoided.'

Mrs. Selwyn had gone home for a year, and had so arranged as to see the Patteson family almost immediately on her return. Meantime the day drew on. The Consecration was not by Royal mandate, as in the case of Bishops of sees under British jurisdiction; but the Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, wrote:—'That the Bishops of New Zealand are at liberty, without invasion of the Royal prerogative or infringement of the law of England, to exercise what Bishop Selwyn describes as their inherent power of consecrating Mr. Patteson or any other person to take charge of the Melanesian Islands, provided that the consecration should take place beyond British territory.'

In consequence it was proposed that the three consecrating Bishops should take ship and perform the holy

rite in one of the isles beneath the open sky; but as Bishop Mackenzie had been legally consecrated in Cape Town Cathedral, the Attorney-General of New Zealand gave it as his opinion that there was no reason that the consecration should not take place in Auckland.

Kohimarama: Feb. 15, 1861.

My dearest Father.—Mr. Kerr, who has just returned from Auckland, where he spent yesterday, brings me the news that the question of the Consecration has been settled, and that it will take place (D.V.) on Sunday week, St. Matthias Day, February 24.

I ought not to shrink back now. The thought has become familiar to me, and I have the greatest confidence in the judgment of the Bishop of New Zealand; and I need not say how your words and letters and prayers too are helping me now.

Indeed, though at any great crisis of our lives no doubt we are intended to use more than ordinary strictness in examining our motives and in seeking for greater grace, deeper repentance, more earnest and entire devotion to God, and amendment of life, yet I know that any strong emotion, if it existed now, would pass away soon, and that I must be the same man as Bishop as I am now, in this sense, viz., that I shall have just the same faults, unless I pray for strength to destroy them, which I can do equally well now, and that all my characteristic and peculiar habits of mind will remain unchanged by what will only change my office and not myself. So that where I am indolent now I shall be indolent henceforth, unless I seek to get rid of indolence; and I shall not be at all better, wiser, or more consistent as Bishop than I am now by reason simply of being a Bishop.

You know my meaning. Now I apply what I write to prove that any strong excitement now would be no evidence of a healthy state of mind. I feel now like myself, and that is not at all like what I wish to be. And so I thank God that as before any solemn season special inducements to earnest repentance are put into our minds, so I now feel a special call upon me to seek by His grace to make a more faithful use of the means of usefulness which He gives me, that I may be wholly and entirely turned to Him, and so be enabled to do His will in Melanesia. You know, my dearest Father, that I do not indeed undervalue the grace of Ordination; only I mean that the right use of any great event in one's life, as I take it, is not to concentrate feeling so much on it as earnestness of purpose, prayer for grace, and for increase of simplicity and honesty and purity of heart. Perhaps other matters affect me more than my supposed state of feeling, so that my present calmness may be attributed to circumstances of which I am partially ignorant; and, indeed, I do wonder that I am calm when one moment's look at the map, or thought of the countless islands, almost overwhelms me. How to get at them? Where to begin? How to find men and means? How to decide upon the best method of teaching, &c.? But I must try to be patient, and to be content with very small beginnings—and endings, too, perhaps.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.—On Sunday morning I had the whole service at the new church, St. Mary's Parnell, the suburb to which Taurarua belongs. Large number of communicants. The Ember Prayer tried my nerve. I think that I must have been rather highly wrought up, for I was unwell in

the night, and all Monday, becalmed with sickness, &c. But two days on tea and a scrap of toast have made me all right, and to-day I read prayers at the opening of the Diocesan Synod, and assisted the Bishop in administering the Holy Communion; and rode back to Kohimarama; and now 10 P.M. I feel nearly quite right. Mr. Pritt, who came out as the Bishop of Nelson's chaplain, wishes to join this Mission. His qualifications as a teacher I tested last summer when he was at Kohimarama for two or three months. The Bishop of Nelson will give him up. He will go (D. V.) to spend this next winter with me at the Banks Islands, *on trial*; it being distinctly understood that no permanent engagement has been in any sense determined on. He is in full Orders, a Cambridge man. Should it please God that he, Mr. Kerr, and Benjamin Dudley are to work with me, that is all the help we need at present. Things may brighten soon; but in any case, quietly doing one's duty in dependence upon God's grace is the only right way, and brings alone real comfort.

Friday, Feb. 22nd, 4 P.M. — I am very happy about some of my lads here; I think two or three are beginning to feel something of a personal sense of religion. To-day's morning Psalm, dear Mamma's Psalm! I do not think I shall be able to write to many people this mail. If it be so, and any of them think it odd they do not hear, will you let them know that I am very much occupied with Melanesian reports and accounts; and I am trying to get some statements of the ethnology and philology of these islands under weigh, but it is an intricate subject; and as I am, by way of introduction, trying to trace out the law of transposition of vowels and conso-

nants, and compare it with the laws laid down by the German comparative philologists, Grimm and Bopp, *et hoc genus omne*, it is not a thing to be done in a day. I suppose I shall have to draw illustrations from sixteen or seventeen dialects and languages of the South Pacific. But if I can get the skeleton prepared, I may, if I live, fill it up in another year. I think I have got it in my head, but I can't arrange on paper what I find it easy enough to talk about, to Sir William Martin, for instance. And this kind of thing requires undivided attention and the use of many books; most of which books I must first furnish for myself. But the Judge presses me to try to do it, and I feel that it ought to be done. Should I die now suddenly, most of the knowledge of these languages would die with me, which would be a pity.[1]

Sunday, Feb. 24th, St. Matthias, 10 A.M. — The day is come, my dearest Father, and finds me, I thank God, very calm. Yesterday, at 6 P.M., in the little chapel at Taurarua, the three Bishops, the dear Judge, Lady Martin, Mrs. Abraham, Mr. Lloyd and I met together for special prayer. How we missed Mrs. Selwyn, dear dear Mrs. Selwyn, from among us, and how my thoughts passed on to you! Evening hymn, Exhortation in Consecration Service, Litany from the St. Augustine's Missionary Manual, with the questions in Consecration Service turned into petitions, Psalm cxxxii., cxxxi., li.; Lesson 1 Tim. iii.; special prayer for the Elect Bishop among the heathen, for the conversion of the heathen; and the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Then the dear Bishop walked across to me, and

[1] Several philological letters are given in the Appendix, as they would not suit general readers.

taking my hand in both of his, looking at me with that smile of love and deep deep thought, so seldom seen, and so deeply prized. 'I can't tell you what I feel,' he said, with a low and broken voice. 'You know it—my heart is too full!'

Ah! the memory of six years with that great and noble servant of God was in my heart too, and so we stood, tears in our eyes, and I unable to speak.

At night again, when, after arranging finally the service, I was left with him alone, he spoke calmly and hopefully. Much he said of you, and we are all thinking much of you. Then he said: 'I feel no misgiving in my heart; I think all has been done as it should be. Many days we three have discussed the matter. By prayer and Holy Communion we have sought light from above, and it is, I believe, God's will.' Then once more taking both hands, he kissed my forehead: 'God bless you, my dear Coley. I can't say more words, and you don't desiderate them.'

'No,' said I; 'my heart, as yours, is too full for words. I have lived six years with you to little purpose, if I do not know you full well now!'

And then I walked, in the perfect peace of a still cloudless night—the moon within two days of full—the quarter of a mile to St. Stephen's schools, where I slept last night. On the way I met the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Abraham, coming up from St. Stephen's to the Bishop's house.

J. C. P. What a night of peace! the harbour like a silver mirror!

B. of W. Dominus tecum.

Mrs. A. I trust you will sleep.

J. C. P. I thank you; I think so. I feel calm.

Sunday Night, 10 P.M. (*Feniton, Sunday*, 10.40 A.M.)—It is over—a most solemn blessed service. Glorious day. Church crowded—many not able to find admittance; but orderly. More than two hundred communicants. More to-morrow (D.V.). All day you have been in our minds. The Bishop spoke of you in his sermon with faltering voice, and I broke down; yet at the moment of the *Veni Creator* being sung over me, and the Imposition of Hands, I was very calm. The Bible presented is the same that you gave me on my fifth birthday with your love and blessing. Oh! my dear dear Father, God will bless you for all your love to me, and your love to Him in giving me to His service. May His heavenly blessing be with you—all your dear ones for ever!

Your most loving and dutiful Son,
J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

February 25th.—I am spending to-day and to-morrow here—*i.e.*, sleeping at the Judge's, dining and living half at his house, and half at the Bishop's—quiet and calm it is, and I prize it. The music yesterday was *very* good; organ well played. The choirs of the three town churches, and many of the choral society people, filled the gallery—some eighty voices perhaps. The *Veni Creator* the only part that was not good, well sung, but too much like an anthem.

Tagalana, half-sitting, half-kneeling behind me, held the book for the Primate to read from at the Imposition of Hands—a striking group, I am told.

Here ends the letter, to which a little must be added from other pens; and, first, from Mrs. Abraham's letter, for the benefit of Eton friends.

The Consecration was at St. Paul's Church, in default of a Cathedral. Built before the Bishop arrived, St. Paul's has no chancel; and the Clergy, including a Maori Deacon, were rather crowded within the rail. Mr. Patteson was seated in a chair in front, ten of his island boys close to him, and several working men of the rougher sort were brought into the benches near. We were rather glad of the teaching that none were excluded. The service was all in harmony with the occasion; and the sermon gave expression to all the individual and concentrated feeling of the moment, as well as pointing the Lesson and its teaching.

The sermon was on the thought of the Festival: 'And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen.' (Acts i. 24). After speaking of the special import and need of the prayers of those gathered to offer up their prayers at the Holy Communion, for those who were to exercise the office of apostles in their choice, he spoke in words that visibly almost overpowered their subject:—

'In this work of God, belonging to all eternity, and to the Holy Catholic Church, are we influenced by any private feelings, any personal regard? The charge which St. Paul gives to Timothy, in words of awful solemnity, "to lay hands suddenly on no man," may well cause much searching of heart. "I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality." Does our own partial love deceive us in this choice? We were all trained in the same place of education, united in the same circle of friends; in boyhood, youth, manhood, we have

shared the same services, and joys, and hopes, and fears. I received this, my son in the ministry of Christ Jesus, from the hands of a father, of whose old age he was the comfort. He sent him forth without a murmur, nay, rather with joy and thankfulness, to these distant parts of the earth. He never asked even to see him again, but gave him up without reserve to the Lord's work. Pray, dear brethren, for your Bishops, that our partial love may not deceive us in this choice, for we cannot so strive against natural affection as to be quite impartial.'

And again, as the Primate, addressing more especially his beloved son in the ministry, exclaimed, 'May Christ be with you when you go forth in His name, and for His sake, to those poor and needy people,' and his eye went along the dusky countenances of his ten boys, Coleridge Patteson could hardly restrain his intensity of feeling.

Another letter from the same lady to the sisters adds further details to the scene, after describing the figures in the church:—

Lady Martin, who had never seen the dress (the cassock and rochet) before, said that Coley reminded her of the figures of some young knight watching his armour, as he stood in his calm stedfastness, and answered the questions put to him by the Primate.

The whole service was very nicely ordered, and the special Psalm well chanted. With one exception (which was, alas! the *Veni Creator*), the music was good, and Coley says was a special help to him; the pleasure of it, and the external hold that it gave, helping him *out* of himself, as it were, and sustaining him.

Lady Martin adds her touch to the picture; and it may perhaps be recorded for those who may in after times read the history of the first Bishop of the Melanesian Church, that whatever might be wanting in the beauty of St. Paul's, Auckland, never were there three Bishops who outwardly as well as inwardly more answered to the dignity of their office than the three who stood over the kneeling Coleridge Patteson.

I shall never forget the expression of his face as he knelt in the quaint rochet. It was meek and holy and calm, as though all conflict was over and he was resting in the Divine strength. It was altogether a wonderful scene: the three consecrating Bishops, all such noble-looking men, the goodly company of clergy and Hohua's fine intelligent brown face among them, and then the long line of island boys, and of St. Stephen's native teachers and their wives, were living testimonies of Mission work. Coley had told us in the morning of a consecration he had seen at Rome, where a young Greek deacon had held a large illuminated book for the Pope to read the words of Consecration. We had no such gorgeous dresses as they, but nothing could have been more simply beautiful and touching than the sight of Tagalana's young face as he did the same good office. There was nothing artistic about it; the boy came forward with a wondering yet bright look on his pleasant face, just dressed in his simple grey blouse.

You will read the sermon, so there is no need to talk about it. Your brother was overcome for a minute at the reference to his father, but the comfort and favour of His Heavenly Master kept him singularly calm, though the week before he had

undoubtedly had much struggle, and his bodily health was affected.

All the friends who were thus brought together were like one family, and still called the new Bishop by the never disused abbreviation that recalled his home. He was the guest of the now retired Chief Justice and Lady Martin, who were occupying themselves in a manner probably unique in the history of law and lawyers, by taking charge of the native school at St. Stephen's.

The next two were great days of letter writing. Another long full letter was written to the father, telling of the additional record which each of the three consecrating Bishops had written in the Bible of his childhood, and then going into business matters, especially hoping that the Warden and Fellows of Merton would not suppose that as a Bishop he necessarily had 5,000*l.* a year and a palace, whereas in fact the see had no more than the capital of 5,000*l.* required by Government! He had already agreed with his father that his own share of the inheritance should go to the Mission; and, as he says, on hearing the amount:—

> Hard enough you worked, my dear Father, to leave your children so well off. Dear old Jem will have enough; and my children now dwell in 200 islands, and will need all that I can give them. God grant that the day may come when many of them may understand these things, and rise up and call your memory blessed!
>
> Your words of comfort and blessing come to me with fresh strength just now, two days only after the time when you too, had you been here, would in private have laid your hand on my head and called

down God's blessing upon me. I shall never know in this world what I owe to your prayers.

There is much, too, of his brother's marriage; and in a separate letter to the sisters there are individual acknowledgments of each article of the equipment, gratifying the donor by informing her that the 'cutaway' coat was actually to be worn that very evening at a dinner party at the Chief Justice's, and admiring the 'gambroon,' which turned out to be the material of the cassock, so much as to wish for a coat made of it for the islands. Apropos of the hat:—'You know my forehead is square, so that an oval hat does not fit; it would hang on by the temples, which form a kind of right angle with the forehead.'

Another letter of that 26th was from the Bishop of Wellington to Dr. Goodford respecting this much-loved old pupil:—

> You recollect probably that as a boy he was good, pure, and true as gold, but then he was very indolent, and except at cricket or hockey showed no signs of energy or ability, and I fancy his career at Oxford was very similar. After being admitted to a Fellowship at Merton, he seems by his own account to have had his intellectual tastes stimulated by travel; but the repose of a small and pretty curacy in Devonshire called out all his best moral feelings, yet could hardly, I fancy, have developed much energy. All this natural disposition to repose makes the energy and devotedness of the last five years the more remarkable and more evidently the work of grace and duty.
>
> Anything more conscientious and painstaking cannot be conceived than the way he has steadily directed every talent, every hour or minute of his

life, to the one work he had set before him. However small or uncongenial or drumdrudgery-like his occupation, however hard, or dangerous, or difficult, it seemed to be always met in the same calm, gentle, self-possessed spirit of love and duty, which I should fancy that those who well knew his good and large-minded, large-hearted father, and his mother, whom I have always heard spoken of as saintly, could best understand. Perhaps the most marked feature in his character is his genuine simplicity and humility. I never saw it equalled in one so gifted and so honoured and beloved.

It is really creditable to the community to see how universal is the admiration for his character, for he is so very good, so exceedingly unworldly, and therefore such a living rebuke to the selfishness of the world; and though so gentle, yet so firm and uncompromising that you would have supposed he would hardly be popular outside the circle of friends who know him and understand him. Certainly he is the most perfect character I ever met.'

On the Monday, life and school at Kohimarama went on as before. From the budget of the next mail is extracted a letter to Mrs. Martyn :—

St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama : April 3.

My dear Sophy,—A letter from you by this mail gives good accounts of you all. . . .

I know, dear Sophy, that you do think of and pray for me, as you say. I don't suppose I realise it yet; but I shall have to learn what it is to be a Bishop by the trials and anxieties that will come. God will doubtless give strength, if only I seek it aright; but here is the point—I need the prayers of you all indeed. Don't you often think, had dear

Uncle been still with us in the body, what loving letters he would have written—how, on the whole, he would have rejoiced, as in a son of his own, yet rejoiced with fear; for the work is great, and the responsibility—I may well dread to face the thought of it? I have never been alone yet, I have always had natives with me—communicants. I am seven months a-year absent from New Zealand, but never alone for very long.

Last year, Mr. Dudley, two Nengonè and two Lifu men and I were the small band among the heathen. This year Mr. Pritt (Bishop Nelson's chaplain) and Mr. Kerr go with me. Our Nengonè and Lifu friends will be, perhaps, picked up at their islands. I may spend much of this winter in my boat, and in other islands than Mota; yet I shall, D.V., return from time to time, and then administer the blessed Sacrament. And very solemn it is to be gathered together, a small group in the great wide waste of Melanesia.

Those nights when I lie down, in a long hut, among forty or fifty naked men, cannibals, the only Christian on the island, that is the time, Sophy, to pour out the heart in prayer and supplication that they—those dark wild heathens about me—may be turned from Satan unto God.

And now to me it is committed to 'hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, *bring again the outcasts, seek the lost*,' those wonderful, beautiful words! How I held tight my Bible that dear Father gave me on my fifth birthday, with both hands, and the Bishop held it tight too, as he gave me that charge in the name of Christ; and I saw in spirit the multitudes of Melanesia scattered as sheep amidst a thousand isles.

Good-bye, dear Sophy, my kindest love to dear Aunty, and dear Pena.

Your loving Cousin,
J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

The last day of February was that of the Installation.

Again Mrs. Abraham must speak :—

On Thursday last we had another happy day at Kohimarama, where Bishop Patteson was duly installed in the temporary chapel of St. Andrew's College, as we hope to call it, after the church at Cocksmoor, in 'The Daisy Chain.' The morning was grey, and we feared rain would keep us ladies away, but we made the venture with our willing squire, Mr. M——, in the 'Iris' boat to help us. The pity was, that after all Lady Martin could not go, as she had an invalid among her Maori flock, whom she could not trust all day by herself. The day lightened, and our sail was pleasant.

The Primate and Missionary Bishop planted a Norfolk pine in the centre of the quadrangle—'the tree planted by the water side,' &c. The Bishop then robed and proceeded to chapel, and the Primate led the little service in which he spoke the words of Installation, and the new Bishop took the oath of allegiance to him. The *Veni Creator* was sung, and the Primate's blessing given. The island boys looked on from one transept, the 'Iris' sailors from another, and Charlie [1] stood beside me. I am afraid his chief remembrance of the day is fixed upon Kanambat's tiny boat and outrigger, which he sat in on the beach, and went on voyages, in

[1] Her little boy.

which the owner waded by his side, and saw him (Kanambat) skim along the waves like a white butter fly. We all dined in hall, after the boys, on roast beef and plum pudding, melons and water melons, and strolled about the place and beach at leisure, till it was time to sail back again.

On the Sunday the new Bishop preached at St. Mary's one of the sermons that broke from him when he was too much excited (if the word may be used) for his usual metaphysical style. The subject was the promise of the Comforter, His eternal presence and anointing, and the need of intercessory prayer, for which the preacher besought earnestly, as one too young for his office, and needing to increase in the Holy Spirit more and more. Very far were these from being unrealised words. God's grace had gone along with him, and had led him through every step and stage of his life, and so mastered his natural defects, that friends who only knew him in these years hear with incredulous indignation of those flaws he had conquered in his younger days. 'Fearless as a man, tender as a woman, showing both the best sides of human nature,' says one of the New Zealand friends who knew him best; 'always drawing out the good in all about him by force of sympathy, and not only taking care that nothing should be done by others that he would not do himself, but doing himself what he did not like to ask of them, and thinking that they excelled him.' Humility, the effort of his life, was achieved at last the more truly because not consciously.

The letter to his father was again almost wholly on money matters; but at the end come two notable sentences :—

How can I thank you for giving me up to this work, and for all the wise and loving words with which you constantly cheer me and encourage me? Your blessing comes now to strengthen me, as work and responsibilities are fast accumulating upon me. I thank God that He enables us at the two ends of the world to see this matter in the same way, so that no conflict of duties arises in my mind.

This book, 'Essays and Reviews,' I have but pray send your copy also; also any good books that may be produced bearing on that great question of the Atonement, and on Inspiration, Authority of Scripture, &c. How sad it is to see that spirit of intellectualism thinking to deal with religion in forgetfulness of the necessary conditions of humility and faith! How different from the true γνῶσις!

Kohimarama: April 29, 1861.

My dearest Father,—As I read your letters of Feb. 21–25, you are, I trust, reading mine, which tell you of what took place on Feb. 24. That point is settled. I almost fear to write that I am a Bishop in the Church of Christ. May God strengthen me for the duties of the office to which I trust He has indeed called me!

As I read of what you say so wisely and truly, and dear Joan and Fan and Aunt James and all, of my having expected results too rapidly at Mota, I had sitting with me that dear boy Tagalana, who for two months last winter was in the great sacred enclosure, though, dear lad, not by his own will, yet his faith was weak, and no wonder.

Now, God's holy name be praised for it, he is, I verily believe, in his very soul, taught by the Spirit to see and desire to do his duty. I feel more confi-

dence about him than I have ever done about anyone who has come into my hands originally in a state of complete heathenism. It is not that his knowledge only is accurate and clearly grasped, but the humility, the loving spirit, the (apparent) personal appropriation of the blessing of having been brought to know the love of God and the redemption wrought for him by the death of Christ; this is what, as I look upon his clear truthful eyes, makes me feel so full of thankfulness and praise.

'But, Tagalana, if I should die, you used to say that without my help you should perhaps fall back again: is that true?'

'No, no; I did not feel it then as I do now in my heart. I can't tell how it came there, only I know He can never die, and will always be with me. You know you said you were only like a sign-post, to point out the way that leads to Him, and I see that we ought to follow you, but to go altogether to Him.'

I can't tell you, my dearest Father, what makes up the sum of my reasons for thinking that God is in His mercy bringing this dear boy to be the first-fruits of Mota unto Christ, but I think that there is an inward teaching going on now in his heart, which gives me sure hope, for I know it is not my doing.

All you all say about Mota is most true: I never thought otherwise really, but I wrote down my emotions and impulses rather than my deliberate thoughts, that my letter written under such strange circumstances might become as a record of the effect produced day by day upon us by outward circumstances.

What some of you say about self-possession on one's going about among the people being marvel-

lous, is just what of course appears to me commonplace. Of course it is wrong to risk one's life, but to carry one's life in one's hand is what other soldiers besides those of the Cross do habitually; and no one, as I think, would willingly hurt a hair of my head in Melanesia, or that part of it where I am at all known.

How I think of those islands! How I see those bright coral and sandy beaches, strips of burning sunshine fringing the masses of forest rising into ridges of hills, covered with a dense mat of vegetation. Hundreds of people are crowding upon them, naked, armed, with wild uncouth cries and gestures; I cannot talk to them but by signs. But they are my children now! May God enable me to do my duty to them!

I have now as I write a deepening sense of what the change must be that has passed upon me. Again I go by God's blessing for seven months to Melanesia. All that our experience has taught us we try to remember: food, medicine, articles of trade and barter. But what may be the result? Who can tell? You know it is not of myself that I am thinking. If God of His great mercy lead me in His way, to me there is little worth living for but the going onward with His blessed work, though I like my talks with the dear Bishop and the Judge. But others are committed to me—Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr go with me. Shall I find dear old Wadrokala and Harper alive, and if alive, well?

And yet, thank God, we go on, day by day, so happy, so hopeful!

I see two sermons by the Bishop of Oxford, 'God's Revelation Man's Trial,' please send them. They bear, I conclude, on the controversy of the day. I need

not tell you that I find a very great interest in reading these books, or rather at present in talking now and then, when we meet, with the Judge on the subject of which those books treat. The books I have not read. But I know no refreshment so great as the reading any books which deal with these questions thoughtfully. I hope you don't think it wrong and dangerous for me to do so; pray tell me. I don't believe that I am wrong in doing it, yet it may be that I read them as an intellectual treat, and prefer them to thoughtful books on other subjects because they deal with a study which I am a little more conversant with than with history, science, &c.

Besides, I do see that we have, many of us, very vague notions of the meaning of terms which we use, and I see that I must be prepared (I speak for myself) to expect that a clergyman may not with impunity use a language wanting in definiteness and precision. It is possible that men do too passively receive hereditary and conventional opinions which never have a living reality to them. But this, you know, I do not confound with the humble submission to authoritative teaching, given upon authority, to supersede the necessity of every person investigating for himself the primary grounds of his religious convictions.

It is quite evident that the verdict passed by you, and generally by the Bishops and others at home, must be conclusive to all persons of ordinary humility as to 'Essays and Reviews.' I do not, I hope, express the slightest disposition to trifle with so solemn a matter if I say that a personal knowledge of an author's idiosyncrasy may enable a man to account for some things which to him by reason of that personal knowledge appear less startling than they

do to a stranger. This does not affect the general import of a man's words or writings. I have only glanced at Jowett's Essay in that volume, I cannot profess to know anything about it. But I should like to ask him this simple question:—Have the clergy of the Church of England, or have they not, a positive teaching committed to their trust, which they are commissioned to deliver? If they have, is it conceivable that upon his principle of interpretation such positive teaching can be intelligible to the great mass of the people? Is scientific enquiry to be substituted for the simple acceptance of authorised creeds? Is there to be professedly an esoteric treatment of all doctrinal truth?

Meanwhile the book and the consciousness of the existence among us of the spirit which produced the book, may result in calling forth a greater appreciation of the necessity of a more distinct teaching of dogmatic theology.

It is worth noting how the Bishop submits his reading to his father's approval, as when he was a young boy. Alas! no more such letters of comfort and counsel would be exchanged. This one could hardly have been received by that much-loved father.

Preparations for the voyage were going on; but the 'Dunedin,' the only vessel to be procured, at best a cart-horse to a racer compared with the 'Southern Cross,' was far from being in a satisfactory state, as appears in a note of the 3rd of May to the Bishop of Wellington:—

Here we are still. The only vessel that I could make any arrangement about not yet returned, and known to be in such a state that the pumps were going every two hours. I have not chartered her,

but only agreed with the owner a month ago nearly that I would take her at a certain sum per day, subject to divers conditions about being caulked (which is all she wants, I have ascertained), being provided with spare sails, spars, chronometer, boat, &c., and all agreement to be off unless by a certain day (already past) she was in a state satisfactory to Mr. Kerr. But there is, I fear, none other, and I am in a difficulty.

Thank God, the weather is not cold, though rough and wet, and my small party continues in excellent health and spirits.

My dear Father has not been so well—not, as far as I can see, breaking up yet, but still I am trying to hold myself in readiness for what may come. . . . I know you will not fail to think of us all, and especially of me. Sometimes I think it hardly can be real.

Of the same day is a letter to the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey:—

Taurarua, Auckland: May 6, 1861.

My dear Mr. Hawtrey,—I was highly pleased to receive a note from you. Though I never doubt of the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all Eton friends (how could you do so with such an annual subscription list?), yet it is very pleasant and more than pleasant to be reminded by word or by letter that prayers and wishes are being offered up for Melanesia by many good men throughout the world.

I hope my letter to Dr. Goodford will make our present position and our future prospects intelligible to you. I should like to send a special appeal for a Mission Vessel by the next mail. We cannot get on without one. Vessels built for freight are to the 'Southern Cross' as a cart-horse to a thoroughbred

steed, and we must have some vessel which can do the work quickly among the multitude of the isles, and many other reasons there are which *we seamen* only perhaps can judge fully, which make it quite essential to the carrying on this peculiar Mission that we should have a vessel of a peculiar kind.

I trust that by God's mercy I may find Wadrokala and Harper, two Nengonè young men of (say) twenty-four and seventeen respectively, at their island, recovered from a fearful illness which nearly carried them off last October and November. They spent last winter with me on the Banks Islands. For years they have been with us. I trust that by God's blessing they may ere long be ordained. They have for three or four years been regular communicants. They would be here now, but they were so ill when I touched at Nengonè in November that I dared not bring them on to New Zealand, though they even then wished to come.

Tagalana, from Mota (Sugar Loaf Island), in the Banks archipelago, is, I think, likely by God's great mercy to become the first-fruits of that cluster of islands unto Christ. He is here for the third time; and I have infinite comfort in seeing the earnestness of his character, and the deep sense of what he was, and what he is going to be, so truly realised.

He is now so unlike what still his people are, so bright and open in manner, and all who see him say, 'What is come to the lad, his manner and very appearance so changed!' 'Clothed,' thank God, he is, 'and in his right mind,' soon to sit, if not already seated, at the feet of Christ. You may, if you think fit, let your thoughts centre more especially in him. He, of all who have come into my hands absolutely stark naked and savage, gives now the greatest

ground for hope and thanksgiving. I shall (D. V.) think of all your dear friends assembled in your church and house on St. Barnabas Day. May God bless and reward you all for your work of charity to Melanesia!

Very sincerely yours,
J. C. PATTESON (Missionary Bishop).

P.S.—I hope to baptize that dear boy Tagalana on his own island in the course of the winter. I should wish to make the service as impressive as possible, in the presence of as many islanders as I can bring to the spot, under the shadow of a mighty banyan tree, and above the sparkling waves of the great Pacific.

The 'Dunedin' was patched up into sailing with the new Bishop for his cathedral—the banyan tree of Mota.

It carried him away to his work, away from all knowledge of the blow that was preparing for him at home, and thinking of the delight that was in store for his family in a visit from Mrs. Selwyn, who, immediately after his Consecration, had returned home to spend a year in England on business.

Sir John Patteson's happiness in his son's work and worth were far greater than those of the actual worker, having none of the drawbacks that consciousness of weakness must necessarily excite. The joy this gave his heart may, without exaggeration, be deliberately said to have been full compensation for the loss of the presence so nobly sacrificed. On January 22 he had written to the Bishop of New Zealand :—

You write most kindly touching him, dear fellow, and truly I am to be envied, *qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum.* Not for a moment have I

repented of giving my sanction to his going out to New Zealand; and I fully believe that God will prosper his work. I did not contemplate his becoming a Bishop, nor is that the circumstance which gives me the great satisfaction I feel. It is his devotion to so good a work, and that he should have been found adequate to its performance; whether as a Bishop or as a Priest is not of itself of so much importance.

Perhaps he may have been consecrated before I am writing this, though I am puzzled as to the time. . . .

May God bless with the fullest success the labours of both of you in your high and Christian works!

There had for more than a year been cause of anxiety for Sir John's health, but it was not the disease, that had then threatened, which occasioned the following calm-hearted letter to be written to his son:—

Feniton Court: March 22, 1861.

My own dearest Coley,—I promised always to tell you the truth respecting myself, and will do so. About a month ago, on my rising from reading prayers, the girls and the Dawlish party who were here exclaimed that my voice was broken, at which I laughed. Whitby was in London, but his partner happened to call, and looking at my throat found it relaxed, and recommended a mustard poultice on the front. When we came to put it on, we discovered that the glands of the throat were much swelled and in hard knots. Whitby returned in two days, and was much alarmed. He declared that it was serious, and nothing but iodine could check it. I had been unable to take iodine under Watson some years ago, as it affected my head tremendously, so he applied

it outwardly by painting; this painting did not reduce them, and he strongly pressed my having London advice, for he said that if not reduced and the swellings increased internally, they would press on the windpipe and choke me: it was somewhat a surgical matter. So on Tuesday the 12th inst. we went to London, and I consulted Paget. He entirely agreed with Whitby, and thought it very serious, and ordered iodine internally at all hazards. I took it, and by God's mercy it agreed with me. Paget wished to talk over the case with Watson, and they met on the 16th, Saturday. They quite agreed, and did not conceal from me that if iodine did not reduce the swellings, and they should increase internally, the result must be fatal. How soon, or in what particular manner, they could not tell; it might even become cancerous. They did not wish me to stay in town, but thought I was better here, and Paget, knowing Whitby, has perfect confidence in his watching, and will correspond with him, if necessary. At present there is no reduction of the swellings. The iodine has certainly lessened the pains in my limbs, but does not seem, so to speak, to determine to the throat, but it may be there has been hardly time to say that it will not. My own impression is, that it will not, and that it is highly improbable that I shall last very long. I mean that I shall not see 1862, nor perhaps the summer or autumn of this year. I cannot tell why, but this near prospect of death has not given me any severe *shock*, as perhaps it ought to have done. It brings more than ever to my mind serious recollection of the sins of my youth, and the shortcomings of my after life in thousands of instances. I have never been a hardened sinner, but years ago, if I did what was sin, it smote me,

and I tried to repent; yet there has has always been in me a want of fervid love to God, and to my blessed Redeemer for his unspeakable love in suffering for my sins; but it has been cold—that may have been the natural constitution of the man, I cannot tell—but I never have placed my hopes of forgiveness and of blessedness hereafter in anything but in His merits, and most undeserved goodness in offering me salvation, if I have not thrown it away. But what shall I say? As the time approaches, it may please Him in His mercy to give me a warmer heart, and a more vivid perception of all that He has done for me. If I were to say that I am not a sinner, the truth would not be in me; and if I am washed in His blood and cleansed, it is not by any efforts or merits of my own, but by His unlimited mercy and goodness. Pray for me, that when the time comes I may not for any fears of death fall from Him. You know that as far as regards this world and its enjoyments, save the love of my dear good children, they have sate but lightly upon me for some time; but it is not because we have nothing that we are unwilling to leave, therefore we are prepared for that which is to come. Perhaps it may please God to give me still a short time that I may try more strenuously to prepare myself. We shall never meet again in this world. Oh! may Almighty God in His infinite mercy grant us to meet again in His kingdom, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer. . . .

Oh! my dearest Coley, what comfort I have had in you—what delightful conversations we have had together, and how thankful we ought to be to our gracious God for allowing it to be so: and still not less thankful for the blessings of being watched and

comforted and soothed by the dear girls, and by that dear and good Jem. All so good in their various ways, and I so little worthy of them . . . of Francis.[1] That will indeed, humanly speaking, be a terrible loss to his family, for they want his fatherly care, and will do so for years. Not so with me; and as I am in my seventy-second year, it cannot be said that I am cut off prematurely; but on the contrary, fall like a fruit or a sheaf at its proper ripeness. Oh! that it may be so spiritually indeed.

Another letter followed the next month.

Feniton Court: April 24, 1861.

My own dearest Coley,—How many more letters you may receive from me, God only knows, but, as I think, not many. The iodine fails altogether, and has produced no effect on the swellings in my throat; on the contrary, they steadily increase, though not rapidly. Doubtless they will have their own course, and in some way or other deliver my soul from the burden of the flesh. Oh! may it by God's mercy be the soul of a faithful man! Faith and love I think I have, and have long had: but I am not so sure that I have really repented for my past sins, or only abandoned them when circumstances had removed almost the temptation to commit them. Yet I do trust that my repentance has generally been sincere, and though I may have fallen again, that I may by God's grace have risen again. I have no assurance that I have fought the good fight like St. Paul, and that henceforth there is laid up a crown of gold; yet I have a full and firm hope that I am not beyond the pale of God's

[1] This alludes to the long and lingering illness of Francis Coleridge, the eldest of the much-loved family at the Manor House.

mercy, and that I may have hold of the righteousness of Christ, and may be partaker of that happiness which he has purchased for His own, by His atoning blood. No other hope have I; and in all humility I from my heart feel that any apparent good that I may have done has been His work in me and not my own. May it please Him that you and I, my dear son, may meet hereafter together with all those blessed ones, who have already departed this life in His faith and fear, in His kingdom above.

My head aches occasionally, and is not so clear as it used to be. . . . The next mail will bring us more definite news, if indeed I am not myself removed before then. . . . I am afraid that you discern by what I have written that I am become stupid, and though I could never write decently, yet you will see that continued dull pain in the head, and other pains in various parts, have made me altogether heavy and stupid. I have had the kindest letters and messages from various quarters when it became known, as it is always very soon, that my health was in a precarious state: one particularly from the Bishop of Lichfield[1] (all companions in Old Court, King's, you know) which is very consoling. He says, If not for such as you, for whom did Christ die? I will not go on in such strains, for it is of no use. Only do not despair of me, my beloved Son, and believe me always,

Your loving Father,
J. PATTESON.

[1] Bishop Lonsdale.

Feniton Court: May 25, 1861.

O my own dearest Coley,—Almighty God be thanked that He has preserved my life to hear from you and others of your actual consecration as a Missionary Bishop of the Holy Catholic Church: and may He enable you by His grace and the powerful assistance of His Spirit to bring to His faith and fear very many who have not know Him, and to keep and preserve in it many others who already profess and call themselves Christians.

I was too ill to be present at the whole service on Sunday, but I attended the Holy Sacrament, and hope to do so to-morrow. We have with us our dear Sarah Selwyn, who came on Thursday: she came in the most kind and affectionate spirit, the first visit that she could make, that she might if possible see me: 'I will go and see him before he dies.' What delight this has been to me you may easily imagine, and what talk, and what anecdotes we have had about you and all your circle; for though your letters have all along let us in wonderfully into your daily life, yet there were many things to be filled up, which we have now seen more clearly and more perfectly recollect as long as our lives are spared.

What at present intensely fills our hearts and minds is all that took place on St. Matthias Day, and the day or two before and after. Passages and circumstances there were, which it is almost wonderful that you all could respectively bear, some affecting one the more and some the other; but the absorbing feeling that a great work was then done, and the ardent trust and prayer that it might turn out to the glory of God, and the good of mankind, supported every one, I have no doubt. It was

about one of those days that I was first informed of the nature of the complaint which had just been discovered, and which is bringing me gradually to the grave.

Trinity Sunday.—I am just returned from receiving the Holy Sacrament. You will do so the same in a few hours, and they may well be joined together, and probably the last that you and I shall receive together in this world. My time is probably very short. Dear Sarah will hereafter tell you more particulars of these few days. Dear Joan and Fanny are watching me continually; it is hard work for them continually and most uncertain, but in my mind it cannot be very long. Jem is here helping them continually, but his wife's mother is grievously ill at a relation's in Gloucestershire, and I will not have him withdrawn from her. I hope that next week she may be removed to Jem's new cottage, next Hyde Park, and then they, Joan and Fanny will watch me, and Jem on a telegraph notice may come to me. If I dare express a hope, it is that this state of things may not last long. But I have no desire to express any hope at all; the matter is in the hands of a good God, who will order all things as is best. . . . I would write more, but I am under the serious impression that I shall be dead before this letter reaches you.

May our Almighty God, three Persons, blessed for evermore, grant that we may meet hereafter in a blessed eternity!

One more letter was written :—

Feniton Court, Honiton: June 12, 1861.

Oh! my dearest Right Reverend well-beloved Son, how I thank God that it has pleased Him to save

my life until I heard of the actual fact of your being ordained and consecrated, as I have said more than once since I heard of it. May it please Him to prolong your life very many years, and to enable you to fulfil all those purposes for which you have been now consecrated, and that you may see the fruit of your labour of love before He calls you to His rest in heaven. But if not, may you have laid such foundations for the spread of God's Word throughout the countries committed to your charge, that when it pleases God to summon you hence, you may have a perfect consciousness of having devoted all your time and labour, and so far as you are concerned have advanced all the works as fastly and as securely as it seem fit to your great Assister, the Holy Spirit, that they should be advanced. Only conceive that an old Judge of seventy-two, cast out of his own work by infirmity, should yet live to have a son in the Holy Office of Bishop, all men rejoicing around him; and so indeed they do rejoice around me, mingling their loving expressions at my illness and approaching death. . . .

I shall endeavour to write at intervals between this and July mail. It tries me to write much at a time.

Your loving Father,
J. PATTESON.

The calm of these letters was the pervading spirit of Feniton. With perfect cheerfulness did the aged Judge await the summons, aware that he carried the 'sentence of death within himself,' and that the manner of his summons would probably be in itself sudden—namely, one of the choking fits that increased in frequency. He lived on with his children and relations

round him, spending his time in his usual manner, so far as his strength permitted—bright, kind, sunny as ever, and not withdrawing his interest from the cares and pleasures of others, but glad to talk more deeply, though still peacefully, of his condition and his hopes. One thing only troubled him. Once he said, and with tears in his eyes, to his beloved brother-in-law, Sir John Coleridge: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you,' adding to this effect, 'Alas! that this has been my lot without my deserts. It pains me now!'

But as this popularity had come of no self-seeking nor attempt to win applause, it was a grief that was soon dispelled. Perhaps if there was one strong wish, it was to hear of his son's actually having been received into the order of Bishops, and that gratification was granted to him. The letters with the record of consecration arrived in time to be his Whitsuntide joy —joy that he still participated in the congregation, for though not able to be at church for the whole service, he still was always present at the celebration of the Holy Communion.

On the day the letters came, there was great peace, and a kind of awful joy on all the household. For many weeks past, Sir John had not attempted to read family prayers, but on this evening he desired his daughters to let him do so. Where in the prayer for missionaries he had always mentioned, 'the absent member of this family,' he added in a clear tone, 'especially for John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop.' That was the father's one note of triumph, the last time he ever led the household prayers. In a day or two Mrs. Selwyn came to him, and he wrote the following to the Bishop of New Zealand.

Feniton Court : May 24, 1861.

My very dear Friend,—Here I am, and I have with me your dear and good wife, who arrived yesterday. She looks well, and I trust is so. She has arranged her visits so as to come to me as soon as possible. 'I will go and see him before he die,' and I feel sensibly the kindness of it. What a mercy is it that my life should have been preserved to receive from my dear son Coley and from you by letter the account of his having been consecrated by you as Bishop of the true Catholic Church. There were [accounts ?] of that most impressive service, which, had I been present, would have, I fear, sent me to the floor; and you and Coley must have had difficulty in holding up at those feeling statements of your having received him at my old hands. When you so received him, it was known I was satisfied that his heart was really fixed on this missionary work—that he felt a *call* to it. I believe, you know, and I am sure God knows, that I had not the most distant notion in my mind that it would lead to his becoming a Bishop, nor do I now rejoice in the result, simply on account of the honour of the office; but because my confidence in the honesty and sincerity of his then feelings has been justified, and that it has pleased God to endow him with such abundant graces. May it please God that you should continue together in your respective governments in His Church many years, and that we may all meet together in His kingdom above!

When I parted with him I did not expect to see his face on earth, yet perhaps I hardly expected that our separation would be so soon, though I am in my seventy-second year. But in February I discovered these swellings in my throat; which, humanly speak-

ing, could only be cured by iodine. Iodine has failed, and other attempts at a cure fail also; and it is only a question of time when the soul will be delivered from the burthen of the flesh. So indeed it is with all human beings; but it is one thing to know this as a general proposition, and another to know that the particular minister of death has hold of you, and that you are really only living from day to day.

For all your many kindnesses to all of us and to my son, I thank you from the very bottom of my soul, and pray that we may meet hereafter, through the merits, and for the sake of our blessed Mediator and Redeemer Jesus Christ our Lord, that as we have striven on earth to be followers of Him and His glory, so we may be partakers of it in Heaven.

Your loving Friend,

J. PATTESON.

The July mail was without a letter from the father. The end had come in the early morning of June 28, 1861, with a briefer, less painful struggle than had been thought probable, and the great, sound, wise, tender heart had ceased to beat.

There is no need to dwell on the spontaneous honours that all of those who had ever been connected with him paid to the good old Judge, when he was laid beside his much-loved wife in Feniton churchyard. Bishop Sumner of Winchester, the friend of his boyhood, read the funeral service.

'His works do follow him:' and we turn to that work of his son's, in which assuredly he had his part, since one word of his would have turned aside the course that had brought such blessing on both, had he not accepted the summons, even as Zebedee, when he was left by the lake side, while his sons became fishers of men.

Unknowing of the tidings in reserve for him, the Bishop was on his voyage, following the usual course; hearing at Anaiteum that a frightful mortality had prevailed in many of these southern islands. Measles had been imported by a trader, and had, in many cases, brought on dysentery, and had swept away a third of Mr. Geddie's Anaiteum flock. Mr. Gordon's letters had spoken of it as equally fatal in Erromango, and there were reports of the same, as well as of famine and war, in Nengonè.

On touching there, it proved that the sickness had been less severe there, but that a war was still going on between the Christians and heathen, and that about fourteen had been killed. Wadrokala was quite well again, and had just married a little wife, about thirteen years old, and already able to read well. She was taken on board for further education, together with her husband. Harper was not equally recovered, and dreaded another stay at Mota, though he came with the Bishop to Lifu, and there was left as the guest of John Cho, with whom the Bishop spent Saturday night in talking over the sadly-perplexed affairs of the island. 'God will give me men in His time; for could I be cut up into five pieces already I would be living at Nengonè, Lifu, Mai, Mota and Bauro!' was the comment on this visit; and this need of men inspired a letter to his uncle Edward, on a day dear to the Etonian heart.

Schooner 'Dunedin,' 60 tons.
In sight of Erromango, New Hebrides: June 4, 1861.

My dear Tutor,—Naturally I think of Eton and of you especially to-day. I hope you have as fine a day coming on for the cricket-match and for Surley as I have here. Thermometer 81°; Tanna and Erro-

mango, with their rugged hilly outlines, breaking the line of the bright sparkling horizon.

I managed to charter the vessel for the voyage just in time to escape cold weather in New Zealand. She is slow, but sound; the captain a teetotaller, and crew respectable in all ways. So the voyage, though lengthy, is pleasant.

I have some six or seven classes to take, for they speak as many more languages; and I get a little time for reading and writing, but not much.

I need not tell you how heavily this new responsibility presses on me, as I see the islands opening, and at present feel how very difficult it must be to obtain men to occupy this opening.

True, we have not to contend with subtle and highly-elaborated systems of false religions. It is the *ignorantia puræ negationis*, comparatively speaking, in some of the islands; yet, generally, there is a settled system of some kind observed among them, and in the Banks Islands, an extraordinarily developed religion, which enters into every detail of social and domestic life, and is mixed up with the daily life of every person in the archipelago.

I think, therefore, that men are needed who have what I may call strong religious common sense to adapt Christianity to the wants of the various nations that live in Melanesia, without compromising any truth of doctrine or principle of conduct—men who can see, in the midst of the errors and superstitions of a people, whatever fragment of truth or symptom of a yearning after something better may exist among them, and make that the *point d'appui*, upon which they may build up the structure of Christian teaching. Men, moreover, of industry they must be, for it is useless to talk of 'picking up languages.' Of

course, in a few days a man may learn to talk superficially and inaccurately on a few subjects; but to teach Christianity, a man must know the language well, and this is learnt only by hard work.

Then, again, unless a man can dispense with what we ordinarily call comfort or luxuries to a great extent, and knock about anywhere in Melanesian huts, he can hardly do much work in this Mission. The climate is so warm that, to my mind, it quite supplies the place of the houses, clothing, and food of old days, yet a man cannot accommodate himself to all at once. I don't say that it came naturally to me five years ago, as it does now, when I feel at home anywhere, and cease to think it odd to do things which, I suppose, you would think very extraordinary indeed.

But most of all—for this makes all easy—men are wanted who really do desire in their hearts to live for God and the world to come, and who have really sought to sit very loosely to this world. The enjoyment, and the happiness, and the peace all come, and that abundantly; but there is a condition, and the first rub is a hard one, and lasts a good while.

Naturally buoyant spirits, the gift of a merry heart, are a great help; for oftentimes a man may have to spend months without any white man within hundreds of miles, and it is very depressing to live alone in the midst of heathenism. But there must be many many fellows pulling up to Surley to-night who may be well able to pull together with one on the Pacific—young fellows whose enthusiasm is not mere excitement of animal spirits, and whose pluck and courage are given them to stand the roughnesses (such as they are) of a missionary life. For, dear

Uncle, if you ever talk to any old pupil of yours about the work, don't let him suppose that it is consistent with ease and absence of anxiety and work. When on shore at Kohimarama, we live very cosily, as I think. Some might say we have no society, very simple fare, &c.; I don't think any man would really find it so. But in the islands, I don't wish to conceal from anyone that, measured by the rule of the English gentleman's household, there is a great difference. Why should it, however, be measured by this standard? I can truly say that we have hitherto always had what is necessary for health, and what does one need more? though I *like* more as much as anyone.

You have so many opportunities of talking to people that I write freely to you. You may, perhaps, some day be speaking to someone desirous for information about the qualifications for a Melanesian missionary.

I trust some day, if I live, to have another 'Southern Cross.' . . .

How I shall think of you all seven days hence, meeting in Stephen Hawtrey's house! How you will wonder at the news of my consecration, and, indeed, well you may! I would, indeed, that there were a dozen men out here under whom I was working, if only they were such men as the Primate would have chosen to the work.

But it is done now, and I know I must not shrink from it. Never did I need the love and prayers of my dear relations and friends as I do now. Already difficulties are rising up around me, and I am so little fit to be a leader of work like this. Don't forget, dear Tutor, your old pupil, who used to copy the dear Bishop's letters in your study from

Anaiteum, Erromango, &c.; and little thought that he would write from these islands to you, himself the Missionary Bishop.

With kind love to all,

Your loving old Pupil and Nephew,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

This thoughtful and beautiful letter was written in sight of Erromango, a sandal-wood station, whence a trader might be found to take charge of it. The ink was scarcely dry before the full cost of carrying the Gospel among the heathen was brought before the writer. Not only houses and brethren must be given up, but the 'yea and his own life also' was now to be exemplified almost before his eyes.

The Erromango Mission, like that of Anaiteum, came from the Scottish Kirk. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, as has been seen, had been visited on every voyage of the 'Southern Cross' during their three years' residence there, and there was a warm regard between them and the Bishop. It was then a great shock to hear a Nengonè man call out from a sandal-wood vessel, lying in Dillon's Bay, that they had both been killed!

It was but too true. The Erromango people had been little inclined to listen to Mr. Gordon's warnings, and he, a young and eager man, had told them that to persevere in their murders and idolatries would bring a judgment upon them. When therefore the scourge of sickness came, as at Anaiteum, they connected him with it; and it was plain from his diary that he had for some months known his life to be in danger, but he had gone about them fearlessly, like a brave man, doing his best for the sick.

On May 20 he was in a little wood, putting up a

house instead of one that had been blown down by a hurricane, and he had sent his few faithful pupils to get grass for the thatch. Nine natives from a village about three hours' walk distant came to the house where his wife was, and asked for him. She said he was in the little wood. They went thither, and while eight hid themselves in the bush, one went forward and asked for some calico. Mr. Gordon took a bit of charcoal and wrote on a bit of wood directions to his wife to give the bearer some cotton, but the man insisted that he must come himself to give out some medicine for a sick man. Mr. Gordon complied, walking in front as far as the place where lay the ambush, when the man struck him with a tomahawk on the spine, and he fell, with a loud scream, while the others leaping out fell upon him with blows that must have destroyed life at once, yelling and screaming over him. Another went up to the house. Mrs. Gordon had come out, asking what the shouts meant. 'Look there!' he said, and as she turned her head, he struck her between the shoulders, and killed her as soon as she had fallen.

Another native had in the meantime rushed down the hill to the sandal-wood station half a mile off on the beach, and the trader, arming his natives, came up too late to do more than prevent the murderers from carrying off the bodies or destroying the house. The husband and wife were buried in the same grave; the natives fenced it round; and now, on June 7, eighteen days after, Bishop Patteson read the Burial Service over it, with many solemn and anxious thoughts respecting the population, now reduced to 2,500, and in a very wild condition.

At Mai the Bishop spent two hours the next day, and brought away one old scholar and one new one.

At Tariko, where he had been three years before

with the Primate, the Episcopal hat brought the greeting 'Bishop,' as the people no doubt thought the wearer identical. Of Ambrym there is a characteristic sentence: 'As we left the little rock pool where I had jumped ashore, leaving, for *prudence' sake*, the rest behind me in the boat, one man raised his bow and drew it, then unbent it, then bent it again, but apparently others were dissuading him from letting fly the arrow. The boat was not ten yards off, I don't know why he did so; but we must try to effect more frequent landings.'

On June 12 Mota was reached, and the next morning the Mission party landed, warmly welcomed by the inhabitants. The house was found safely standing and nearly weather-proof.

June 13th.—This morning I put up the framework for another small house, where I shall put Wadrokala, his child-wife, and many of our boxes. We had to carry up the timber first from the beach, and it was *rather* hot work, as also the carpentering, as I chose a place for the house where no falling bread-fruit or branches of trees would hurt it, and the sun was so hot that it almost burnt my hand when I took up a handful of nails that had been lying for ten minutes in the sun. So our pic-nic life begins again, and that favourably. I feel the enjoyment of the glorious view and climate, and my dear lads, Tagalana and Parenga, from Bauro, are with me, the rest in Port Patteson, &c., coming over in the vessel to-morrow, which I shall then discharge. I see that the people are very friendly; they all speak of *your* bread-fruit tree, *your* property. The house had not been entered, a keg of nails inside it not touched.

Tagalana's father is dead. His first words to me were, 'Oh that the Word of God had come in old

times to Mota, I should not then cry so much about him. Yes, it is true, I know, I must be thankful it is come now, and I must remember that, and try to help others who may die too before they believe it.'

'Yes, I am quite your child now! Yes, one Father for us all in Heaven. You my father here! Yes, I stop always with you, unless you send me away. They ask me with whom I shall live now; I say with the Bishop.'

How I was praising and rejoicing in my heart as the dear boy was speaking: 'Yes, I am feeling calm again now. When people die at Mota, you know they make a great shouting, but soon forget the dead person. But I am able to be quiet and calm now, as you talk to me about God and Jesus Christ. Yes, He rose again. Death is not the end. I know you said it is for those who repent and believe in Christ the Door to enter into life eternal. How different it all seems then!'

When you read this you will say, 'Thank God that I sent him out to Melanesia with my blessing on his head. I too may see Tagalana one day with Him who is the Father of us all.'

One soul won to Christ, as I hope and believe, by His love and power, and if in any degree by my ministry, to God be the praise!

The comfort sent home to the sisters with the letter respecting this voyage is:—

Mota: June 14, 1861.

Now, dear Joan, don't any of you think too much about the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, as if my life was exposed to the same kind of risk.

Certainly it is not endangered here. It may be true that at places where I am not known some sudden outbreak may occur; but humanly speaking, there

are not many places that as yet I am able to visit, where I realise the fact of any danger being run.

Yet it may happen that some poor fellow, who has a good cause to think ill of white men, or some mischievous badly disposed man, *may* let fly a random arrow or spear some day.

If so, you will not so very much wonder, nor be so very greatly grieved. Every clergyman runs at least as great a risk among the small-pox and fevers of town parishes. Think of Uncle James in the cholera at Thorverton.

So with the 'Dunedin' dismissed, Bishop Patteson, Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and their pupils recommenced their residence at Mota. The Banks Islanders returned to their homes; and when the Bishop came to Aroa, Tagalana's native place, three weeks later, the little fellow received him affectionately, cooked yams, fetched mats, and was not ashamed before his own people to kneel down, and join audibly in hymn and prayer. The people begged for Wadrokala or some other teacher to be placed among them. The Journal continues:—

On Friday, at 8.30, I started, not quite knowing whither I should go, but soon saw that I could fetch round the south end of Vanua Lava, which was well. The sea, when it comes through the passage between Mota and Valua, is heavy, but the boat had great way on her, sailing very fast, so that I could steer her well, and we did not take very long crossing to the small reef islands. I passed between Pakea and Vanua Lava (Dudley Passage), and then we had unexpectedly a very heavy sea, a strong tide up. I did not like it, but, thank God, all went well. One very heavy sea in particular I noticed, which broke some

twenty yards ahead, and about the same distance astern of us, while the exact part of it which came down upon us was only a black wall of water, over which we rode lightly and dry. I think that it might have swamped us had it broken upon the boat. My boat is an open four-oared one, 26 feet long, and about five wide, strong but light. She sails admirably with a common lug sail. I had one made last summer, very large, with two reefs, so that I can reduce it to as small a sail as I please. By 4 or 5 P.M. I neared Aruas, in the bay on the west side of Vanua Lava; the same crowd as usual on the beach, but I did not haul the boat up. I had a grapnel, and dropped it some fifty yards from the beach.

I returned Pepentebasa to his people. He is a good boy, but dull, and I do not suppose that he will tell them much of what we most want them to know, but then he is a reserved boy, by no means given to say much, and there may be more in him than I give him credit for.

Somehow I did not much like the manner of some of the people; they did not at night come into the Ögamal, or men's common eating and sleeping house, as before, and I overheard some few remarks which I did not quite like—something about the unusual sickness being connected with this new teaching—I could not be quite sure, as I do not know the dialect of Aruas. There were, however, several who were very friendly, and the great majority were at least quiet, and left us to ourselves. The next morning I started at about eight, buying two small pigs for two hatchets, and yams and taro and dried bread-fruit for fish-hooks. I gave one young man a piece of iron for his attention to us. As we pulled away, one elderly man drew his bow, and the women and children ran

off into the bush, here, as everywhere almost in these islands, growing quite thickly some twenty yards above high-water mark. The man did not let fly his arrow: I cannot tell why this small demonstration took place.

When an arrow was pointed at him, it was Bishop Patteson's custom to look the archer full in the face with his bright smile, and in many more cases than are here hinted at, that look of cheery confidence and good will made the weapon drop.

Sunday was spent in a snug cove on the coast of Vanua Lava, out of the way of natives, where the little boat's crew of scholars could be prayed with, catechised, or talked to; and then their teacher could have a quiet time before night, when all slept upon the large sail spread upon the beach.

On Monday, Rowa was reached, and a high wind made the voyage thence unsafe for two days, which were not however lost, for Pasvorang, a last year's scholar, gladly sat by the Bishop on the moonlight beach, when his fellows were gone home, and hearkened again to the story of God's love and Christ's redemption.

When the voyage began again, full a dozen sharks were seen in the clear water, making havoc among the leaping shoals of fish, large and small, in water about four or five feet deep.

After a few more visits to the coasts of this archipelago the boat returned to Mota, where Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr had kept school every day, besides getting the station into excellent order and beauty. Their presence at the head-quarters left the Bishop free to circulate in the villages, sleeping in the Ögamals where he could collect the men. They always seemed

pleased and interested, and their pugnacious habits were decidedly diminishing, though their superstitious practices and observances were by no means dropped.

The Diary, on July 24, thus speaks of the way of life: which, however, was again telling on the health of the party:—

I am so accustomed to sleeping about anywhere that I take little or no account of thirty, forty, fifty naked fellows, lying, sitting, sleeping round me. Someone brings me a native mat, someone else a bit of yam; a third brings a cocoa-nut; so I get my supper, put down the mat (like a very thin door-mat) on the earth, roll up my coat for a pillow, and make a very good night of it. I have had deafness in my right ear again for some days; no pain with it, but it is inconvenient.

Several of our lads have had attacks of fever and ague; Wadrokala and his child of a wife, Buru, a Bauro boy, &c. The island is not at all unhealthy, but natives cannot be taught caution. I, thank God, am in robust health, very weather-beaten. I think my Bishop's dress would look quite out of keeping with such a face and pair of hands!

There is much as usual in such cases to encourage and to humble us. Some few people seem to be in earnest. The great majority do their best to make me think they are listening. Meanwhile, much goes on in the island as of old.

Sunday, July 28th, 11.45 A.M.—I have much anxiety just now. At this moment Wadrokala is in an ague fit, five or six others of my party *kept going* by quinine and port wine, and one or other sickening almost daily. Henry Hrahuena, of Lifu, I think dying, from what I know not—I *think*

inflammation of the brain, induced possibly by exposure to the sun, though I have not seen him so exposed, and it is a thing I am very careful about with them. I do what I can in following the directions of medical books, but it is so hard to get a word from a native to explain symptoms, &c.; besides, my ear is now, like last year, really painful; and for two nights I have had little sleep, and feel stupid, and getting a worn-out feeling. With all this, I am conscious that it is but a temporary depression, a day or two may bring out the bright colours again. Henry may recover by God's mercy, the boys become hearty again; my ear get right. At present I feel that I must rub on as I can, from hour to hour.

If I find from experience that natives of Melanesia, taken to a different island, however fertile, dry and apparently healthy, do seem to be affected by it, I must modify my plans, try as soon as possible to have more winter schools, and, what is of more consequence, I must reconsider the whole question of native teachers. If a great amount of sickness is to be the result of gathering scholars around me at an island, I could do, perhaps, more single-handed, in health, and with no one to look after, than with twenty fellows of whom half are causing continual anxiety on the score of health. Now were I alone, I should be as brisk as a bee, but I feel weighed down somewhat with the anxiety about all these fellows about me.

I must balance considerations, and think it out. It requires great attention. It is at times like these that I experience some trials. Usually my life is, as you know, singularly free from them.

July 31st.—Henry died on Sunday about 4 A.M. Wadrokala is better. The boys are all better. I have had much real pain and weariness from sleep-

less nights, owing to the small tumour in my ear. What a sheet of paper for you to read! And yet it is not so sad either. The boys were patient and good; Wadrokala takes his ague attacks like a man; and about Henry I had great comfort.

He was about eighteen or nineteen, as I suppose, the son of the great enchanter in Lifu in old times—the hereditary high priest of Lifu indeed. He was a simple-minded, gentle, good fellow, not one probably who would have been able to take a distinct line as a teacher, yet he might have done good service with a good teacher. We found that afternoon a slate on which he had written down some thoughts when first taken ill, showing that he felt that he was sick unto death. Very full of comfort were his written as well as his spoken words.

On August 1, while the Bauro scholars were writing answers to questions on the Lord's Prayer, a party of men and women arrived, headed by a man with a native scarf over his shoulders. They had come to be taught, bringing provisions with them, and eating them, men and women together, a memorable infringement of one of the most unvarying customs of the Banks inhabitants; and from the conversation with them and with others, Bishop Patteson found that the work of breaking down had been attained, that of building up had to be begun. They must learn that leaving off heathen practices was not the same thing as adopting the religion of Christ, and the kind of work which external influences had cut short in Lifu had to be begun with them.

Soon, I think, the great difficulty must be met in Mŏta of teaching the Christian's social and domestic life to people disposed to give up much of their old

practices. This is the point at which I suppose most Missions have broken down. It is a great blessing indeed to reach it, but the building up of converts is the harder work. Here, for example, a population of 1,500 people; at present they know all that is necessary for the cultivation of yams, &c., they build houses sufficient for the purpose of their present life, they are giving up fighting, losing faith in their old charms and contrivances for compassing the death of their enemies; they will very likely soon be at peace throughout the island. Well, then, they will be very idle, talk infinite scandal, indulge in any amount of gluttony; professing to believe our religion, their whole life will contradict that profession, unless their whole social and domestic life be changed, and a new character infused into them. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the English aspect of the Christian's social life is necessarily adapted to such races as these. The Oriental tendencies of their minds, the wholly different circumstances of their lives, climate, absence of all poverty or dependence upon others, &c., will prevent them from ever becoming a little English community; but not, I trust, their becoming a Christian community. But how shall I try to teach them to become industrious, persevering, honest, tidy, clean, careful with children, and all the rest of it? What a different thing from just going about and teaching them the first principles of Christianity! The second stage of a Mission is the really difficult time.'

A few days after the foregoing observations were written, H.M.S. 'Cordelia,' a war steamer, entered Port Patteson, and Captain Hume himself came across by boat to Mota, to communicate to Bishop Patteson his

instructions to offer him a cruise in the vessel, render him any assistance in his power in the Solomon Islands, and return him to any island he might desire. Letters from the Primate assumed that the proposal should be accepted: it was an opportunity of taking home the Bauro and Gera boys; moreover, there was a quarrel between English and natives to be enquired into at Ysabel Island, where the Bishop could be useful as interpreter; and, as he could leave his two friends to carry on the school at Mota, he went on board, and very good it was for him, in the depressed state of health brought on by rude bed and board, to be the guest on board a Queen's ship and under good medical care.

For the 'Cordelia' had brought out the letters which gave the first intimation of his father's state; and without the privacy, and freedom from toil and responsibility, he could hardly have borne up under the blow. The first day was bad enough: 'a long busy day on shore with just one letter read, and the dull heavy sensation of an agony that was to come, as soon as I could be alone to think.' Arrangements had to be made; and there was not one solitary moment till 9 P.M. in the cabin when this loving and beloved son could shut himself in, kneel down, and recover composure to open the two letters in his father's hand.

He wrote it all—his whole heart—as of old to the father who had ever shared his inmost thoughts.

> It may be that as I write your blessed spirit, at rest in Paradise, may know me more truly than ever you did on earth; and yet the sorrow of knowing how bitter it is within may never be permitted to ruffle your everlasting peace.
>
> I may never see you on earth. All thought of

such a joy is gone. I did really cling to it (I see it now) when most I thought I was quite content to wait for the hope of the great meeting. I will try to remember and to do what you say about all business matters.

I will pray God to make me more desirous and more able to follow the holy example you leave behind. Oh! that the peace of God may be given to me also when I come to die; though how may I dare to hope for such an end, so full of faith and love and the patient waiting for Christ!

I must go on with my work. This very morning I was anxious, passing shoal water with the captain and master beside me, and appealing to me as pilot. I must try to be of some use in the ship. I must try to turn to good account among the islands this great opportunity. Probably elasticity of mind will come again now for very pain of body. Oh! how much more sorrow and heavy weight on my heart! I am quite worn out and weary. It seems as if the light were taken from me, as if it was no longer possible to work away so cheerily when I no longer have you to write to about it all, no longer your approval to seek, your notice to obtain.

I must go on writing to you, my own dearest Father, even as I go on praying for you. It is a great comfort to me, though I feel that in all human probability you are to be thought of now as one of the blessed drawn wholly within the veil. Oh! that we may all dwell together hereafter for His blessed sake who died for us. *Now more than ever* your loving and dutiful Son, &c.

Such another letter was written to his sister Fanny; but it is dated four days later, when he was better

in health, and was somewhat recovered from the first shock; besides which, he felt his office of comforter when writing to her. So the letter is more cheerful, and is a good deal taken up with the endeavour to assure the sisters of his acquiescence in whatever scheme of life they might adopt, and willingness that, if it were thought advisable, Feniton Court should be sold. 'This is all cold and heartless,' he says, 'but I must try and make my view pretty clear.' Towards the end occurs the following :—

Last night, my slight feverish attack over, my ears comfortable, with the feeling of health and ease returning, I lay awake, thought of dear Uncle Frank, and then for a long time of dear Mamma. How plainly I saw her face, and dear dear Uncle James, and I wondered whether dear dear Father was already among them in Paradise. It is not often that I can fasten down my mind to think continuously upon those blessed ones; I am too tired, or too busy; and this climate, you know, is enervating. But last night I was very happy, and seemed to be very near them. The Evening Lesson set me off, 1 John iii. How wonderful it is! But all the evening I had been reading my book of Prayers and Meditations. Do you know, Fan, at times the thought comes upon me with a force almost overpowering, that I am a Bishop; and that I must not shrink from believing that I am called to a special work. I don't think that I dwell morbidly on this, but it is an awful thought. And then I feel just the same as of old, and don't reach out more, or aim more earnestly at amendment of life and strive after fresh degrees of enlightenment and holiness. But probably I have to learn the lesson, which it may be

only sickness will teach me, of patient waiting, that God will accomplish His own work in His own time.

Some of this is almost too sacred for publication, and yet it is well that it should be seen how realising the Communion of Saints blessed the solitary man who had given up home. The next letter is to Sir J. T. Coleridge :—

H.M.S. 'Cordelia' : September 11, 1861.

My dearest Uncle,—It is now nearly five weeks since I learnt from my letters of March and April, brought to me by this ship the very precarious state of my dear Father.

He has never missed a mail since we have been parted, never once; and he wrote as he always did both in March and April. I had read a letter from the good Primate first; because I had to make up my mind whether I could, as I was desired, take a cruise in this vessel; and in his letter I heard of my dear Father's state. With what reverence I opened his letters! With what short earnest prayers to God that I might have strength supplied and resignation I had kept them till the last. All day at Mota I had been too busy to read any but the Primate's letters. I had many matters to arrange . . . and it was not until night that I could quietly read my letters in the captain's cabin. My dear Father's words seem to come to me like a voice from another world. I think from what he says, and what they all say, that already he has departed to be with Christ.

I think of him and my dear mother, and those dear uncles James and Frank, so specially dear to me, and others gone before. I think of all that he

has been to me, and yet how can I be unhappy? The great shock to me was long overpast: it is easy for me to dwell on his gain rather than my loss; yet how I shall miss his wise loving letters and all the unrestrained delights of our correspondence.

It is not with me as with those dear sisters, or with old Jem. Theirs is the privilege of witnessing the beauty and holiness of his life to the end; and theirs the sorrow of learning to live without him. Yet I feel that the greatest perhaps of all the pleasures of this life is gone. How I did delight in writing to him and seeking his approval of what I was about! How I read and re-read his letters, entering so entirely into my feelings, understanding me so well in my life, so strangely different from what it used to be.

Well, it should make me feel more than ever that I have but one thing to live for—the good, if so it may please God, of these Melanesian islands.

I cannot say, for you will like to know my feelings, that I felt so overwhelmed with this news as not to be able to go about my usual business. Yet the rest on board the vessel has been very grateful to me. The quiet cheerfulness and briskness will all come again, as I think; and yet I think too that I shall be an older and more thoughtful man by reason of this.

There has been reported a row at Ysabe Island, one of the Solomon group, eighteen months ago. This vessel, a screw steamer, ten guns and a large pivot gun, came to enquire, with orders from the Commodore of the station to call at Mota and see me, and request me to go with the vessel if I could find time to do so; adding, that the vessel was to take me to any island which I might wish to be

returned to. Now I have long wished to indoctrinate captains of men-of-war with our notions of the right way to settle disputes between natives and traders. Secondly, I had a passage free with my Solomon Islanders, and consequently all October and half November I may devote to working up carefully (D.V.) the Banks and New Hebrides group without being under the necessity of going down to the Solomon Islands. Thirdly, I had an opportunity of going further to the westward than I had ever been before, and of seeing new ground. Fourthly, the Primate, I found, assumed that I should go. So here I am, in great clover, of course; the change from Mota to man-of-war life being amusing enough. Barring some illness, slight attacks of fever, I have enjoyed myself very much. The seeing Ysabel Island is a real gain. I had time to acquire some 200 words and phrases of the language, which signify to me a great deal more. The language is a very remarkable one, very Polynesian; yet in some respects distinguished from the Polynesian, and most closely related to Melanesian dialects.

I need not enter into all this. It is my business, you know, to work at such things, and a word or two often tells me now a good deal of the secrets of a language—the prominent forms, affixes, &c., &c.; the way in which it is linked on to other dialects by peculiar terminations, the law by which the transposition of vowels and consonants is governed in general. All these things soon come out, so I am very sanguine about soon, if I live, seeing my way in preparing the way for future missionaries in the far West.

But I must not forget that I have some islands to visit in the next month or two where the people are

very wild, so that I of all people have least reason to speculate about what I may hope to do a year hence.

The real anxiety is in the making up my own mind whether or not I ought to lower the boat in such a sea way; whether or not I ought to swim ashore among these fellows crowded there on the narrow beach, &c.

When my mind is made up, it is not so difficult then. But, humanly speaking, there are but few islands now where I realise the fact of there being any risk; at very many I land with confidence. Yet I could enumerate, I dare say, five-and-twenty which we have not visited at all, or not regularly; and where I must be careful, as also in visiting different parts of islands already known to us in part. Poor poor people, who can see them and not desire to make known to them the words of life? I may never forget the Bishop's words in the Consecration Service:—'Your office is in the highest sense to preach the Gospel to the poor;' and then his eye glanced over the row of Melanesians sitting near me.

How strange that I can write all this, when one heavy sense of trouble is hanging vaguely over me. And yet you will be thankful that I can think, as I trust, heartily of my work, and that my interest is in no way lessened. It ought to be increased. Yet I scarce realise the fact of being a Bishop, though again it does not seem unnatural. I can't explain what I mean. I suppose the fact that I knew for so long before that it must come some day if I lived, makes the difference now.

I don't think, however, that your words will come true of my appearing in shovel hat, &c., at Heath's Court some fine day. It is very improbable that I

shall ever see the northern hemisphere, unless I see it in the longitude of New Guinea.

I must try to send a few island shells to M——, B——, and Co.; those little ones must not grow up, and I am sure that you all do not suffer them to grow up, without knowing something about 'old cousin Coley' tumbling about in a little ship (albeit at present in a war steamer) at the other end of the world. Seriously, dear Uncle, as they grow older, it may be some help for them to hear of these poor Melanesians, and of our personal intercourse with them, so to speak.

I have but little hope of hearing, if I return safe to New Zealand at the end of November, that this disastrous war is over. I fear that the original error has been overlaid by more recent events, forgotten amongst them. The Maori must suffer, the country must suffer. Confession of a fault in an individual is wrong in a State; indeed, the rights of the case are, and perhaps must be, unknown to people at a distance. We have no difficulty here in exposing the fallacies and duplicities of the authors of the war, but we can't expect (and I see that it must be so) people in England to understand the many details. To begin with, a man must know, and that well, Maori customs, their national feeling, &c. It is all known to One above, and that is our only hope now. May He grant us peace and wisdom for the time to come!

I have been reading Helps again this voyage, a worthy book, and specially interesting to me. How much there is I shall be glad to read about. What an age it is! America, how is that to end? India, China, Japan, Africa! I have Jowett's books and 'Essays and Reviews.' How much I should like to

talk with you and John, in an evening at Heath's Court, about all that such books reveal of Intellectualism at home. One does feel that there is conventionalism and unreality in the hereditary passive acceptance of much that people think they believe. But how on Jowett's system can we have positive teaching at all? Can the thing denoted by 'entering into the mind of Christ or St. Paul' be substituted for teaching the Catechism?

Not so, writes my dear Father in the depth of his humility and simplicity, writing to me what a father could scarcely say to a son! But our peculiar circumstances have brought this blessing to me, that I think he has often so 'reamed out' his heart to me in the warmth of his love to a son he was never again to see in the body, that I know him better even than I should have done had I remained at home.

I hope that men, especially Bishops, who don't know and can't understand Jowett, won't attempt to write against him. A man must know Jowett, be behind the curtain, know what he means by the phraseology he uses. He is answerable perhaps for not being intelligible to the world at large; but I am sure that not above one out of fifty readers will have much notion of what he really means to say, and only that one can do any good by entering into a discussion. I confess it strikes me that grievous as are many opinions that I fear he undoubtedly holds, his essays are eminently suggestive—the essays appended to and intermixed with his Commentaries, and that it needs delicate handling to eliminate what is true and useful from the error with which it is associated. Anyhow, he deals with questions openly and boldly, which men wiser or less honest have ignored, consciously ignored before. And I pray

God someone may be found to show wisely and temperately to the intellectual portion of the community the true way to solve these difficulties and answer these questions. Simple denunciation, or the reassertion of our own side of the question, or the assigning our meaning and ideas to his words, will not do it.

So wonderful was my dearest Father's calmness when he wrote on the 24th of April, that if he was alive to write again in May, I think it not impossible that he may allude to these matters. If so, what golden words to be treasured up by me! I have all his letters. You will see, or have seen, him laid by my dear Mother's side. They dwell together now with Him in Paradise.

Good-bye, my dearest Uncle. Should God spare your life, my letters will be more frequent to you now.

My kindest love to Aunt.

Your affectionate and grateful Nephew,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

H.M.S. 'Cordelia,' at sea: September 12, 1861.

My dear Sophy,—My sojourn in the Banks Islands has been agreeably interrupted by the appearance of this war steamer, on board which I have now spent almost five weeks—why, you will hear from Joan and Fan.

This vessel brought me my March and April letters, and with them, you well know, the account of my dearest Father.

Oh! Sophy, it was a great trial to me to read it all with no human friend near to sympathise with me—his own calm, heavenly-minded letters tended much to soothe and comfort me, and I felt even thankful when at length at the end of a long day I had knelt

down in the darkness of the night and poured it all out to God. But privacy is a thing not possible in the islands, and from 9 A.M. till 9 P.M. I had to bear about with me, as I best might, the knowledge that already, in all probability, my own dear Father had passed from us, and it was hard, very hard to attend to necessary duties and arrangements. The quiet rest on board this ship has been very grateful to me. I have not been well, but then I was in good hands. The doctor told me that I was in for the fever, but I did not have it, or only slightly, and a course of quinine, &c. has set me to rights. In a few days (D.V.) I shall be at Mota again, and ready, I trust, for hard work. The real shock to me was not so great as you might imagine. Almost my first thoughts were of those dear sisters and of Jem. What it is to them I hardly dare to think. But they will bear it contentedly and thankfully and cheerfully: I know that, yet the light of their life is gone. Henceforth we must do as well as we can without him. I *did* think 'Oh! that dear Uncle could be with him, as with Mamma of old.' But God has made all his bed in his sickness and given him (how can I doubt it?) peace at the last.

How I shall miss his loving, loving letters when the mails arrive! How I shall miss the writing to him, my great treat and relaxation! But all this is as nothing to their trial—*my* great trial has been over now for nearly seven years. I never thought to see his face again on earth, and now he dwells with God's saints in Paradise. Do not be unhappy about me: it has been and it is hard work—yet God is so merciful that I go on and am carried through it all. • I dare not say that it may not be indifference, insensibility, yet why trouble myself with such thoughts?

Can I doubt of my intense fervent love to him—my dear dear Father? Oh! no. I must thank God who gives the comfort and the peace, and the elasticity of mind to send me again out to my work, looking onward to the great meeting hereafter, if by His grace I may be saved even as they. You know the effect upon one of the necessity of exerting oneself by reason of the pressure of business. That is my chronic state. Somehow every minute goes. This time on board the 'Cordelia' has been real freedom from work, and yet you know in lat. 8°, 9°, &c. it is not as with you at Dawlish; even I, salamander as I am, am somewhat enervated by a thermometer much above 82° or 84° day and night. How you all will feel this! That dear Pena! a second great grief to her. But she has that gift of buoyancy of spirits, a 'merry heart' that will make her bound up again, and go on with her duty whatever it may be. Oh! if we could see it as it is! A few years now, and we shall all be gathered home.

And what is there in this world that should make us sorry for that? who would wish to stop here, if he knew that 'to depart' would in his case be 'to be with Christ'? Yet I don't really live up to this any more than all you; no, not nearly so much, think as you will of missionary life. I think that I have unusual opportunities for doing so; but it will *all* be made manifest some day. . . .

My kindest love to Auntie and Pena.

Always your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

There is little more record of this voyage. There was less heart and spirit than usual for the regular journalizing letter; but the five weeks' voyage had been

most beneficial in restoring health and energy, and it had one very important effect upon the Mission, for it was here that Lieutenant Capel Tilly, R.N. became so interested in the Mission and its head, as to undertake the charge of the future 'Southern Cross.' The 'Cordelia' was about to return to England, where, after she was paid off, Mr. Tilly would watch over the building of the new vessel on a slightly larger scale than the first, would bring her out to Kohimarama, and act as her captain.

So great a boon as his assistance did much to cheer and encourage the Bishop, who was quite well again when he landed at Mota on September 17, and found Mr. Pritt convalescent after a touch of ague, and Mr. Kerr so ill as to be glad to avail himself of Captain Hume's kind offer to take him back to Auckland in the 'Cordelia.'

Probably all were acclimatised by this time, for we hear of no more illness before the 'Sea Breeze,' with Mr. Dudley, came, on the 10th of October, to take the party off.

He says:—'The Bishop and Mr. Pritt both looked pale and worn. There were, however, signs in the island of a great advance in the state of things of the previous year. An admirable schoolroom had been built; and in the open space cleared in front of it, every evening some hundred people would gather, the older ones chatting, the younger ones being initiated in the mysteries of leap-frog, wrestling, and other English games, until prayer time, when all stood in a circle, singing a Mota hymn, and the Bishop prayed with and for them.

'That voyage was not a long one. We did not go to the Solomon Islands and the groups to the north,

but we worked back through the New Hebrides, carefully visiting them.'

Mr. Dudley had brought letters that filled the Bishop's heart to overflowing, and still it was to his father that he wrote :—'It seems as if you had lived to see us all, as it were, fixed in our several positions, and could now "depart in peace, according to His word."'

The agony and bitterness seem to have been met and struggled through, as it were, in those first days on board the 'Cordelia.' In this second letter there is infinite peace and thankfulness ; and so there still was, when, at Norfolk Island, the tidings of the good old man's death met him, as described in the ensuing letter :—

'Sea Breeze,' one hundred miles south-east of Norfolk Island : 8 A.M.

My dearest Sisters,—Joy and grief were strangely mingled together while I was on shore in Norfolk Island, from 6 P.M. Saturday to 8 P.M. Sunday (yesterday).

I was sitting with Mr. Nobbs (Benjamin Dudley the only other person present) when he said, 'We have seen in our papers from Sydney the news of the death of your revered Father.' He concluded that I must have known of it.

How wonderful it seems to me that it did not come as a great shock. I showed by my face (naturally) that I had not known before that God had taken him unto Himself, but I could answer quite calmly, 'I thank God.' Do not be distressed at telling me suddenly, as you see you have done inadvertently. I knew he could not live long. We all knew that he was only waiting for Christ.

And, dear dear Joan and Fan, how merciful God

has been! The last part of his letter to me, of date June 25, only three days before his call came, so that I know (and praise God for it) that he was spared protracted suffering. Shall I desire or wish to be more sorry than I am? Shall I try to make myself grieve, and feel unhappy? Oh, no! it is of God's great mercy that I still feel happy and thankful, for I cannot doubt the depth of my love to him who has indeed been, and that more than ever of late, the one to whom I clung in the world.

I could be quiet at night, sleeping in Mr. Nobbs's house, and yet I could not at once compose myself to think it all over, as I desired to do. And then I had much to do, and here was the joy mingling with the sorrow.

For the Norfolk Island people have come to see how wise was the Primate's original plan, and now they much desire to connect themselves more closely with the Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Nobbs desire their son Edwin, who was two years at the Governor's at Sydney, and is now eighteen and a half years old, to be given wholly to us. . . . So said Simon Young of his boy Fisher, and so did three others. All spoke simply and without excitement, but with deep feeling. I thought it right to say that they should remain at Norfolk Island at present, that we all might prove them whether they were indeed bent upon this work, that we might be able to trust that God had indeed called them. To the lads I said, 'This is a disappointment, I know, but it is good for you to have to bear trials. You must take time to count the cost. It is no light thing to be called to the work of a teacher among the heathen. In giving up your

present wish to go immediately, you are obeying your parents and others older than yourselves, and your cheerful obedience to them is the best evidence that you wish to act upon a sense of duty, and not only from impulse; but don't think I wish to discourage you. I thank Him who has put the good desire into your hearts. Prove yourselves now by special prayer, and meditation.'

Then came the happy, blessed service, the whole population present, every confirmed person communicating, my voice trembling at the Fifth Commandment and the end of the Prayer for the Church Militant, my heart very full and thankful. I preached to them extempore, as one can preach to no other congregation, from the lesson, 'JESUS gone to be the guest of a man that is a sinner,' the consequences that would result in us from His vouchsafing to tabernacle among us, and, as displayed in the Parable of the Pounds, the use of God's gifts of health, influence, means; then, specifying the use of God's highest gifts of children to be trained to His glory, quoting 1 Samuel i. 27, 28, 'lent to the Lord,' I spoke with an earnestness that felt strange to me at the time.

Simon Young said afterwards: 'My wife could not consent months ago to Fisher's going away, but she has told me now that she consents. She can't withhold him with the thought of holy Hannah in her mind.' And I felt as if I might apply (though not in the first sense) the prophecy 'Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children.'

To add to all, Mr. Nobbs said: 'I have quite altered my mind about the Melanesian school, I quite see that I was mistaken;' and the people are considering how to connect themselves closely with us.

You may imagine, dear Joan, that joy and grief made a strange, yet not unhappy tumult in my mind. I came away at 3 P.M. (the wind being very fair) hoping to revisit them, and, by the Bishop of Tasmania's desire, hold a confirmation in six months' time. How I am longing to hear the last record of the three days intervening between June 25 and 28, you may well imagine. . . . Already, thank God, four months have passed, and you are recovering from the great shock. Yours is a far harder trial than mine. May God comfort and bless us all, and bring us to dwell with our dear parents in heaven, for our blessed Lord's sake.

Your very loving Brother,
J. C. PATTESON.

And this most touching account from *within* is supplemented by the following, by Mr. Dudley, from *without*:—

He took it [the tidings of his father's death] quite calmly. Evidently it had been long expected and prepared for. He was even cheerful in his quiet grave way. In the evening there was singing got up for him by some of the Norfolk Islanders, in one of the large rooms of the old barracks. He enjoyed it; and after it had gone on some time, he thanked them in a few touching words that went home, I am sure, to the hearts of many of them, and then we all knelt down, and he prayed extempore. I wish I had kept the words of that prayer! Everyone was affected, knowing what was then occupying his mind, but we were still more so the next morning, at the service in church. His voice had that peculiarly low and sweet tone which always came into it when he was in great anxiety or sorrow, but his appeal

to the congregation was inspiring to the last degree. It was the Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, and the subject he took was from the second lesson, the Parable of the Pounds, in St. Luke xix., and so pointed out the difficulties between the reception of a talent and the use of it. He showed that the fact of people's children growing up as wild and careless as heathen was no proof that no grace had been bestowed upon them; on the contrary, in the baptized it was there, but it had never been developed; and then came the emphatic assertion, 'The best way of employing our gifts of whatever kind—children, means, position—is by lending them to the Lord for His service, and then a double blessing will be returned for that we give. Hannah giving her child to the Lord, did she repent of it afterwards, think you, when she saw him serving the Lord, the one upright man of the house of Israel?'

No doubt these words were founded on those heart-felt assurances which stirred his very soul within him that his own father had never for a moment regretted or mourned over the gift unto the Lord, which had indeed been costly, but had been returned, 'good measure, pressed together, and flowing over,' in blessing!

'How can I grieve and sorrow about my dear dear Father's blessed end?' are the words in a letter to myself written on the 19th. It further contained thanks for a photograph of Hursley Church spire and Vicarage, which had been taken one summer afternoon, at the desire of Dr. Moberly (the present Bishop of Salisbury), and of which I had begged a copy for him. 'I shall like the photograph of Hursley Vicarage and Church, the lawn and group upon it. But most shall

I like to think that Mr. Keble, and I dare say Dr. Moberly too, pray for me and this Mission. I need the prayers of all good people indeed.' I quote this sentence because it led to a correspondence with both Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly, which was equally prized by the holy and humble men of heart who wrote and received the letters.

St. Andrew's, Kohimarama : November 20, 1861.

Thank you, my dearest Sophy, for your loving letters, and all your love and devotion to *him.*

I fear I do not write to those two dear sisters of mine as they and you all expect and wish. I long to pour it all out; I get great relief in talking, as at Taurarua I can talk to the dear Judge and Lady Martin. She met me with a warm loving kiss that was intended to be as home-like as possible, and for a minute I could not speak, and then said falteringly, 'It has been all one great mercy to the end. I have heard at Norfolk Island.' But I feel it still pent up to a great extent, and yet I have a great sense of relief. I fancy I almost hear sometimes the laboured breathing, the sudden stop—the 'thanks be to God, he has entered into his rest.'

What his last letters are, I cannot even fully say to another, perhaps never fully realise myself.

As I write, the tears come, for it needs but a little to bring them now, though I suppose the world without thinks that I 'bear up,' and go on bravely.

But when any little word or thought touches the feelings, the sensitive rather than the intellectual or spiritual part of me, then I break down.

And yet it seems to bring thoughts and hopes into more definite shape. How I read that magnificent last chapter of Isaiah last Sunday. I seemed

to feel my whole heart glowing with wonder, and exultation, and praise. The world invisible may well be a reality to us, whose dear ones there outnumber now those still in the flesh. Jem's most beautiful, most intensely affecting letter, with all his thoughtfulness about the grave, &c., fairly upset me. I let the Judge and Lady Martin read some parts of it, and they returned it, saying it had quite overcome them. Now all day I feel really as much as at those moments, only the special circumstances give more expression at one time than at another to the inward state of mind.

How I treasure up many many of his words and actions!

What a history in these words: 'All times of the day are alike to me now; getting near, I trust, the time when it will be all day.'

Those are the things that break me down. I see his dear face, and hear him slowly and calmly saying such words of patient trust and faith, and it is too much. Oh! that I might live as the son of such parents ought to live!

And then I turn to the practical duties again, and get lost in the unceasing languages and all the rest of it.

The photograph of your dear Pena gives me a new idea of her—no longer the child. Well, she is as dear to me now and always will be as when she and I roamed about the Thorverton lanes hand in hand. May God give her every heavenly and earthly blessing! She is much more like you than I thought she would be.

We all feel unable to pour out our thankfulness to God for His great mercy to this land. It is not to be expected that you at home should know what

we have passed through here. But enough of that. God has spared us from the full completion of our sin, and saved us from much crime, and sorrow, and shame. When Benjamin Dudley told me at Mota, 'Sir George Grey is in New Zealand,' it was too much. Oh, thank God, thank God. . . . It is a very very great help to me, this public mercy, for indeed the existence of the colony, and, worse still, the existence of the Maori nation, was fearfully imperilled. Now enough—but I write what comes uppermost.

Your loving Cousin,
J. C. PATTESON.

One more letter to the sisters on November 28, the anniversary of Lady Patteson's death, seems to complete the records of this sacred season of thankful mourning :—

St. Andrew's : November 28, 1861.

My dearest Sisters,—I should be writing to *him* now on this Anniversary, and think of its being already nineteen years since we passed through that first great grief. Well, it is a blessed thought that they are together now, in peace, and that they never can be parted more! How the thought of this, the only joy in this world as in the next, ought to urge me on to seek, by God's grace, to teach my poor Melanesians the only true ground of comfort and joy!

It is remarkable how strikingly vivid my remembrance of Mamma has become whilst my mind has been so especially dwelling on *him*. I don't remember her face coming up so freshly in my mind for years. The nice little photograph helps me to it; but it was before I had that, that I experienced this special vividness of recollection. . .

10 *p.m.*—I have read Hebrews iv.—how applicable to our feelings to-day—and page 744 of Hooker, vol. ii. Sermon iv., upon which last my eye lighted accidentally. Somehow, the more habitual the thought becomes of them dwelling together in peace, the less not only of sorrow, but of the sense of loss touches one. One cannot wish anything to be otherwise than we know it to be as far as they are concerned, and not one of us could wish either of them back again, you especially who saw the suffering and the patient longing to be at rest.

Very soon after the return, on the 6th December, 1861, an Ordination was held at St. Paul's, Auckland, when the Primate ordained two Maori deacons, and Bishop Patteson, the Rev. Benjamin Dudley.

On Christmas Day, Wadrokala's child-wife was christened Caroline, and the little betrothed of Harper, Mary; and a week later, on the New Year's Day of 1862, the last-named couple were married.

Sir William and Lady Martin spent part of this summer in the little cottage at Kohimarama where the sailing master of the late 'Southern Cross' had lived: and again we have to thank her for a picture of life at St. Andrew's. She says:—

The new settlement was then thought to be healthy, and he and his boys alike rejoiced in the warmth of the sheltered bay, after the keenness of the air at St. John's on higher ground. The place looked very pretty. The green fields and hawthorn hedges and the sleek cattle reminded one of England. As a strong contrast, there was the white shelly beach and yellow sands. Here the boys sunned themselves in play hours, or fished on the rocks, or cooked their fish at drift-wood fires. On calm days one or two

would skim across the blue water in their tiny canoes. One great charm of the place was the freedom and naturalness of the whole party. There was no attempt to force an overstrained piety on these wild fellows, who showed their sincerity by coming with the Bishop. By five in the morning all were astir, and jokes and laughter and shrill unaccountable cries would rouse us up, and go on all day, save when school and chapel came to sober them.

The Bishop had not lost his Eton tastes, and only liked to see them play games, and the little fat merry-faced lads were always on the look-out for a bit of fun with him. One evening a tea-drinking was given in the hall in honour of us. The Mota boys sung in twilight the story of the first arrival of the Mission vessel, and of their wonder at it. The air, with a monotonous, not unpleasing refrain, reminded us of some old French Canadian ditties. I remember well the excitement when the Bishop sent up a fire balloon. It sailed slowly towards the sea, and down rushed the whole Melanesian party, shrieking with delight after it. Our dear friend's own quarters were very tiny, and a great contrast to his large airy room at St. John's. He occupied a corner house in the quadrangle, to be close to the boys. Neither bed-room nor sitting-room was more than ten feet square. Everything was orderly, as was his wont. Photographs of the faces and places he loved best hung on the walls. Just by the door was his standing desk, with folios and lexicons. A table, covered with books and papers in divers languages, and a chair or two, completed his stock of furniture. The door stood open all day long in fine weather, and the Bishop was seldom alone. One or other of the boys would steal quietly in and sit down.

They did not need to be amused, nor did they interrupt his work. They were quite content to be near him, and to get now and then a kind word or a pleasant smile. It was the habitual gentle sympathy and friendliness on his part that won the confidence of the wild timid people who had been brought up in an element of mistrust, and which enabled them after a while to come and open their hearts to him.

How vividly the whole scene comes back to me as I write! The Bishop's calm thoughtful face, the dusky lads, the white shelled square in front, relieved by a mass of bright geraniums or gay creeper, the little bed-room with its camp bed, and medicine bottles, and good books, and, too often, in spite of our loving remonstrances, an invalid shivering with ague, or influenza, in possession. We knew that this involved broken nights for him, and a soft board and a rug for a couch. He was overtasking his powers during those years. He was at work generally from five A.M. to eleven P.M., and this in a close atmosphere; for both the schoolroom and his own house were ill ventilated. He would not spare time enough either for regular exercise. He had a horse and enjoyed riding, but he grudged the time except when he had to come up to town on business or to take Sunday services for the English in the country. It was very natural, as he had all a student's taste for quiet study, yet could only indulge it by cutting off his own hours for relaxation. He was constantly called off through the day to attend to practical work, teaching in school, prescribing for, and waiting on the sick, weighing out medicines, keeping the farm accounts, besides the night classes in several languages.

He was really never so happy as among his boys or his books. He had no liking for general society, though his natural courtesy made him shrink from seeming ungracious. He did thoroughly enjoy a real talk with one or two friends at a time, but even this he denied himself.

A more external account of Bishop Patteson by Mr. Patrick Burton is extracted from an article in 'Christian Work' (Bemrose), for January 1872, showing his aspect to a casual acquaintance :—

I made Dr. Patteson's acquaintance under somewhat singular circumstances. In the vicinity of Auckland, overlooking the harbour and quay, is a considerable stretch of native land, belonging to a chief named Paul. It is quite uncultivated. A few horses may be seen wandering at large; but the greater part is *bush*, with a solitary path leading through it. This path, extending for miles in the direction of St. John's College, formed my favourite ride, and it was there I first met Dr. Patteson. We met as strangers; but as we were both riding in the same direction, we entered into conversation, as the manner of the colony is, without any formal introduction. His college for the education of the natives of the South Sea Islands lay in that direction, and we occasionally rode out from Auckland together. In the course of those solitary rides I had better means of studying his character and ascertaining his views than if we had met casually in ordinary society; the more so as he appeared to be of a shy and retiring disposition. One could not help being struck with the amiability and gentleness of his disposition. I believe he was naturally amiable, kind, and gentle—full of that charity which thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in

iniquity. To this natural amiability was added the culture and accomplishments of a Christian gentleman. He was a ripe and ready scholar—a good representative of the scholarship to be found among the better class of men in the English University; but he seemed studiously to avoid any display of learning, and almost to apologise if he introduced a quotation from those Fathers of the Church whose works had formed his special study. He was equally reticent regarding his own labours and adventures among the South Sea Islands; but when pressed for information, he gave it readily and cheerfully. On more than one occasion he had been attacked by the natives while attempting to land, and his boatmen wounded. He ascribed their attacks to the injury inflicted on the natives by our own countrymen cruising in those seas, and a desire on the part of the former to retaliate on the first comer. Isolated cases of kidnapping had already occurred, though the system of introducing native labour into Queensland had not yet been formally introduced. Like all missionaries, he had to complain of the evil example shown to the natives by many of our own countrymen trading with those islands; but there was no bitterness in his complaints —they were made more in sorrow than in anger. He accepted it as a recognised law in the kingdom of grace that the elements of good and evil must both run their course till the final consummation of all things. He knew that the tares were being sowed with the wheat; but being 'all heart and tender conscience,' he could not say, 'An enemy hath done this'; his prayer rather was, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' He admitted frankly that the natives of the South Sea

Islands, who formed his special charge, were physically and intellectually inferior to the Maoris; but, on the other hand, they were less warlike and ferocious—more amenable to Christian influences. He spoke of his own work without too much confidence or despondency: he had counted the cost before he began to build; having once put his hand to the plough, he was not the man to turn back.

Dr. Patteson belonged to the Anglican school of theology, and was perfectly candid in the avowal of his religious views. He had no sympathy with Romanism, Ritualism, or Dissent. He looked upon the Church of England as the best of all possible Churches in constitution and doctrine, and seemed surprised that there could be any difference of opinion on this point. At the same time he was a man who

> Glowed with social tenderness,
> And love to all mankind.

He always had a kind word for the missionaries of other Churches who occupied the same field, and were labouring in the same cause. Of all the Apostles he resembled most 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' He had the same tender, gentle, loving nature; a heart overflowing with love to God and all His creatures. 'Being dead, he yet speaketh,' and his death will do more for the best interests of his flock than his life could ever have done.

Dr. Patteson offered to show me his college for the training of the native youths; but I was obliged to leave Auckland before I could profit by his offer. On my return he had left for the South Sea islands, and I never saw him again. As I was still anxious to see the college, a Christian officer of the 65th Regiment, who had been there before, offered to act as

my guide. The place was most inaccessible; judging by the state of the road, I should say the visitors were few and far between. Our horses repeatedly stuck in the deep adhesive mud, and had some difficulty in floundering out. Nor when we reached the college was there much in the exterior or interior to reward our curiosity. It was a plain, simple building of one story, standing on a solitary spot overlooking the sea. It contained accommodation for fifty youths; the number was somewhat less at the period of our visit. They were poor specimens of humanity in every way; and I could not help thinking at the time that the instrument had too fine an edge for the rough work it had to perform. The library was far from extensive, but side by side with some elementary works in the native languages were a number of richly-bound volumes—prizes which Dr. Patteson had gained at the University. On the wall was an engraving of his father, Sir John Patteson, in his judicial robes. These were the only links that seemed to connect him with the past.

The expression 'left for the South Sea islands,' must be a mistake for the Southern Island, where Bishop Patteson went this autumn to a Synod at Lyttelton, leaving his boys to Mr. Pritt's care. Probably they were not seen to advantage without him, and a European always needs experience to read intelligence in countenances so unlike the type he is accustomed to. The dusky skin, and above all, the thick lips, do not at once excite interest, but there is no doubt that there is full mental capacity in many of these Pacific islanders. The Solomon Islanders would seem to have been the most spirited and clever of the pupils; but apparently they had more enterprise and less

steadiness than some of the others, and though promising at first, were liable to fall back at home, or to be lured away to seek variety on board traders. Taroniara was, however, from the first one of the steadiest and best of scholars. The Banks Islanders were of a gentler and more trustworthy nature, and had, besides, the advantage of being out of the track of the corrupting influences of the trading ships. Their language, or rather the dialect of Mota, was thought to be the most convenient to use as the principal medium of communication, and the Bishop was dropping what he felt to be the hopeless task of teaching English, and using the tongue of Mota more and more.

The first letter I can find of this year is to myself:—

St. Andrew's College: May 6, 1862.

My dear Cousin,—I do not like to leave New Zealand without sending a line to you. We sail probably in a week or two for Melanesia, and I hope to make a long voyage among many islands, leaving Revs. Pritt, Kerr, and Dudley, some in one place and some in another (including native teachers), visiting them frequently, so as to remove them, if rendered desirable by fever, ague, or other causes.

You know my feeling about the 'Daisy Chain' money: it will all (D.V.) be spent some day in a stone Chapel, perhaps other permanent buildings. God bless you for all your prayers and alms.

We have never had so satisfactory a set of scholars. Out of twenty-eight (exclusive of three native teachers) only one who has been an invalid almost all the summer is unable to read and write. The first class (which indeed should by rights be subdivided) consists of nine. All may be regarded as

Catechumens. I should not hesitate to baptize them at once, if attacked with sudden illness, for example.

I am very hopeful about the Banks Archipelago, though at Mota only has any real work been done, and there it is but the beginning. I think that from Fanny you will have heard enough to make it unnecessary for me to write more, and I have but a few minutes.

Dear Mr. Keble wrote me a letter when Fanny was at Hursley, such a great pleasure to me. Oh! so humbling to receive such a letter from him!

What do you say to this plan of Joan and Fan? If they can clearly see the difficulties, and yet resolve to come, what joy for me! To talk over all that took place last year at Feniton, to pour out long suppressed feelings. Ah! I must not think it a reality yet. Much may happen in a few months even should they come; and I hope to visit many islands this winter, among which there are some where I know I must be cautious.

I need not tell you that you are specially remembered in thought when we pray and give thanks daily for all who, by prayers and almsgiving, are partakers with us in the ministry.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

Fanny Patteson had spent several days at Hursley in the course of the winter, and the Vicar and Mrs. Keble had greatly delighted in hearing her brother's letters. The following letter from Mr. Keble was written, as will be perceived, immediately after hearing the account of the Baptism of the dying child at Mota :—

Hursley, February 19, 1862.

My dear Bishop Patteson,—I seat myself down on a low chair between the pictures of your uncle and your Metropolitan, and that by command of your sister, who is on a footstool in the corner opposite, I to send two words, she 200, or, for aught I know, 2,000, to greet you on the other side of the world. We have the more right, as your kind sisters have kept us well up to your Missionary doings from time to time, and we seem to be very often with you on board or in your islands (I say *we*, for my dear wife is more than half of me, as you may well suppose, in such sympathies), and it seems to me that, perhaps, in the present state of your island or sea-work you may have more time than by-and-by for thinking of one and another; anyhow we trust that that may happen which we ask for every evening—that we may be vouchsafed a part in the holy prayers which have been that day offered to the Throne of Grace, in Melanesia or elsewhere. I don't know whether I am right, but I fancy you at times something between a Hermit and a Missionary. God grant you a double blessing! and as you are a Bishop besides, you will breathe us a blessing in return for this, such as it is. Fanny's visit has been, as you know it would be, most charming and genial to us old folks (not that my wife ought to be so spoken of), and I shall always think it *so* kind of her to have spared us the time when she had so much to do and so short a time to do it in: but she seems like one going about with a bag of what Bishop Selwyn calls 'hope-seed,' and sowing it in every place; yet when one comes to look close at it, it all consists of *memories*, chiefly you know of *whom*. I only wish I could rightly and

truly treasure up all she has kindly told us of your dear Father; but it must be a special grace to remember and really understand such things. It will be a most peculiar satisfaction, now that we have had her with us in this way, to think of you all three together, should God's Providence allow the meeting of which we understand there is a hope. The last thing she has told us of is the baptism on St. Barnabas' Day—'the first fruits of Mota unto Christ.' What a thought—what a subject for prayer and thanksgiving! God grant it may prove to you more than we can ask or think.

Ever yours, my dear Bishop.

J. K.

Don't trouble yourself to *write*, but think of us.

Of course there was no obeying this postscript, and the immediate reply was:—

My dear dear Mr. Keble,—Few things have ever given me more real pleasure than the receipt of your letter by this mail. I never doubted your interest in New Zealand and Melanesia, and your affection for me for my dear Father's sake. I felt quite sure that prayers were being offered up for us in many places, and where more frequently than at Hursley? Even as on this day, five years ago, when I touched the reef at Guadalcanar, in the presence of three hundred armed and naked men, (I heard afterwards) prayers were being uttered in the dead of your night by my dear old governess, Miss Neill, that God would have me in his safe keeping. But it is most pleasant, most helpful to me, to read your letter, and to feel that I have a kind of right now to write to you, as I hope I may do while I live fully and freely.

I do not say a word concerning the idea some of you in England seem to take of my life here. It is very humbling to me, as it ought to be, to read such a letter from you. How different it is really!

If my dear sisters do come out to me for a while, which, after their letters by this February mail, seems less impossible than before, they will soon see what I mean: a missionary's life does not procure him any immunity from temptations, nor from falling into them; though, thanks be to God, it has indeed its rich and abundant blessings. It *is* a blessed thing to draw a little fellow, only six months ago a wild little savage, down upon one's knee, and hear his first confession of his past life, and his shy hesitating account of the words he uses when he prays to his newly-found God and Saviour. These are rare moments, but they do occur; and, if they don't, why the duty is to work all the same.

The intelligence of some of these lads and young men really surprises me. Some with me now, last October were utterly wild, never had worn a stitch of clothing, were familiar with every kind of vice. They now write an account of a Scripture print, or answer my MS. questions without copy, of course, fairly and legibly in their books, and read their own language—only quite lately reduced to writing—with ease. What an encouragement! And this applies to, I think, the great majority of these islanders.

One child, I suppose some thirteen or fourteen years of age, I baptized on Christmas Day. Three days afterwards I married her to a young man who had been for some years with us. They are both natives of Nengonè, one of the Loyalty Isles. I administered the Holy Eucharist to her last Saturday, and she is dying peacefully of consumption. What

a blessed thing! This little one, fresh from Baptism, with all Church ministrations round her, passing gently away to her eternal rest. She looks at me with her soft dark eyes, and fondles my hand, and says she is not unhappy. She has, I verily believe, the secret of real happiness in her heart.

I must write more when at sea. I have very little time here.

I hope by God's blessing to make a long round among my many islands this winter; some, I know, must be approached with great caution. Your prayers will be offered for me and those with me, I know, and am greatly comforted by the knowledge of it.

Fanny tells me what you have said to her about supplying any deficit in the money required for our vessel. I feel as if this ought not in one sense to come upon you, but how can I venture to speak to you on such matters? You know all that I think and feel about it. Send me once more your blessing. I feel cares and anxieties now. My kind love to Mrs. Keble.

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

It was little Mary, Harper Malo's bride, who was thus, like so many of her countrywomen, sinking in decline. She died a month or two later.

The other reference in his letter is to a plan of his sisters of coming out to pay him a visit of a year before they made a new home for themselves after their father's death — a plan then under deliberation, and which afforded him great pleasure while he dwelt on the hope.

The same mail took the following letter, in acknowledgment for the photograph.

St. Andrew's College, Auckland: May 9, 1862.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—I have no right to address you in this way; nor, indeed, to occupy your time by writing to you at all; and yet you will not think it wrong nor unnatural.

I hear much of you, as I have always known much, from friends in England; and you cannot wonder at my greatly desiring to know personally those who take so true and loving an interest in this Missionary work.

It is not so much because I see your name in the Ship List at my banker's, that I write to you. I should not dream of thanking you in the ordinary way for a gift so bestowed; but I know that your prayers and your love go along with your gift, and for them I may and do thank you.

This last mail brings to me a note from Mr. Keble. I can hardly tell you how large a space that little note fills in my mind. It is a real comfort and help to me; and a letter from you, too, if you can find time now and then to send only a line, will greatly encourage and strengthen me. I *know* that you are praying for us, but it is good too to read the loving earnest words in the midst of my busy, busy life; and you will give me this that I ask for, I know. Miss Yonge sent me the other day a photograph of Hursley with Mr. and Mrs. Keble, and you too, so that I think of you all together.

You know something of me, perhaps, from my dear good Aunt (as I call her), Miss Rennell;[1] so that, on the whole, I have some excuse for sending this note. I sail (D.V.) for Melanesia in a month, hoping to make a long round, and to visit many islands.

[1] Daughter of Dean Rennell of Winchester and sister of Mrs. William Coleridge.

We number four clergymen now, and three native teachers. Mr. Pritt and Mr. Dudley will be again at Mota for the winter; and Mr. Kerr and I intend, all being well, to sail together. He has been sadly prostrated by fever and ague, and I dare not leave him on an island again just yet; indeed, I wish to look in upon the others pretty often. The climate is trying—not, I think, dangerous; but we have to go through an acclimatising process.

The Primate is well, and rejoicing in the return of his wife and son. How much I wish I had time to write to you and others fully of the working of our Synods; the real power that the Church is thereby exercising; the reality in her living organisation, which is operating on man, woman, and child in this country; so little comparatively left to depend upon the individual efforts of the particular clergyman or Bishop even, but the Church collectively doing her work, and affording her own guarantee for that work being a permanent one. It is a great and deep subject, and I cannot write upon it now. It is, no doubt, a matter of earnest consideration with you all, who know so much more of the theory, but may perhaps scarcely realise the actual existence of such a machinery.

I feel sure that you will not mind my writing to you.

I remain, my dear Dr. Moberly,
Very truly yours,
J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

Two more notes followed in quick succession to Hursley Vicarage, almost entirely upon the matter of the new 'Southern Cross,' which was being built under Mr. Tilly's eye. The two Bishops were scrupulous about letting Mr. Keble give more than a fair proportion

towards the vessel, which was not to cost more than 3,000*l.*, though more roomy than her lamented predecessor. Meantime the 'Sea Breeze' was again to serve for the winter voyage :—

St. Barnabas Day, Auckland : 1862.

My dear Sisters,—Think of my being ashore, and in a Christian land on this day. So it is. We sail (D.V.) in six days, as it may be this day week. The Melanesians are *very* good and pretty well in health, but we are all anxious to be in warm climates. I think that most matters are settled. Primate and I have finished our accounts. Think of his wise stewardship! The endowment in land and money, and no debts contracted! I hope that I leave nothing behind me to cause difficulty, should anything happen. The Primate and Sir William Martin are my executors. Melanesia, as you would expect, my heir. I may have forgotten many items, personal reminiscences. Ask for anything, should anything happen. I see no reason to anticipate it, humanly speaking, but it is always well to think of such things. I am just going to the little Taurarua chapel to our Melanesian Commemoration service with Holy Communion.

Oh! if it should please God to grant us a meeting here!

Great blessings have been given me this summer in seeing the progress made by the scholars, so great as to make me feel sober-minded and almost fearful, but that is wrong and faithless perhaps, and yet surely the trials must come some day.

God bless you all, and keep you all safe from all harm.

Your loving Brother,

J. C. PATTESON, Bishop.

Friday, June 27th, 2 P.M.—How you are thinking of all that took place that last night on earth. He was taking his departure for a long voyage, rather he was entering into the haven where he would be! May God give us grace to follow his holy example, his patient endurance of his many trials, the greatest his constant trial of deafness.

I think if the weather be fair, that we shall go off to-morrow. Oh! if we do meet, and spend, it may be, Christmas together.

28th, 3 P.M.—The first anniversary of our dear Father's death. How you are all recalling what took place then! How full of thankfulness for his gain, far outweighing the sorrow for our loss! And yet how you must feel it, more than I do, and yet I feel it deeply; but the little fond memories of the last months, and above all, the looks and spoken words of love, I can't altogether enter into them. His letters are all that letters can be, more than any other letters can be, but they are not the same thing in all ways. The Primate has left us to hurry down the sailing master of the 'Sea Breeze.' It was a very rough morning, but is calm now, boats passing and repassing between the shore and the schooner at anchor off Kohimarama.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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